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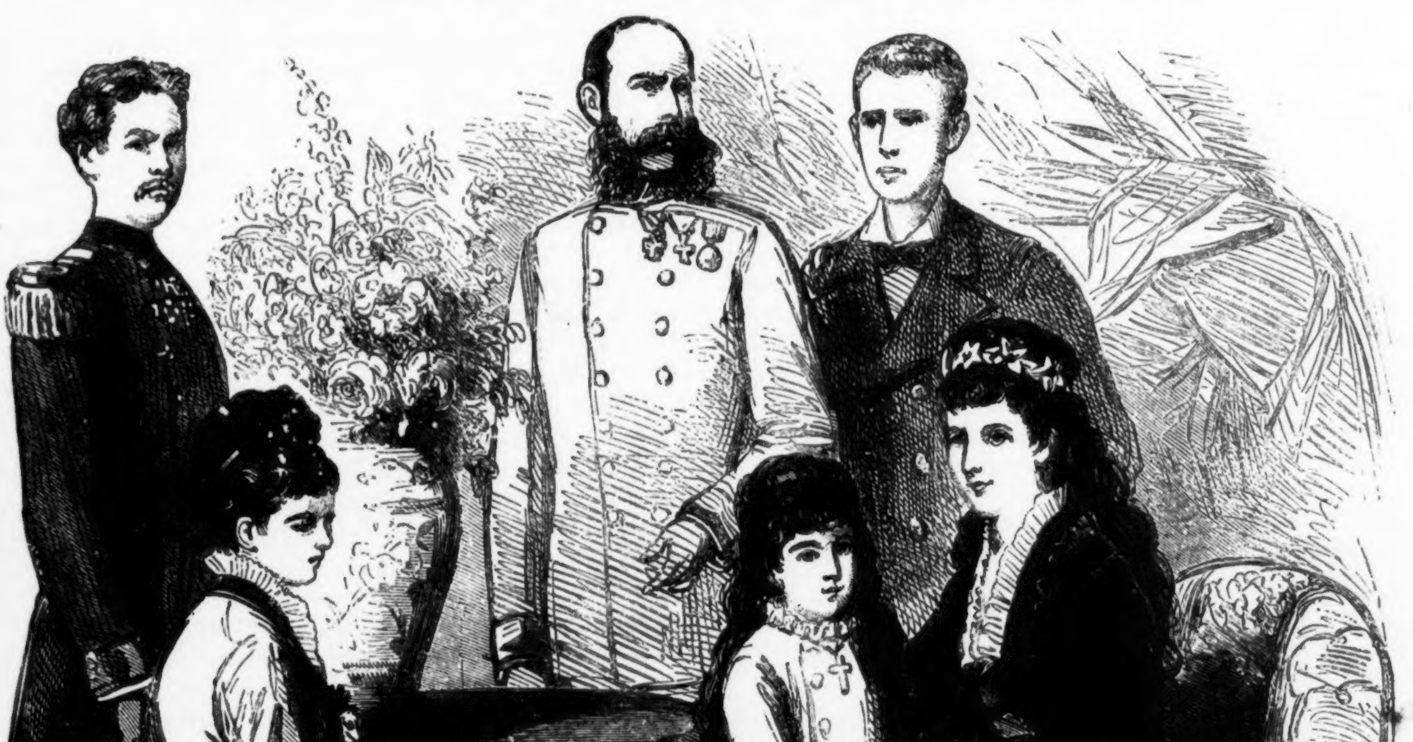
PRINCELY, ROYAL AND IMPERIAL WEDDINGS.



THE SILVER WEDDING OF THE EMPEROR AND EMPRESS OF AUSTRIA IN 1879—THE IMPERIAL FAMILY.

PRINCELY, ROYAL AND IMPERIAL WEDDINGS.

By William Staughton Chase.

The interest taken by the people in royal and princely weddings is not unaccountable. It springs from that primal sympathy between human beings, whether they be crowned or uncrowned, which shows that we are all made of one blood. It exemplifies that much-abused quotation from Shakespeare, "One touch of nature makes the whole world kin." Marriage must be counted with the other leading accidents, like birth, sickness, death, to which all who live are liable. Whether experienced or witnessed, such accidents, in whatever circumstances, level all conventional distinctions, and awaken essentially the same emotions. Moreover, the inborn dramatic faculty of mankind has always been appealed to and gratified by the ceremonies, simple or splendid, which usage has connected with a wedding, alike in savage tribes and civilized nations. The higher the social rank of the twain made one flesh by marriage, the finer and more dazzling these ceremonies usually are, and consequently the more attractive and impressive for witnesses of various degrees. These witnesses, like spectators at a play, catch a glimpse of that poetic radiance which sheds its glory around our being. Life itself is a drama, and a scene of this kind adds the prestige of reality to the charm that would belong to its representation on the stage. Talfourd disclosed one secret of the fascination and power of the theatre when he said it is only there that any image of the real grandeur of humanity is poured on the imaginations and sent warm to the hearts of the vast body of the people. The spectators, while they gaze, forget the petty concerns of their own individual lot. Their horizon is suddenly extended from the narrow circle of low anxieties and selfish joys, to the farthest boundaries of our moral horizon. While they feel that "which gives an awe of things above them," their souls are expanded in the heartiest sympathy with their fellows. A thousand hearts are swayed at once by the same emotion, as the high grass of the meadow yields as a single blade to the breeze which sweeps over it. Distinctions of fortune, rank, talent, age, all give way to the warm tide of emotion, and all classes are equal in the sanctities of their being. Similar to this is the effect of a royal or princely wedding.

Republican Americans, indeed, must not be suspected—nor are they at all likely to be—of yielding to undue impressions on such an occasion, with all the splendor of its pageantry. They "feel no awe of things above them." Are they not—especially those among them who did not merely happen to be born Americans, but who took the trouble to be naturalized—as good as, and even better than, anybody else? At the same time, none can beat them as eager sight-seers. Even their persistence in bothering American Secretaries of Legation with requests for invitations to Court balls generally comes, not from their being smitten with any special reverence for royalty or nobility, but from their legitimate determination to see all that is to be seen abroad. It is, perhaps, some extenuation for those silly hangers-on of the American colony in Paris, who make themselves both ridiculous and disgusting even to "Popol" de Cassagnac and his set by profusely bewailing the downfall of the Second Empire, that they are chiefly vexed because Sedan deprived them of the chance of being smuggled, somehow, with their "Worth" dresses and hired uniforms, into Court balls at the Tuileries. Such folks, of either sex, have so little republicanism, and so strong a longing to see all the sights in Europe, royalty-shows included, that if royalty were extinct they would pray for some imperial Barnum to revive it, in order that they might enliven their foreign tour by going to the regal circus in every capital.

On the other hand, no American now cherishes, even in memory of old King George the Third, so violently bitter a hostility to kings as Jefferson caught in France and brought back to this country. Few of us would wish, like the French Communard or the Russian Nihilist, that emperors and kings had but a single neck, and that we might wring it, thus destroying the whole royal brood at once. Although only one ex-President of our Republic has allowed his advisers to make a show of him and his family at the different Courts in the Old World, yet several eminent Americans, including both diplomatists and private citizens, have enjoyed friendly personal relations with foreign sovereigns.

It may not be amiss, in passing, to give a gentle hint to young American ladies who are ambitious to mis-mate themselves with sprigs of European nobility, that they should learn enough of heraldry to discriminate between counts of some account and of none, and between princes and princes. The latter high-sounding titles mean much less in Italy and in Russia than elsewhere. In St. Petersburgh, a prince with a formidable ancestral name lately earned an honest living by driving a drosky; but his matrimonial chances could not have seemed bright, except to those very exceptional young women in New York or Connecticut who may happen to be addicted to eloping with their papas' coachmen. A crown-prince, or heir-apparent, is limited in his choice of a bride to a very small circle of princesses indeed. A king himself can usually contract only a morganatic marriage outside of the same charmed circle. A Sultan is deemed to be of altogether too high a rank to permit the thought of his marrying any woman on earth—even one sprung from the sovereign American people. The late Napoleon III. stood alone among modern emperors in having broken the ties of traditional custom, when he surprised France and Europe in 1853 by announcing his intention to marry Senora de Montijo. He then frankly accepted the title of *parvenu*—"*titre glorieux lorsqu'on parvient par le libre suffrage d'un grand peuple*"—and, avowing his preference of a woman loved and esteemed to any stranger the advantages of whose alliance had to be bought at the expense of sacrifices, he declared that "in estimating independence, qualities of heart, family happiness, high above dynastic prejudices and the calculations of ambition, he should be not less strong, but more free." Does not such language remind one of the good time coming, which Heinrich Heine predicted as the Emancipation of Kings, when those who wear a crown shall feel like freemen, talk like freemen, marry like freemen? No act of Napoleon III. more strikingly than his marriage illustrated and promised, however fallaciously, to continue the democratic tendencies of Napoleon I., that overthrower of kings.

Democracy and monarchy have, in fact, more subtle affinities than are apparent on the surface. Carlyle's "*Teufelsdröckh*" may say, not without reason, that the only title wherein he, with confidence, traces eternity, is that of King. "*König* (king, anciently *könning*, means *kenning* (cunning), or which is the same thing, Can-ning. Ever must the Sovereign of Mankind be fitly entitled King." The people recognize in their king, whether he wear a crown or not, at least the living symbol of a substantial truth. They are less apt to have any quarrel with him than with magnates of lesser and intermediate rank. The latter oftenest incur hatred as their direct oppressors. In the heroic ages of Greece, the ideal of a king was that of a soldier, who, in the words of Grote, "must be brave in the field, wise in the council, and eloquent in the *agora*." He was expected to excel in athletic sports and manly accomplishments. "In the earliest times," says Sir Thomas Erskine May, "the king is represented as seated on a throne in the public place, or *agora*, supported by his chiefs, and surrounded, in war by his army, in peace by a multitude of the people." Thus his sovereignty was essentially popular rather than absolute. Even at the height of the Roman Empire, when Rome was governed by the army, and there was no longer any thought of the people as the source of power, the plebeians still looked up to the Cæsars as the embodiment of popular power, or, as Quinet phrases it, *le peuple couronné*.

During medieval times, King and People struck hands against Nobles as their common foe. So late as 1673, the Duke of York, afterward to be James II., when he wedded his young bride, the lovely Mary Beatrice of Modena, "honored the ancient customs of the land over which he expected to rule," says the historian, "by admitting a portion of the honest, true-hearted classes on whom the strength of a monarch depends, to witness the solemnization of his marriage with the princess whom he had taken to wife in the hope of her becoming the mother of a line of kings."

During the first French revolution and the first Napoleonic empire, kings were dethroned, and republics were created, which in their turn gave way to new kings, with no other title than the wish of a foreign despot. "Crowns seemed but baubles, to be worn for a day, and put aside, or snatched by some other hand." Since those times the traditional reverence for thrones, despite all reactions and restorations, has not withstood the teaching of such examples. It has been essentially modified by the extension of popular influences. But it is not yet extinct, and together with the good-natured interest still maintained by the people in royal shows of all kinds, it still insures considerable enthusiasm on their part in a royal or princely wedding. Moreover, such a wedding, thanks to modern improvements, is finer far than it could have been in the olden time, with its strange mixture of magnificence and meanness, elaborate carving, gorgeous tapestries, with farthing-dips and rush-strewn floors.

The most conspicuous example of the fact that royal weddings sometimes, however seldom, spring from love-matches, and are followed by happy domestic lives, is afforded in the experience of Queen Victoria, of England, and the late Prince Consort. But no less than five other marriages had been contemplated for the destined wife of Prince Albert of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha. The Dowager Duchess of Coburg, grandmother of the Queen and the Prince, had early formed the hope, which afterward assumed the form of a fixed idea, that the two might some day be married. "As the children grew up, the idea was warmly espoused by the King of the Belgians, from whom, indeed, the Queen first heard of it." And at last, notwithstanding much opposition, the hope was fulfilled by the celebration of Her Majesty's marriage with His Royal Highness, on the 10th of February, 1840, at the Chapel Royal, St. James.

Baron Stockmar, in his letters to the King of the Belgians, written in the Spring of 1836, expressed his strong conviction that no prince whom he knew was so well qualified to make the Queen happy, or fitly sustain the arduous and difficult position of Prince Consort in England. "How this early promise of distinction was fulfilled," the Queen says in the memorandum from which this account is taken, "how immeasurably all the most sanguine expectations were surpassed, how the King's fondest hopes were realized ten thousandfold, and how the fearful blow which took him from us put an end to all this happiness, and cut short his brilliant and useful career, we all know."

But most royal marriages are decided exclusively by cold "reasons of state." They generally exemplify the remark of Sir Anthony Denny to Henry VIII., when that much-married monarch made bitter complaints of his hard fate in finding himself disappointed in his expectations that his highly prized German bride, Anne of Cleves, the fourth of his six wives, would rival both the bright-eyed Boleyn and the fair Seymour. Sir Anthony told his sovereign, "that persons of humble station had this great advantage over princes—that they might go and choose their own wives, while great princes must take such as were brought them." And this is usually the case, to the present day.

But how carefully kings used to select, and probably now select, their brides out of the comparatively small assortment at their disposition, may be inferred from that remarkable document, the "Instructions of Henry VII. Concerning His Choice of a Queen." Lord Bacon, in his History of King Henry VII., says, "When the King was ancient (*anno* 1505), and had thoughts of marrying the young Queen of Naples, he sent three ambassadors, with curious and exquisite instructions for taking a survey of her person, complexion, etc." The full title of the document is:

Instructions given by the King's Highnesse to his trusty and well-beloved Servants, Franceys Marsyn, James Braybroke and John Stile, showing howe they should ordre themseifs when they come to the Presence of the old Quene of Naples and the young Quene her Daughter.

First, after presentacion and delyverance of suche letters as they shall have with theym, to be delyvered to the said quene, from the ladie Katheryn, princesse of Wales, making her recommendacon and declaracon of such charges and words as shall bee shewed and committed unto theym by the said princesse, to be opened and declared on hir behalf to the said quene, they shall well note and marke the state that they kepe, and howe they be accympanyed with nobles and ladies.

2. Item, To take good hyde, and marke the stats that the said quenes kepe, and whether they kepe their estats and housholds apart, or in oon house togedres, and howe they be accompanyed, and what lords and ladies they have about theym.

3. Item, If it shall fortune the king's said servants to fynde the said quenes keeping their estats togedres, they shall wel and assuredly note and marke the manner of keeping and ordering theym in their estats with the countenance and manner of every of theym, and suche answer as they shall make upon the speeche and communication as they shall have with theym at the delyverance of the said lettres and declaracion of thother matters before mentioned, and to marke hir discretion and gravity in her said communicacion and answer in every behalf.

4. They shall likewise endevor theym to understand, whether the yong quene speke any other langages than Spanyshe and Italyon, and whether she can speke any Frenshe or Latten.

5. Item, Specially, to marke and note well the age and stature of the said yong quene and the feturys of hir bodye.

6. Item, Specially, to marke favour of hir visage, whether she bee paynted or not, and whether it be fat or leene, sharpe or rounde, and whether hir countenance bee chierfull and amyable, frownyng or malincolyous, stedefast or light, or blushing in communicacion.

7. Item, To note the clearness of hir skynne.

8. Item, To note the colors of hir here.

9. To note well hir ies, browes, teethe, and lippes.

10. Item, To marke well the fashion of hir nose, and the heithe and bredde of hir forehedde.

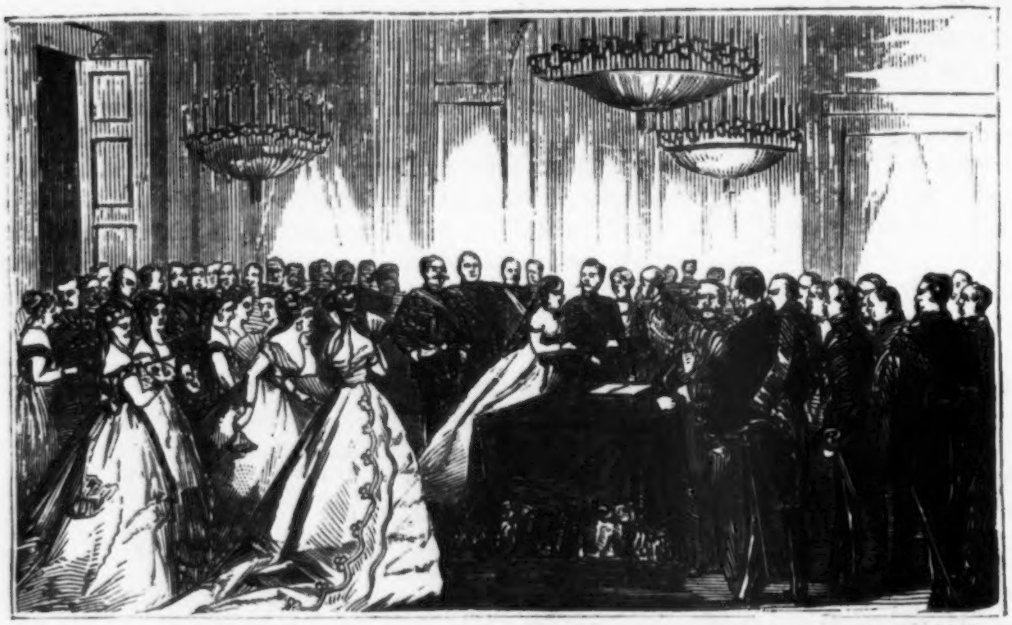
11. Item, Specially to note hir complexion.

12. Item, To marke hir armes, whethey they bee grete or small, long or shorte.

13 Item, To see hir hands bare, and note the fascion of theym, whether the palm of hir hand bee thikke or thynne, and whether hir hands bee fatte or leene, long or shorte.

14. Item, To note hir fingers, whether they bee long or shorte, small or grete, brode or narrowe before.

XUM



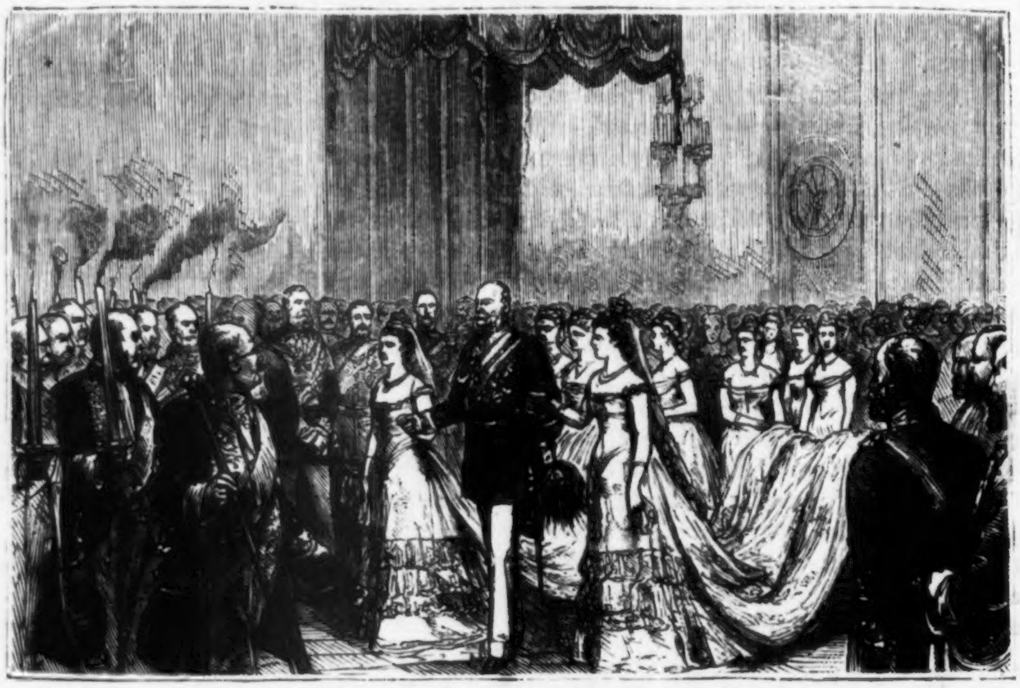
MARRIAGE OF HUMBERT, NOW KING OF ITALY, TO THE PRINCESS MARGHERITA OF SAVOY IN 1868.

15. Item, To mark whether hir nekke bee long or shorte, small or grete.

16. Item, To marke hir brest and pappes, whether they bee bigg or small.

17. To marke whether there appere any here about hir lippes or not.

18. Item, That they endeavor theym to speke with the said yong quene fasting, and that she may tell unto theym some matter at lengthe, and to approach as nere to hir mouthe as they honestly maye, to thentent that they may fele the condition of hir brethe, whether it be swete or not, and to marke at every time when they speke with hir, if they fele any savor of spices, rose-waters, or muske, by the brethe of her mouthe, or not.



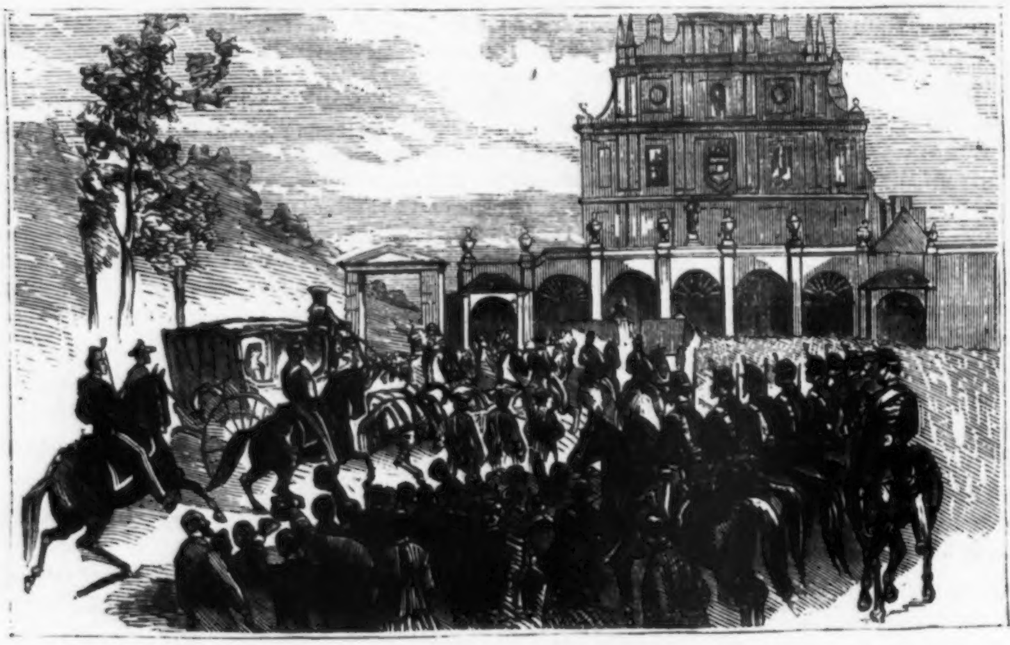
THE DOUBLE ROYAL MARRIAGE AT BERLIN IN 1878.—THE FECKELTANZ.

19. Item, To note the hight of hir stature, and to enquire whether she were any slippers, and at what hight hir slippers bee, to thentent they be not deceyved in the veray hight and stature of hir, and if they may come to the hight of hir slippers, then to note the fascion of hir foote.

20. Item, To enquire whether she have any sekenesse of hir nativitie, deformity or blemmyshe in her bodye, and what that should bee; or whether she hath been communely in health, or sometyme seke, and sometyme hole, and to know the specialities of suche diseases and sicknesse.

21. Item, whether she be in any singular favor with the king of Aragon, her uncle; and whether she have any resemblance in visage, countenance, or complexion to him.

22. Item, to enquere of the manner of hir diet, and whether she bee a grete feder or drynker, and whether she drynketh wyne or water, or bothe.



MARRIAGE OF THE PRINCESS MARIA ISABELLA TO THE COUNT DI GIRGENTI AT MADRID IN 1868.

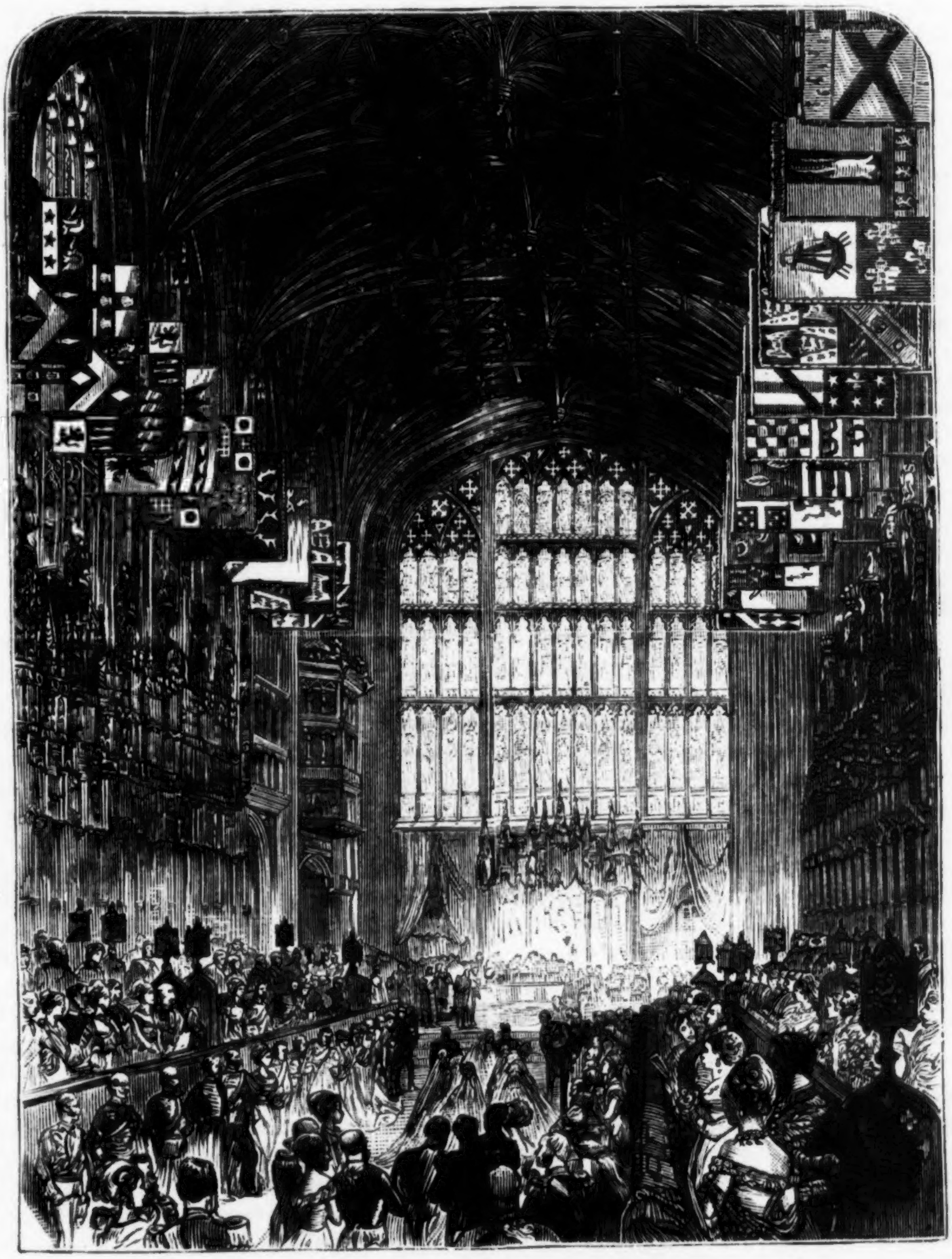
23. Item, the king's said servants shall also, at their comyng to the parties of Spayne, diligently enquere for some conynge paynter, having good experience in making and paynting of visages and portretures, and suche oon they shall take with theym to the place where the said quenes make their abode to thentent that the said paynter may drawe a picture of the said visage and semblance of the said yong quene, as like unto her as it can or maye be conviently doon; which picture and image they shall substancially note and marke in every pounte and circumstance, so that it agree in similitude and likenesse as near as it may possible to the veray visage, countenance, and semblance of the said quene; and in case they may perceyve that the paynter at the first or second making thereof hath not made the same perfaite to her similitude and likenesse, or that he hath omitted any feture circumstance either in colours or other

proporcions of the said visage, then they shall cause the same paynter, or some other conyng paynter that they can gete, soo oftentimes to renew and reform the same picture, till it be made perfaite, and agreeable in every behalf with the veray image and visage of the said quene.

24. Item, the king's said servants, by the wisest ways that they can use, shall make inquisicion and enserche what land or livelood the said yong quene hath, or shall have, after the decesse of her mother, either by the title or jointer or otherwisse, in the reame of Naples, or in any other place or contraye, what is the yearly value thereof, and whether she shall have the same to hir and hir heirs forever, or ells during her lif only; and to knowe the specialities of the title and value thereof in every behalf, as were as they shall knowe.

A queer collection of royal and imperial love-letters might be made. Some of them would be found as silly and as devoid of public interest as productions of the kind from less exalted pens, whenever brought to light in court by breach of promise cases. And others would seem no less false and insincere than any like them can be; as, for instance, the one that Charles II. wrote to his bride, Catherine of Braganza, full of promises of exclusive affection, which he never dreamed of fulfilling. No love-letters could be at once more passionate and imperious than those of Henry VIII. to Anne Boleyn, or more coy and artful than her own to him. None are more naïvely eager and desperate than those of Prince Augustus to Lady Augusta Murray, and, finally, none are more fervent, familiar and devoted than those of Napoleon I. to Josephine. Of the latter, one specimen will suffice. It was written at Verona, on November 13, 1796:

> "I don't love you a bit; on the contrary, I detest you. You are an ugly, stupid, wicked hussy. You never write to me, and you do not love your husband. You know the delight your letters afford me, and yet you send me only half a dozen lines.
>
> "Pray, madame, what do you do with yourself all day? What important business is it that prevents your writing to your fond lover? What affection stifles and puts aside the love, the tender and constant love, you promised me? Who can this new wonder be, this new lover, that absorbs all your time, tyrannizes over your days, and prevents you from thinking of your husband? Take care, Josephine; some fine night, the doors closed, and I'll surprise you.
>
> "But, seriously, I am very uneasy, my dear love, at receiving no news of you; write me four pages immediately, full of those charming things that fill my heart with tenderness and delight.
>
> "I hope to embrace you before long; then I shall cover you with a million burning kisses. BONAPARTE."



THE WEDDING CEREMONY IN ST. GEORGE'S ROYAL CHAPEL OF WINDSOR.

It is a very strange freak of destiny that by means of a grandson of the amiable victim of the mistake into which the writer of this letter afterward fell through ambition—the mistake of deserting Josephine for Marie Louise—the name and throne of Napoleon should have been restored for a long series of years.

The possible national importance of a royal bride's dowry is signally illustrated in the case of Catharine of Braganza, to whom Charles II. wrote so delusive a love-letter. Her dowry consisted of 500,000 pistoles, with Tangier, on the coast of Africa, and the Island of Bombay, with its forts, towns, bay and castles, and leave for the English to trade with Brazil and the East Indies. Tangier proved worthless, but Bombay was the origin of England's power in the East. These solid charms, although not then so fully appreciated as they have since been, might have amply compensated for greater lack of beauty than was attributed to Catharine by contemporary English historians, who did her less justice than her portraits, both in England and France. Admiral Lord Sandwich extolled her modest and pious demeanor, and described her as a pleasing, if not a pretty, woman. Lord Dartmouth affirms that the King, when he saw her, asked "if they sent him a bat, instead of a woman"; but he wrote no such uncivil remark. In his own autograph he declared that "her eyes were excellent good, her expression agreeable, and his skill in physiognomy told him she was as good a woman as ever was born, with wit enough, and an agreeable voice"; adding "that he thought himself very happy, and that they two would be happy together." No doubt, as Miss Strickland says, that would have been the case, had he been half as good as his wife.

James II., unlike Charles II., was not disappointed at the first sight of the bride provided for him as Duke of York. On the contrary, the sailor-prince was charmed, as well he might be, with the surpassing grace and loveliness of the consort and future queen his friend the Earl of Peterborough had chosen for him. "On her landing," says the Earl, "she took possession of his heart as well as his arms." He even abstained from manifesting ill temper when he perceived the childish aversion which his fifteen-year-old bride, on their first interview, betrayed toward a spouse five-and-twenty years her senior. The subsequent trials of James and Mary Beatrice closely knit their hearts together, in fonder affection than is usually shared by a royal pair.

To enter into details concerning royal marriages in the East, either in ancient or modern times, would tempt us too far from our main purpose at present. Suffice it to say that the different matrimonial conditions of Oriental and Occidental life have an extreme illustration in the fact, already mentioned, that the Sultan of Turkey is held to be of too exalted a rank to permit of his being united in wedlock with any woman. Eastern potentates of inferior grade, however, are not thus exempt from the bonds of matrimony. Indeed, they are generally very much married, and their marriages are sometimes followed by strange complications. The interesting facts may also be noted, on the authority of a rare book—Mohan Lal's "Life of Sultan Mohammed Khan," published in London more than thirty years ago—that the recent costly Afghan war, now brought to a peaceful conclusion, can be indirectly traced to difficulties between Sultan Mohammed Khan and the Ameer Dost Mohammed, father of the late Ameer Shere Ali, and grandfather of Yakoob Khan, and that those difficulties arose from deadly rivalry of a matrimonial origin. One of the Ameer Dost Mohammed's wives was a lady of the royal family of Sadozar, who, when the decline of that dynasty commenced, had attracted the attention of Sultan Mohammed Khan, and a correspondence took place between them. She prepared to leave Kabul to be married to him, when the Ameer Dost Mohammed, also smitten with her charms, forcibly seized her and compelled her to become his wife. This at once created and ever after maintained animosity between the two brothers, and Sultan Mohammed Khan was often heard to say that nothing would afford him greater pleasure, even at breathing his last, than to drink the blood of the Ameer. The latter was always an unscrupulous scamp. It was in allusion to an act of his that it is said a breach of decorum has overthrown a dynasty, and a lady's girdle has changed the destinies of a kingdom; for such were the results of his committing the offense, unpardonable in Eastern eyes, of taking off the jeweled band which fastened the trousers of his captive, the daughter-in-law of Shah Zader.

Popes and Cardinals, like the Sultan, the Prophet's successor, never marry — that is, hardly ever. Among the very few exceptions to the rule may be named Amadeus VIII., called "the Pacific," Count of Savoy, made first Duke of Savoy by the Emperor Sigismund in 1416. Eighteen years after that date Amadeus abdicated his ducal crown in favor of his son Louis, and became a monk. He was made a Cardinal, and elected Pope—or, rather, Anti-Pope—as Felix V., during the troubled times of Pope Eugene IV., and after the famous Council of Florence. In 1449 he resigned the tiara and retired to Ripaglia, where, two years afterward, he died. Of this Cardinal and Anti-Pope, the ex-Duke of Modena, the senior direct representative of the House of Stuart, and who died three years ago, was a descendant. The Duke of Modena could claim also collateral descent from another Cardinal, who married not before, but after, he became a prince of the Church; and not only married, but married his own niece. This was Maurice, Cardinal of Savoy, the restless and ambitious brother of Victor Amadeus I. Maurice was permitted, in 1642, by Pope Urban VIII., to marry his brother's daughter, Louise-Marie of Savoy; just as the same pontiff, four years later, allowed Cardinal Casimir of Poland to ascend the Polish throne and become the husband of his sister-in-law, Mary Gonzaga, the widow of King Ladislas; and just as Pope Alexander VIII., in 1695, permitted the Cardinal Rinaldo di Este to exchange his red hat for the ducal crown of Ferrara, and his vows of celibacy for vows matrimonial.

It may be worth while to reproduce a few more such bits of history, in order to show how past and present have been affected by the mixed alliances of royal families. By the death of the late Francis V., of Modena, the representation of the royal line of Stuart passed, not to Don Carlos of Spain, as has been imagined by certain genealogical inquirers, nor to any prince at all, but to the Archduchess Maria Theresa, wife of Prince Louis, and mother of Prince Rupert, of Bavaria.

Maria Theresa of Austria-Este, this legitimate sovereign of Great Britain to-day—to speak the language of "divine right"—received, however, no visit from Queen Victoria, as the latter was returning recently to England from Italy, although if Victoria had as much respect as her uncles George IV. and the Duke of Sussex had for old monarchical ideas, she would have stopped at the summer-house of Prince Louis of Bavaria, Amsee, and done homage to the lady into whose proper seat she has herself, by the force of circumstances, been thrust.

So far as Cardinal Rainaldo d'Este is represented in the English blood-royal, too, he happens, oddly enough, to be represented in the line of Modena and not in the line of Hanover. So that a negative answer must be given to the query whether the Prince of Wales, as representing the Hanover House of Guelph and Este, may be said to be descended from a Cardinal. The late Francis V. of Modena represented James I. of England, through the daughter of his son, Charles I., while Queen Victoria and the rest of the reigning family represent James I. only through the heirs of his daughter Elizabeth, the unfortunate Queen of Bohemia. Henrietta Marie, the daughter of Charles I., married her cousin, Philip, Duke of Orleans, the brother of Louis XIV., and by him had three children, the youngest of whom, Anne Marie d'Orleans, married, in 1684, Victor Amadeus II., Duke of Savoy. In 1704, her husband was made King of the Two Sicilies, and having been driven from that throne by a sudden and audacious manœuvre of Spain, then under the control of Cardinal Alberoni, in 1718, the Allies consoled him by giving him the throne of Sardinia.

It is a curious freak of destiny which in our own times has not only restored the crown of the Two Sicilies to the race of King Victor, but for a time placed upon the head of one of his descendants, Amadeus, the crown of Spain; and it would be a still more curious freak of destiny which should give substance to the rumors lately flying about in Europe of an intended marriage between this same Amadeus and the youngest daughter of the interloping House of Hanover in England.

A little more than nine hundred years ago, Danish marriages, so called, still formed a peculiar feature of Norman history. The historian tells us that of the five generations of Norman Dukes, from Rollo to William the Bastard, or the Conqueror, the children of Richard the Good alone were born of a marriage sanctioned by the Church, and legal in our sense of the word. Loose as the marriage tie universally was at this date in Europe, we must seek for another explanation of this custom of the Normans, which found some analogy in Danish England. The Scandinavians seem to have been once a polygamous people, and perhaps this was a remnant of the ancient state of society. The position of a woman married by Danish fashion seems to have been that of a legally recognized concubine, who could not leave her husband at her will, and was recognized as his wife until he chose to sever the connection and seek another wife. In that case the tie was dissolved, and the children were not necessarily looked upon as the legal heirs of the father. The Church would naturally defend this view, and assert the superiority of the wife married according to her rites, or, as in the case of Richard the Fearless himself, enforce the subsequent celebration of religious rites between the husband and his concubine.

Perhaps something of this custom still lingers in the morganatic marriages contracted by European monarchs and persons near the throne, at the present day. In some exceptional cases, a morganatic wife holds a recognized position even at court; but her offspring are not legally entitled to the hereditary privileges of their father. Nevertheless, they are usually well provided for, and several unions of this kind have proved much happier than others more strictly conventional. To cite but one instance: the marriage of King Ferdinand of Portugal with Miss Elise Hensler, on the 10th of June, 1869, is duly recorded in the *Almanach de Gotha.* Miss Hensler, now the Countess d'Edla, was born at Boston, Massachusetts, where her father, a German immigrant, had settled as a respectable mechanic. While engaged in completing in Europe her studies for the operatic stage, this estimable American lady attracted the attention of King Ferdinand, who sought and won her hand. The Countess d'Edla is deservedly a favorite at the court of her royal husband's son, the actual King of Portugal, and her married life is described as very happy. By-the-by, in an account recently published of a visit paid to her by ex-President and Mrs. Grant, the wife of King Ferdinand is strangely enough confounded with Miss Therese Elssler, sister of the celebrated Viennese dancer, Fanny Elssler, with whom Therese performed till 1850, when she became the morganatic wife of the late Prince Adelbert of Prussia, and was ennobled as Frau von Barnim. She died November 18th, 1878.

During the past eighteen months many royal and princely weddings have been celebrated, including a double royal wedding at Berlin, the silver wedding of the King and Queen of the Belgians, at Brussels; the silver wedding of the Emperor and Empress of Austria, at Vienna, and, finally, the golden wedding of the Emperor and Empress, at Berlin.

King Alfonso, of Spain, was married on the 23d of January, 1878, to his cousin, the Princess Maria de las Mercedes, daughter of the Duc de Montpensier. Thirty years previously, the marriage of the monarch of Spain was a political event upon which centred all the intrigues of the French and English Courts, each of which favored rival aspirants for the post of King Consort.

Alfonso is a son of the lately expelled Queen Isabella II., whose husband was her cousin-german, Don Francisco d'Assisi, proclaimed King on the 10th of October, 1846, when he was married to her by the contrivance of the late Louis Philippe, then King of the French. Her sister, the Infanta Louisa, was at the same time married to the Duc de Montpensier, the youngest son of King Louis Philippe, doubtless with a view to the marriage of Queen Isabella proving childless, and the crown of Spain devolving finally upon his grandson's head. This expectation was not exactly realized; but a granddaughter of the wily old King of the French came at length to share the Spanish throne with a son of Queen Isabella.

This young Queen Maria Mercedes was but nineteen on the 19th of June previous to her marriage, and King Alfonso was but twenty on the 28th of November, 1877—a juvenile pair.

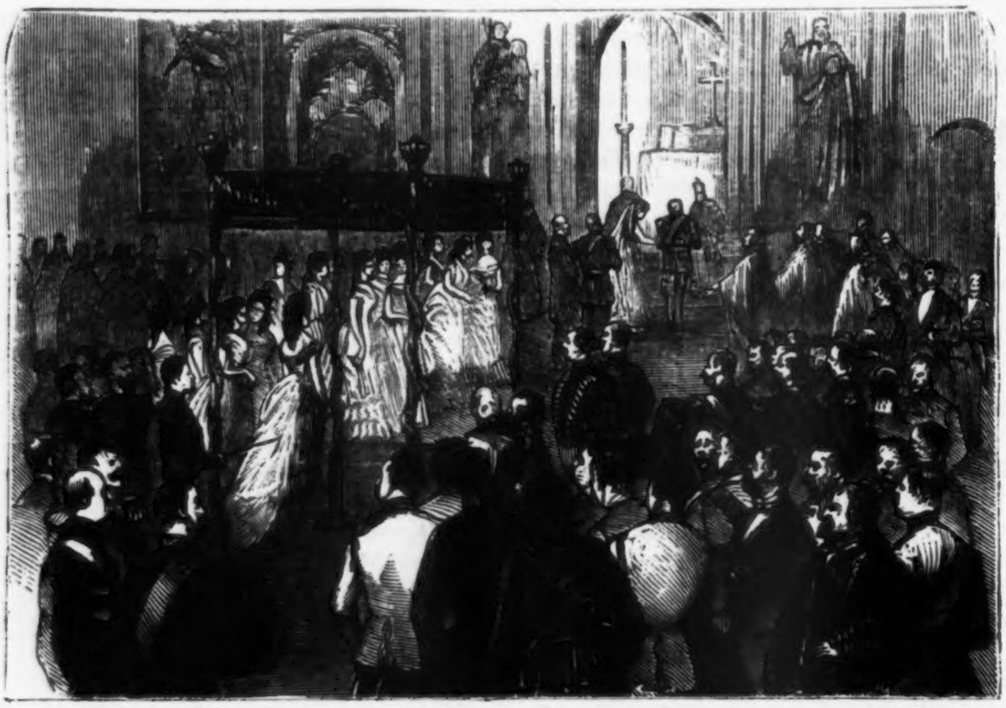
If rumor is to be trusted, this was no political, but a mere love, match, King Alfonso having loved his cousin long before he landed in Spain in 1875. In the early part of December, 1877, the King officially announced to a Cabinet council his intention of marrying the Princess Mercedes, and on the 6th of December he dispatched the Duke of Sexto, his chamberlain, formally to demand her hand from the Duke of Montpensier, her father.

His marriage project having been approved by the Cortes on January 15th, 1878, the wedding took place with great pomp and splendor in the Atocha church at Madrid, on the 23d of January. It was attended by special envoys from all the Courts of Europe, the Earl of Roslyn being there to represent Queen Victoria, of England.

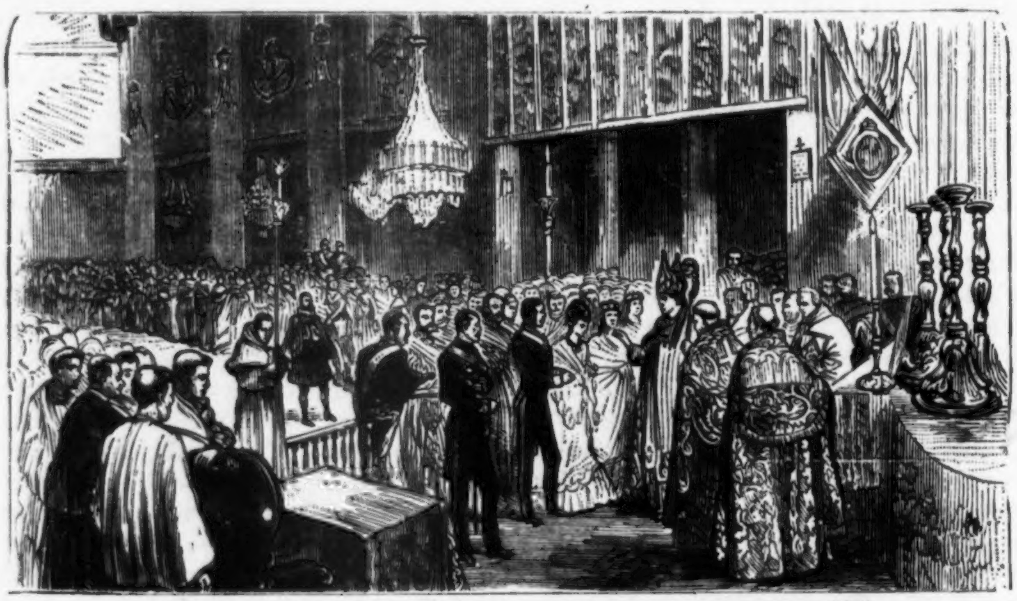
Queen Isabella, who was in exile at Paris, disapproved of her son's marriage to his cousin; but her mother, the late Dowager Queen Christina, at one time Regent of Spain, was at Madrid to witness the royal nuptials. As for the people, they were intent rather on the programme of the bull-fights and other accompaniments of the pageant than on any political prospects which the marriage might be imagined to unfold.

The wedding ceremony was performed in the chapel of the Convent of Atocha, where members of the Spanish royal family are always married. This chapel contains the miracle-working image of the Virgin, the patroness of Madrid and protector of the royal family. She is the recipient of all the cast-off wedding dresses of the Queen of Spain. The interior of the chapel, although it can boast of no architectural beauty or grandeur, presented on this occasion a very imposing sight. Old Froissart would have described it with delight.* The whitewashed walls had been covered with velvet hangings, embossed with the arms of Castile, and the old flags above could be seen in their tattered and dusty glory. The altar was splendidly illuminated and decorated; inside the railings was a numerous body of clergy. The robes of Cardinal Moreno, the Primate; Benevideo, the Patriarch of the Indies; the Bishops of Orihuela and of Salamanca, were among the most conspicuous. The Canons of Atocha took part in the ceremony, and the Papal Nuncio was present. The mass was a short one, and the King and Queen then moved to their seats on the right of the altar. The assembly was, says an eye-witness, a brilliant show. The senators, deputies and delegates of local authorities wore uniforms and innumerable crosses, bands, stars and medals. The grandees had mustered in full force. The ladies of grandees, with their elegant toilets, relieved the monotony of the uniforms present: The toilets of the Duchesses of Sestos and the Duchess of Hijar were much admired. The Marshals present were Serrano and Concha, Quesada and Rubelcale. Both Houses had sent their

XUM



MARRIAGE OF PRINCE MILAN OF SERVIA TO THE COUNTESS NATHALIE PETROWNA IN 1875.



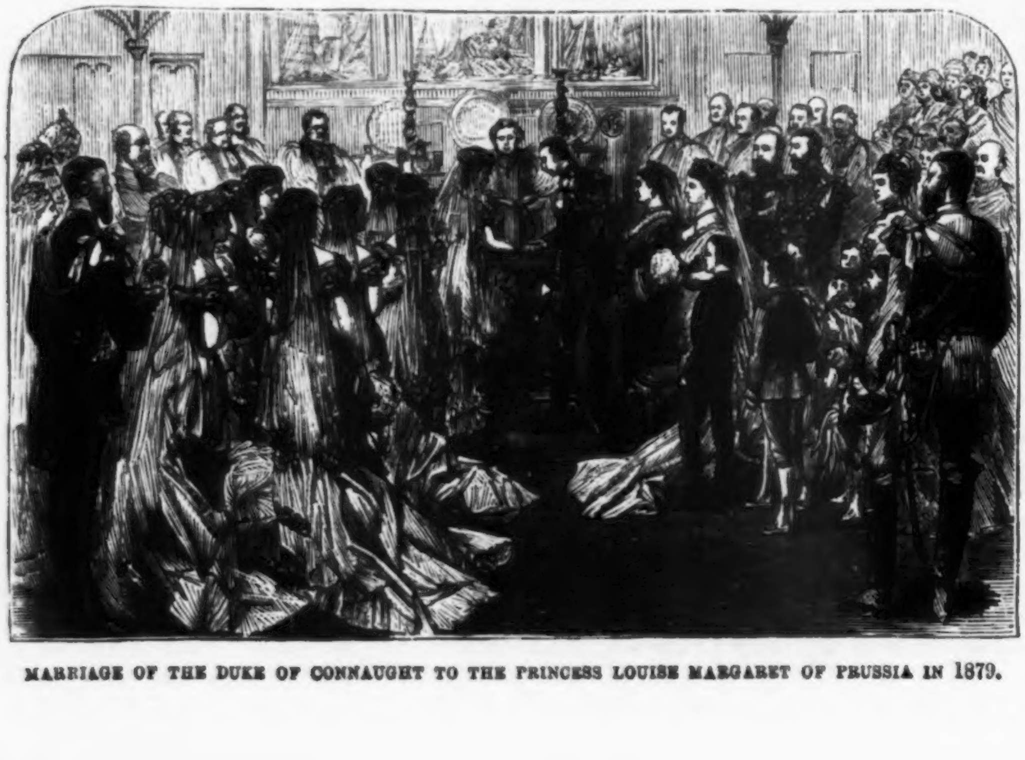
MARRIAGE OF ALFONSO XII. OF SPAIN TO THE INFANTA MERCEDES IN 1878.

Presidents and some members, who occupied an elevated platform in the nave, where the Bar, the Judges, the Provincial Councils, the Ayuntamiento and the Press were also placed.

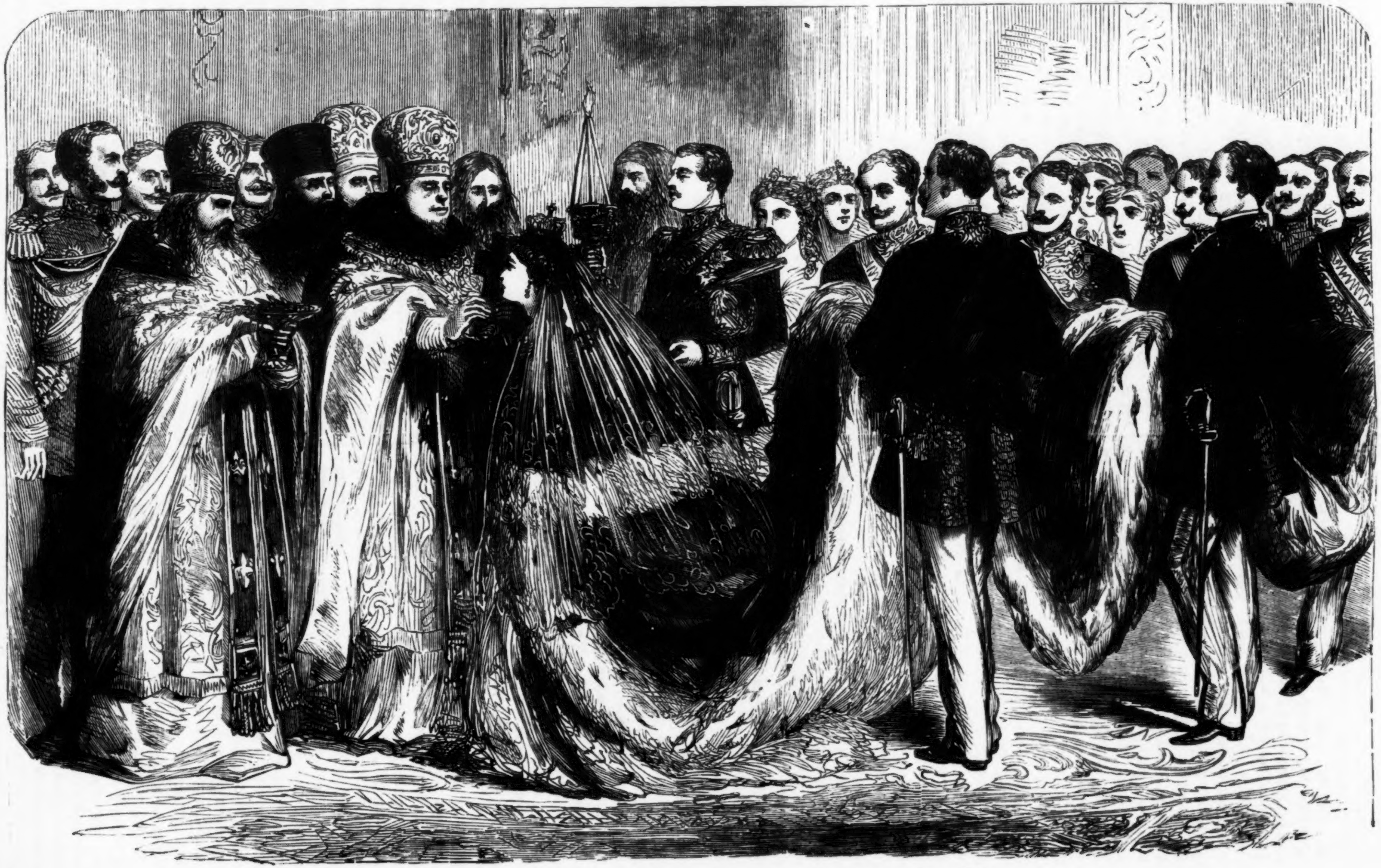
When the Princess Mercedes arrived at the entrance of the Atocha, a few minutes after the King had taken his place near the altar, every one bent forward to catch a glimpse of the future Queen as she advanced to the altar. She wore a white vail and dress, trimmed with Alençon and orange-blossoms; on her head was a diadem of pearls and brilliants, given by the Princess of Asturias, and her earrings and collars, also in pearl and diamonds, were a gift of the King.

The Princess of Asturias walked on the left of the Infanta. She wore a white satin dress, and vest of Alençon lace, with a deep crimson mantle. Her diadem was of rubies and brilliants. The three Infantas wore pretty white dresses, with wreaths of roses.

When the King and the Infanta reached the altar, King Francisco and the Princess of Asturias stood close behind as sponsors. The Patriarch of the Indies went through the ceremonial of asking the King whether impediment existed to his contracting alliance with Donna Mercedes. The Patriarch then turned to the Infanta, and before she answered she kissed the hands of her parents. Then, in a very audible voice, she answered Cardinal Benevides. The royal pair united their hands, and in the solemn words of the ritual the Cardinal took the Almighty to witness that they were united in the holy sacrament of matrimony. The cardinal then gave them the benediction. He placed one ring on the King's right hand, and gave him the other to place on the left hand of the Infanta Mercedes. The cardinal placed on the King's hand the marriage coin, and Alfonso XII. repeated after the prelate the formula, "Wife, this coin and ring I give thee as a token of marriage." The young Queen answered, "As such I receive them." The Archbishop and Chapter led the King and Queen



MARRIAGE OF THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT TO THE PRINCESS LOUISE MARGARET OF PRUSSIA IN 1879.



MARRIAGE OF THE CZAREWITCH ALEXANDER TO THE PRINCESS DAGMAR OF DENMARK IN 1866.

XUM

seats which had been placed under a dais to the right of the altar. Mass again, and the solemn strains of the organ and choir filled the church with that grandeur which is characteristic of the ceremonies of Rome.

After the final benediction, and when the last Gospel had been read, the cardinal turned to their Majesties and, in a loud voice, said, "I give your Majesty, not a slave, but a companion; love her as Christ loves His Church. *Ite in pace*" (Go in peace). The organ pealed forth the strains of a wedding march as their Majesties quitted the church.

The procession from the church to the Royal Palace was seen to great advantage in the Puerta del Sol, where six of the city streets meet in a spacious open square. The trumpeters of the royal household were in front, with mounted servants in royal liveries, three-cornered hats and powdered wigs. The kings-at-arms and heralds followed, in front of more servants leading horses in ancient harness. Horse guards preceded the state coaches of the envoys extraordinary and the carriages of the grandees. Most of the Spanish grandees displayed much splendor in their liveries, horses and gala carriages. The state coaches of the household, under escort of horse-guards and preceded by equerries, were next in order. In a carriage drawn by six horses richly harnessed, and led by servants in royal liveries, were the Infantas; the Count and Countess of Paris; the titular King Francisco, husband of the late Queen Isabella II.; the Countess of Girgenti, and the Montpensiers. Four outriders and officers, sword in hand, then appeared, and the troops presented arms; the staff lowered their blades. The royal carriage, drawn by eight splendid horses, was escorted on each side by the Captain-general of Madrid and other general officers. Behind came a brilliant staff of generals and a squadron of horse-guards in dark-blue uniform, with plumed helmets.

When the King and Queen were seen, some cheers were raised in the balconies and windows, and the crowd pressed forward with eagerness to see them. On the whole route from the Atocha to the palace, the best marks of sympathy came from the people on the balconies, but the crowd was very quiet and orderly.

Alas, for the vanity of even royal hopes! All this pageantry was followed, in five months, by a funeral. The youthful Mercedes died on the 26th of June. On the 28th, after lying in state, her body was borne by eight grandees of Spain to a magnificent hearse, drawn by the same eight white horses which had conducted the Queen as a bride from the church of Atocha to the palace. Her remains were carried to the Escorial for temporary interment, and will eventually be placed in a monumental church to be erected to her memory by the King. For, as Her Majesty died without issue, she was not entitled to interment in the Tomb of the Kings, in the Escorial.

The double royal wedding which took place at Berlin on the 18th of February, 1878, was solemnized in the Sexagon Chapel attached to the Emperor's palace. It was attended by a most distinguished company, more than sixty members of reigning families being present—among them the Princess of Wales. The brides were Princess Charlotte, eldest daughter of the Crown Prince of Germany, and granddaughter of Queen Victoria; and Princess Elizabeth of Prussia, second daughter of Prince Frederick Charles. The first-named was united to the hereditary Prince Bernhard, of Saxe-Meiningen, eldest son and heir of the reigning Duke, George II., while the other bridegroom was the hereditary Grand Duke, George of Oldenburg. The ceremony, which was performed by the Rev. Dr. Koegel, Palace Chaplain to His Imperial Majesty, was followed by a series of festivities which date from medieval times.

At the moment that the brides and bridegrooms exchanged rings, the joyous tidings were announced to the city by the roar of artillery and the pealing of church-bells. The bridal couples then received the congratulations of their relatives, and, amidst the strains of sacred music, the whole company moved off to the Red Velvet Chamber, where a more general congratulation was offered.

The Emperor and Empress next proceeded to the White Hall, and ascending a dais in front of the throne, surrounded by the Royal Family and guests, gave the signal for what is technically called *La Cour*. This ceremony consists in the whole of the assembly defiling past the throne, and bowing to the Emperor and Empress. The brides and bridegrooms, the Ambassadresses, Lady Odo Russell, and Countess Karolyi, opened the stately array. The wives of the various envoys and secretaries followed, and were in turn succeeded by the wives of the German dignitaries, at the head of whom was the Princess Bismarck. Supper was served in the Knights' Hall for the Royal personages, who were waited upon at table by princes and dukes of the most distinguished families in the land. A special feature of the entertainment were two towering wedding-cakes, ordered from England by the Crown Prince, and much admired by those Teutonic personages who had never seen nor tasted anything of the kind. After the soup was removed, the Emperor gave the toast, "Abiding happiness to the newly married couple!" The general company had ample buffets to resort to in a whole suite of apartments. After supper came the famous ceremony peculiar to the German Court, and known as the *Fackeltanz*, or torchlight procession.

Their Majesties of Germany and Belgium, and the newly married couples, seated themselves on the dais in front of the throne, with the other royal personages on both sides, the ladies to the right and the gentlemen to the left. The Prussian Cabinet Ministers then approached, led by Prince Salm-Salm, the Grand Marshal of the Court, and each carrying a huge lighted taper. They bowed before Her Majesty, and turned away to the right. The newly married couples then rose and made the circuit of the hall, the Ministers going before them, and the band playing a polonaise composed for the occasion.

The first circuit over, the Emperor got up and went round with the brides. Next it was the Empress's turn to conduct the bridegrooms over the same ground. The other royalties succeeded, one by one, until every royal lady present had danced with the two bridegrooms, and every prince with the two brides. To complete this cycle no less than twenty-two circuits were required. After the last round, the Ministers handed the tapers to pages, who conducted the newly married couples to their apartments. The lady stewardesses of the brides then gave to each of the guests a small velvet or silk ribbon in the Prussian colors, representing a piece of the bride's garter, and this ceremony completed the spectacle.

The celebration of the Royal Silver Wedding of the King and Queen of the Belgians began on the 9th of August and extended over several days. Marie Henriette Anne, Queen of the Belgians, and Archduchess of Austria, a daughter of the late Archduke Joseph Anthony John, Palatine of Hungary, was born at Buda Pesth, on the 23d of August, 1836, and was married to Prince Leopold, now King of the Belgians, on the 22d of August, 1853. When the twenty-fifth anniversary of their marriage approached, Brussels, the Belgian capital, was decked out in all the glory of the national colors everywhere, whether as flags and banners, or wreaths and garlands. The residents and visitors wore ribbons and rosettes. The King and Queen had a hard week of it. On Monday, after visiting Bruges, they were present at a banquet. On Tuesday there was a

XUM

diplomatic deputation and another banquet. There were more receptions on Wednesday, though it was supposed to be an "off day." On Thursday, the actual anniversary of the wedding, the religious celebration took place at the Church of St. Gudule. Cardinal Deschamps and five Belgian bishops officiated.

Next came the great event of the day, the procession of upward of two thousand Belgian women, led by Madame Anspach, the wife of the Burgomaster of Brussels. These were charged with the pleasing duty of presenting the diamond crown and suits of lace, the subscriptions for which, though limited to a maximum of five cents, had produced nearly twenty-five thousand dollars. The crown was very elegant, but very small, and is intended to be fixed on the hair. In front is a large diamond worth ten thousand dollars, the gift of one of the Belgian consuls abroad. For some days these articles were on view at the Hotel de Ville, and out of the payment of two cents by each person for admission, a dinner was given to the poor.

The representative women of the Communes assembled in the Park, and advanced along the grand alley to the Palace, under the marshaling of some male officials of the Communes. The King, wearing a general's uniform, and the Queen a costume of the national colors—maize-colored silk, black lace, and scarlet velvet bonnet—took up their positions behind the small table on which the presents were laid. Madame Anspach advanced, and, in a few graceful sentences, told Her Majesty of the desire of the Belgian women, there represented by delegates from every city, town and village in the Kingdom, to offer to their gracious Sovereign some slight token of their affection and respect on so joyful an occasion. The Queen briefly returned thanks, and then the deputations began to defile past; the King and Queen bowing to each lady delegate.

During the day the Marquis of Hamilton presented the King with a magnificent silver-covered cup, sent to His Majesty by the Prince of Wales; and Lord Torrington, on the part of Queen Victoria, handed to the Queen a letter conferring on Her Majesty the Ladies' Order of the Victoria and Albert, and the insignia in diamonds. At night there was a general illumination of the city, and their Majesties attended a banquet given by the Councils-General. On Friday there was a review of the Civil Guard on the Place du Palais; and in the evening, when the weather brightened for a short time, the King and Queen, who had given a banquet and held a reception at the Palace, were serenaded by some of the associations which were to have taken part in the monster torchlight procession that had been countermanded on account of the rain. Saturday was the children's day. All the communal schools of Brussels, strengthened by deputations from every prominent school in the kingdom, paraded before their Majesties, plenteously provided with banners, and each school brought to the Queen an offering of flowers in a basket.

The wedding of Prince Henry, brother of the King of Holland, to Princess Mary, the eldest daughter of Prince Frederick Charles, the "Red Prince," nephew of the Emperor of Germany, took place on the 24th of August, 1878, at Potsdam. Prince Henry, who lost his first wife, Princess Amelia, daughter of the late Duke of Saxe-Weimar-Eisenach, was one of the wealthiest princes in Europe. The Princess Mary is one of the most highly cultivated women to whom Germany has given birth. She is especially fond of scientific studies. She is also a good musician and artist, and an excellent linguist, being particularly proficient in Latin. As soon as her engagement with Prince Henry was decided upon, she began to study Dutch, which she quickly learned. The Prince gave his bride a magnificent sapphire-and-diamond parure, valued at two hundred and fifty thousand dollars, designed after a picture by Holbein.

A grand ball was held at Potsdam Chateau to celebrate the marriage, and so many guests were invited that a battalion of soldiers was first ordered to dance in the ballroom to test its stability.

Prince Henry, who was born on the 13th of June, 1820, died on the 13th of January, 1879. He was the youngest son of the late King William II., by Queen Anna Paulowna, a daughter of the Emperor Paul of Russia. The Prince administered the Duchy of Luxembourg for many years with great success. He held the office of Lieutenant-Admiral commanding the Dutch navy, and also a high nominal rank in the Russian navy. For some time he had been regarded as the hope of the Dutch dynasty; the Prince of Orange, King William's heir, being, like his father, a notorious profligate, and residing chiefly at Paris; while the King's second son, Prince Alexander, is a person of delicate health, and indisposed to marriage. Here was the main reason for Prince Henry's second marriage, which, in its turn, determined the King himself to marry again. The sudden death of Prince Henry, the most popular prince of the House of Orange, was an event of no small importance, and greatly enhances the interest taken by the people of Holland in the new Queen whom the King gave them only a week before his brother died.

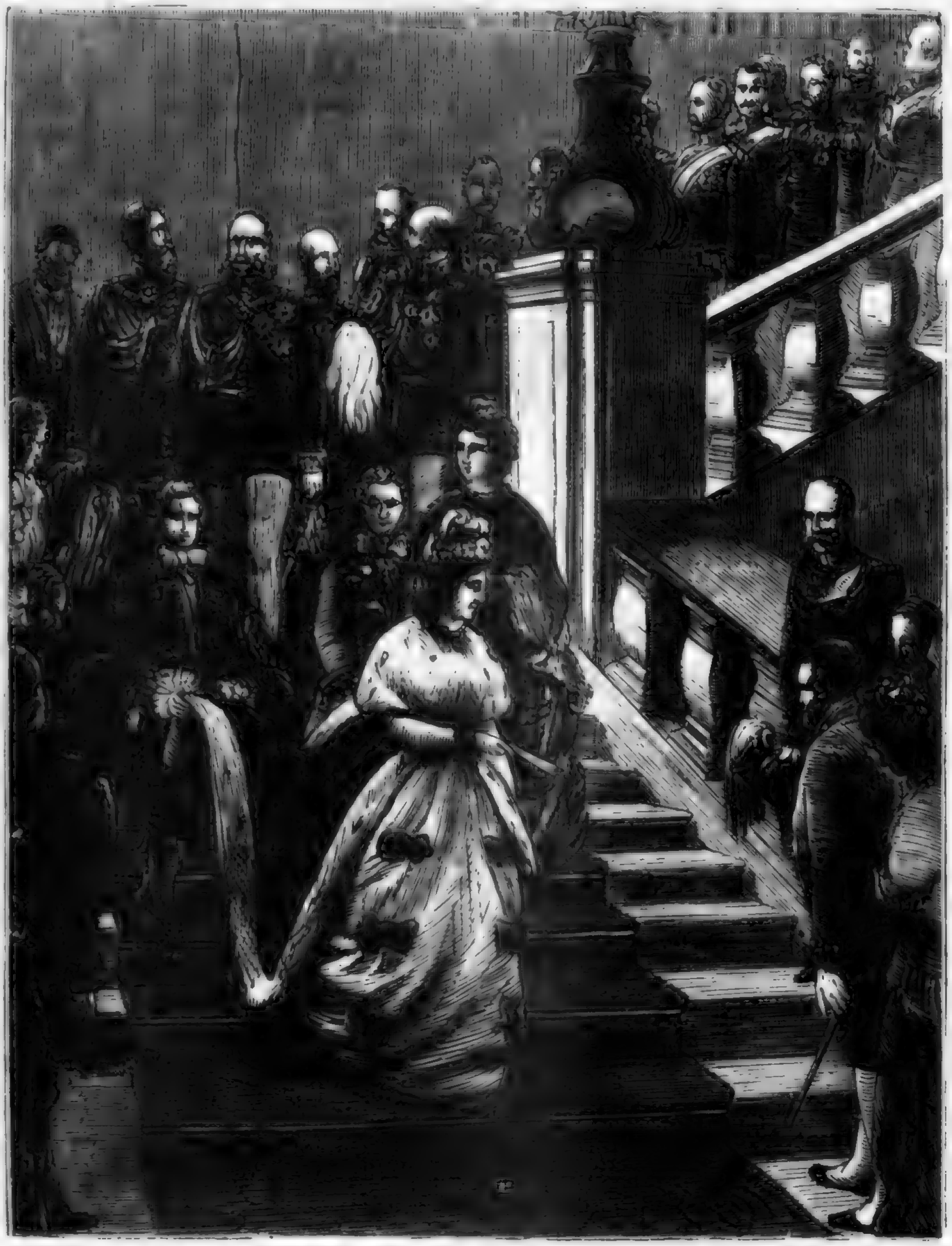
But prior, in chronological order, to the wedding of the King of Holland, must be noted that, on the 5th of November, 1878, of the Princess Bismarck, daughter of the great German Chancellor, Prince Bismarck, with Count Rantzau, who has since been appointed Counselor at the German Embassy in Paris. The civil marriage took place at three o'clock on Wednesday afternoon. The religious ceremony was performed at the Radziwell Palace, in the hall in which the sessions of the Berlin Congress were held. The bride was elegantly attired in a dress of white satin and lace. She wore diamonds and pearls, and a superb bridal vail. Among the eminent personages present were the Crown Prince and Count Letrudoy, the latter representing the Emperor, who sent the bride and the Princess Bismarck, her mother, each a pair of magnificent diamond bracelets. He also sent to Prince Bismarck the Order of the Crown, Sceptre and Star of the first class, also the Order of the Red Eagle, which no one had previously received.

Surely it would be wrong to omit from a chronicle of royal and princely weddings, the wedding of the daughter of such a modern Warwick, or king-maker and emperor-maker, as Prince von Bismarck; nor would it be amiss to insert in it the wedding of Fraulein Maggie von Rothschild, daughter of one of the Money-Kings of the world. The Duke de Guiche, the eldest son and heir of the Duke de Grammont, was married to her on the 6th of December, at Berlin. The Duke, whose first wife, Princess Isabelle de Beauvan, died and left him a widower with one daughter, in 1875, was reported, a year or two ago, to be about to be married to an American lady, who subsequently married into a distinguished British family.

In December, 1878, was announced the approaching marriage of the Duke of Medina Cœli with a daughter of the Count de Torrecilla. Three years before, the Duke had married a daughter of the Duke of Alba; but, like King Alfonso, he was in a few months left a widower. The Duke of Medina Cœli, whose death by accidentally shooting himself was announced on May 15th, was the largest landowner in Spain, and had an immense palace in Madrid. No other Spanish grandee could boast of so many titles as he. A descendant of the "Great Captain," he was only five-and-twenty, and one of the handsomest men in Spain.

A curious custom prevails in this family, on the death of a Spanish monarch. The headsman, with his ax, then appears before the Duke for the time being, inquires whether he intends to claim the throne, and, on receiving satisfactory assurances to the contrary, departs in peace.

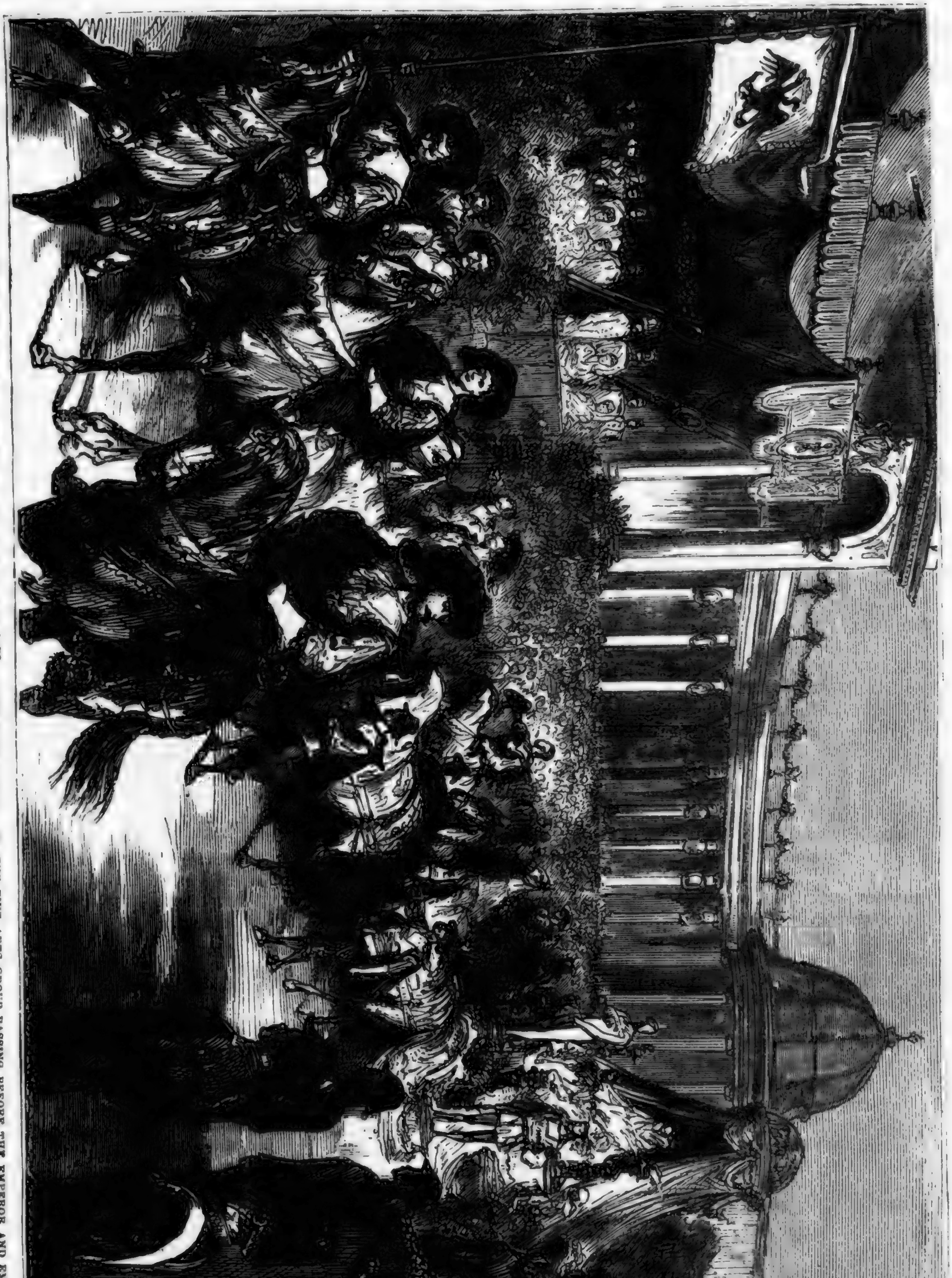
As an illustration of the modern improvements in connection with princely weddings, it may be mentioned that an Italian princess, on the eve of her marriage, toward the close of 1878, had her *trousseau* made in Paris, and in order to let her know how to wear them, her dressmaker sent with each toilet a little doll attired from head to foot precisely as the princess herself was to be; shoes, stockings, skirts, headdress and every detail being reproduced in the costume of each doll.



THE GOLDEN WEDDING OF THE KING AND QUEEN OF SAXONY, IN NOVEMBER, 1872.

The month of December, 1878, will be particularly memorable in Denmark for the marriage of a cousin of the Empress-Queen Victoria, of Great Britain and India, to a sister of the Princess of Wales. At eight o'clock on the evening of Saturday, December 21st, His Royal Highness the Prince Ernest Augustus William Adolphus George Frederick ("I like to give the whole name," Goldsmith used to say), Duke of Cumberland and Teviotdale, and Earl of Armagh, P. C. K. G., King of Hanover, and Duke of Brunswick-Luneburg, was married, at Copenhagen, to the Princess Thyra Amelia Caroline Charlotte Anne, third daughter and fifth child of the King of Denmark. The Bishop of Zealand, Dr. T. L. Martensen, who had baptized and confirmed the Princess, gave the nuptial benediction. The ceremony was conducted according to the rites of the Lutheran Church, at the Stotskirken, or Royal Chapel, which faces the Castle of Christiansborg—the palace in which are the Chambers of Parliament and the Royal Picture Gallery, and which is enriched with some of Thorwaldsen's finest works. The chapel itself, though prettily decorated, is not a very notable building. It had been intended that the service should take place at the Summer palace of Fredensborg; but this idea was abandoned by the kind-hearted and popular King, as it would have deprived the people of the capital of any share in the festivities. The crowds in the city were particularly enthusiastic in their manifestations of loyalty and joy, which they intended as a demonstration against sinister rumors that a letter had been received threatening the King of Denmark with assassination, and that a box of Orsini bombs had been seized at Hamburg. The garrison of Copenhagen was confined to its barracks on the wedding-day. A lively letter, dated Copenhagen, December 22d, the day after the wedding, was published in the New York *World* on the following Monday, and it gave many interesting facts in relation to this important marriage.

The King of Denmark has married off all his daughters, and of his six children only the handsome young Prince Waldemar, a youth of twenty, remains to be matrimonially disposed of. His eldest son will succeed to the Danish throne, his second wears the crown of Greece; his eldest daughter is the future Queen of England, and his second the future Empress of Russia—remarkable good fortune for the sovereign of a small and cruelly mutilated kingdom, who, not very many years ago, "was living in a quiet chateau in the Holstein marshes with his wife and children, puzzling his wits how to make both ends meet on his narrow income." It was this same King of whom the wicked wits said that he desired a pair of boots transmitted by telegraph, and when he was informed that the telegraph only forwarded messages, replied blandly, "I know it, for people in general, but for the King——?"



SILVER WEDDING PROCESSION OF THE EMPEROR AND EMPRESS OF AUSTRIA AT VIENNA IN 1879.—HERR HANS MAKART AND THE FINE ARTS GROUP PASSING BEFORE THE EMPEROR AND EMPRESS.

How good a match His Majesty has made for his third daughter remains to be seen. Gossips say that her eldest sister, the Princess of Wales, won the heart of the future King of England by reading Shakespeare to him, and, when he complimentarily said that he should like to engage her as his reader, replying that her terms were twenty-five shillings—"a sovereign and a crown." Bismarck is credited with a disagreeable monetary *mot* about the present match—that having two crowns and two half-crowns in the family, King Christian was now going in for smaller change.

Under certain circumstances, the Princess Thyra's husband might have stood where stands the spouse of her sister Alexandra. He is the son of a king, George V. of Hanover, whose father was the son of George III. of England, and thus the uncle of Queen Victoria—he was that detested Duke of Cumberland whom the too-loyal Orangemen once plotted to put on the English throne, to the exclusion of the young girl who was not thought strong enough by them adequately to defend the Protestant religion. George V., who had been blinded in youth at Eton while swinging a purse, the tassel of which struck him in the eye, was a victim of Bismarck in 1866. When the quarrel for supremacy arose between Prussia and Austria, the late George V. espoused the Austrian cause, and so lost his kingdom.

Prince Ernest Augustus is not likely to recover his father's crown, but his income will be largely increased if he accepts the proffered restoration of the family estates in lieu of the Hanoverian throne, and he is also heir to the aged Duke of Brunswick.

The Princess Thyra has been engaged—by the newspapers—about as frequently as the Princess Beatrice of England. The present King of Italy was set down as one of her girlhood's admirers; the Prince of Orange, and, later, his aged father, were on the list; so was the Duke of Connaught—so was the Prince Imperial. Gossips declared that the Prince of Wales favored the suit of the French Prince to put the latter out of the way of the Princess Beatrice, much as the Crown Princess was credited with making a match for her brother so that the young lady in this case might not marry her son; and descanted on the queer complication which would have made the three sisters, born Lutherans, members of the Anglican, Greek, and Roman Catholic Churches. There is still another suitor in Copenhagen, a young man of good family, who surprised the King by asking the Princess's hand at a public audience, and who proved to be mad as the hare of March, though he has sane intervals, in which he is one of the most popular residents of the Danish capital. The announcement that the Duke of Cumberland was the chosen bridegroom was greeted with surprise, and there is a story in circulation that the Princess, having three months before crossed the line of old maidenhood, wrote to Paris for "a bonnet—the most seductive you have," and therewith did the Duke's business. In point of fact, however, the marriage is one of inclination, and the attachment an old one, having been formed at Rome four years ago.

The Princess was twenty-five on the 29th of September last, and though neither so attractive as her sister Alexandra, nor so pretty as her sister Dagmar, has a beautifully shaped face; large, gentle eyes; and a very sweet expression. Her figure is as graceful as can consist with her extraordinary height, of which she is unfortunately a little over-conscious. She is a favorite with all classes in Denmark, on account of her gracious and unassuming manners and her unfeigned benevolence. She is highly accomplished, paints cleverly, is a true musician and an excellent linguist, and has traveled widely in Europe. The Duke of Cumberland, who was born September 21st, 1845, has a plump, good-humored, German-English face, and enjoys the reputation of a kind-hearted, generous man. On the 27th of last November, the Queen of England, as head of the Royal Family, gave her assent to the Duke's marriage, which was nearly broken off by a terrible accident. The Princess and her parents, through the carelessness of a gatekeeper, drove across a railroad just as a train dashed by, the buffers of which literally grazed the hind wheels of their carriage.

The King of Holland was married on the 7th of January, 1879, to Princess Emma of Waldeck-Pyrmont, the Duke of Saxony and Prince William of Wurtemberg acting as witnesses. His two sons refused to be present at the ceremony at Arolsen, or during the subsequent festivities in Amsterdam and the Hague, and the marriage can scarcely be said to have met with popular favor, at least at first, notwithstanding the possibility it offered of procuring a surer direct succession, and thus strengthening Dutch independence. As has been remarked, "every man, woman and child in Holland knows full well that a failure of succession to the Dutch throne may mean the annihilation of the ancient independence of the Dutch people, and the absorption of the fertile provinces and the fine harbors of the Low Countries into the gigantic empire which Bismarck, the prince of blood and iron, is building up so sternly in Central Europe."

The new Queen of Holland, Queen Emma, was but five months over twenty years old at the date of her marriage, having been born on the 20th of August, 1858. The royal bridegroom, who was born on the 19th of February, 1817, was sixty-two years old, less a few days. Her father is Prince George Victor of Waldeck-Pyrmont, which is situated in northwestern Germany, and which was an independent sovereignty until 1868, when the control of its affairs was assumed by Prussia. He has six children, of whom five are daughters. Of these children, Princess Emma—or, rather, as she should be called, the Queen Consort of Netherlands—is the third. She is the second to make a royal marriage; her immediate senior, the Princess Marie, was married two years ago to Prince William of Wurtemberg, the cousin and heir-apparent of King Charles I. The Princes of Waldeck-Pyrmont are among the most ancient sovereigns of Germany; while on her mother's side the young Queen is allied to her husband's illustrious House of Nassau, which, having its origin somewhere about 915, branched off into two lines in 1255. The King of Holland is the head of the younger branch. Prince George Victor now retains a merely nominal power in his principality.

Queen Emma is described as being of medium stature and a nicely turned figure, with animated features, a fine complexion, a fresh and laughing mouth, and an abundance of chestnut hair, which she wears in waves down her forehead. "She is delightfully short-sighted, and has to make as much use of a business-like eye-glass as if she had been born on Beacon Hill, Boston. This quality—it must not be called a defect—is inherited from her mother, the Princess Helen, daughter of the late William, Duke of Nassau, once one of the most beautiful, stately and gracious women of Germany, but for some years past a confirmed invalid, who never leaves her bed till five in the evening, and then has to be borne through the chateau or along the garden-walks in a wheeled chair. On this account the life of the new Queen has hitherto been a very quiet one. Her father, Prince George Victor, is a tall, dark, heavily bearded man, pleasant, benevolent, and warmly beloved by his 57,743 subjects."

As for the King, her husband, his eccentricities have

XUM

worn out Dutch patience. His reign began with a scandal. He ran away, before his father died, to Scotland, as prompter in a dramatic company in which figured an actress of whom he was enamored, and he had to be sent for to ascend the throne. His neglect of his clever and popular wife, Queen Sophie, worried and wearied the society of the Hague. The country has felt hard times, like its neighbors; and the Acheenese expeditions, with their drain of blood and treasure, gave rise to murmurs which were not assuaged by the haste with which the old monarch went wife-hunting immediately after his wife's death, and his rupture with the Countess d'Amboise. The Princess Thyra of Denmark was first spoken of; then the rumor went abroad that he contemplated espousing his sister's daughter, the Princess Elizabeth of Saxe-Weimar-Eisenach. At the close of September last, his betrothal to Princess Emma of Waldeck-Pyrmont was formally announced. As already recorded, he was wedded to his youthful bride on the 7th of January, 1879, and the royal pair, after spending a ten days' honeymoon at the Palace of Lor, were received in great state at Amsterdam.

A Russian imperial marriage took place at St. Petersburgh on the 24th of January, 1879, when the Grand Duchess Anastasia, eldest daughter of the Grand Duke Michael of Russia, who is the youngest brother of the Emperor Alexander II., was wedded, with great pomp and ceremony, at the Winter Palace, to the hereditary Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, Frederic Francis Paul Nicholas Ernest Henry, oldest son and heir-apparent of Frederic Francis II., reigning Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, by his first wife, a princess of Reuss-Schleiz. The bride was born July 28th (16th o.s.), 1860, and the bridegroom March 19th, 1851. His grandmother, who is still living at the age of seventy-six, is the only sister of the Emperor William of Germany. This marriage is regarded as having a certain, though somewhat remote, political importance; and it was celebrated with much solemnity. The city of St. Petersburgh was illuminated on the night of the wedding with great splendor, and *Te Deums* were sung in all the churches. In accordance with an ancient custom, the bells of the metropolis were rung in peals at intervals for the three following days.

On the 13th of March, 1879—despite the ominous number "13," and the ecclesiastical prohibition against marrying in Lent—the Guelphs and Hohenzollerns were united by a new family bond. Prince Arthur William Patrick Albert, Duke of Connaught and Strathearn, Earl of Sussex, Duke of Saxony, and Prince of Coburg and Gotha, third son and seventh child of Victoria, Queen of England and Empress of India, born May 1st, 1850, was wedded in St. George's Chapel, at Windsor, to Princess Louisa Margaret Alexandra Victoria Agnes, of Prussia, born at Potsdam, July 25th, 1860, in the palace once the residence of Frederick the Great. She is the third and youngest daughter of Emperor William's nephew, Prince Frederick Charles Nicholas and of Princess Mary Anne of Anhalt. So many newspaper columns have been filled with descriptions of this royal wedding, and its minutest details must be so freshly remembered by our readers, that we may well spare them the trouble of re-reading it. Suffice it to say that "Queen's Weather," for a rarity, prevailed on the happy day, which was duly celebrated with all possible pomp and splendor. It exemplifies American journalistic enterprise and the swiftness of modern transatlantic communications that a special dispatch from George Augustus Sala, vividly describing the ceremonies, appeared in the New York *Telegram*, on the very evening of the wedding-day.

Our illustrations represent the bridal procession in St. George's Chapel; and the services at the altar performed by the Archbishop of Canterbury, in the royal chapel of St. George.

On this occasion all the mourning for the recent death of Princess Alice was laid aside (to be resumed on the following day) except by the Queen and her ladies in waiting. The Knights of the several Orders wore their respective collars but not their robes, and the spectacle, therefore, was at no time so magnificent as that presented on occasion of the marriage of the Prince and Princess of Wales in the same chapel, when the Prince himself and all the other Knights of the Garter appeared in their long, sweeping robes of imperial blue velvet, caught up with knots of white satin ribbon on the shoulders, and "really made one of the grandest moving objects imaginable, to the intense delight of Mr. Frith," said the New York *World*, which on the next morning after the wedding of the Duke of Connaught and the Princess Louise Margaret also published a special dispatch recounting it. From this a brief but sparkling bit of description may be taken to give an idea of the scene in the chapel just before the service began. It is set forth as a scene of unusual brilliancy and animation. At the altar, under a blaze of golden reflections from the plate, were the officiating prelates in full canonicals, their lawn sleeves lighting up the dull robes; the dais before it was a garden of colors—uniforms, dresses, feathers, diamonds, and lace; amid which the figure of the Queen, in her black dress and white vail, and with her crown of diamonds and the blue ribbon and jeweled George of the Garter, stood out in sharp relief; pages in white and scarlet supported her train. The Prince of Wales's scarlet uniform and blue ribbon contrasted well with the more sober *tenue* of his brother, the rifleman. The matchless rubies of the Marquis of Hertford's Star sparkled from the breast of the Earl of Beaconsfield, who, like all the other Ministers, wore the Windsor uniform of blue and gold. All the Ambassadors were in court costume except those entitled to wear military uniforms, among whom the colossal figure of Count Münster, the representative of the German Empire, was magnificently conspicuous—his broad breast blazing with stars and his bold, strong features giving distinction to his whole bearing.

The royal and princely guests were for the most part *en militaire*, with breasts covered with decorations. The Maharajah Dhuleep Singh was now, as at the marriage of the Princess Louise, one of the most notable of the company. His picturesque dress fairly blazed with jewels and embroidery; nor was his wife, the English Maharanee, in a robe of cloth of gold, less conspicuous. The ladies (the Court mourning having been suspended for one day) were resplendent with colors and jewels. The Queen of the Belgians wore a magnificent maroon velvet, lined and trimmed with carmine; the Crown Princess of Germany wore a dark blue dress trimmed with ermine, the Order of Louise and the Royal Order of Victoria and Albert. The Duchess of Teck (Princess Mary of Cambridge) wore a green velvet dress trimmed with satin. Beyond, behind, and around the grand altar group and in the aisles were massed the attendants, officials, guards, pages, heralds, in variegated uniforms, standing motionless as statues while the words of the ceremony were read; and for frame to the whole picture were the majestic walls and roof of the old Plantagenet King, lighted here and there with the rays of a holiday sun stealing through the superb stained glass of the windows.

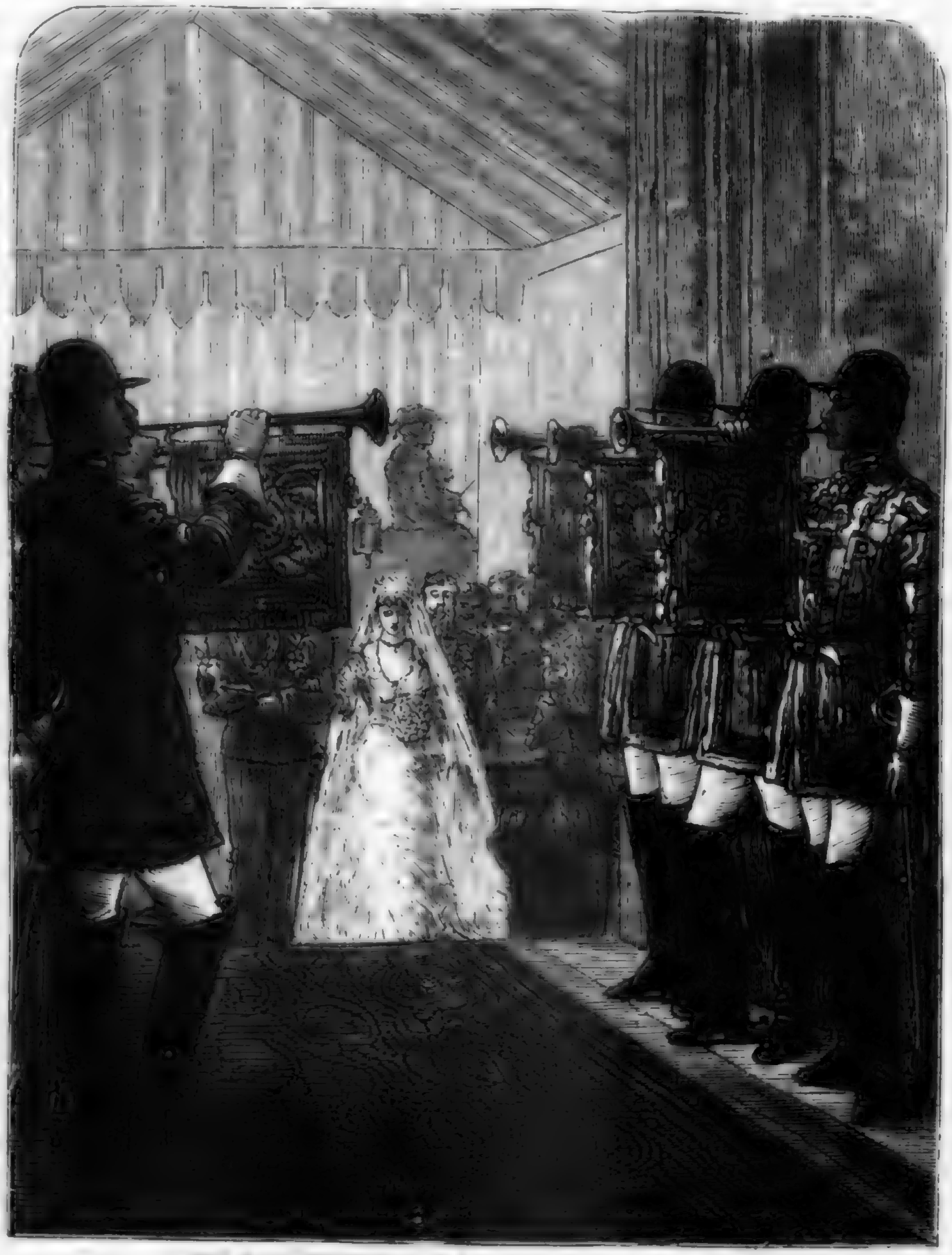
The celebration of the Silver Wedding of the Emperor and Empress of Austria—beginning on the 24th of April, 1879, a series of *fêtes* which for splendor and artistic beauty

XUM

will probably remain unapproached in modern days, was the tenth of the kind that has taken place in the reigning House of Austria during the last six centuries.

On Wednesday, April 23d, the Imperial couple had already received the felicitations of deputations from every part of their polyglot empire. On Thursday the celebration began with the formal opening of the beautiful Votivkirche, a perfect example of the Gothic style. "It has two lofty spires, the carved and openwork of which against the sky look soft and fine as lace."

This building was commenced by the ill-fated Emperor Maximilian, of Mexico, to commemorate his imperial brother's escape, February 18th, 1853, from the dagger of the Hungarian assassin Libeny. After the dedication ceremony, conducted by the venerable Cardinal Archbishop of Vienna, in the presence of the Emperor Francis Joseph's eldest surviving brother, the Archduke Charles Louis, the Emperor and Empress, followed by all the Court, proceeded to the church in state carriages to renew their vows. After this service, all returned to the Burg, where a banquet was given in honor of the representatives of the great foreign Powers.



THE STATE TRUMPETERS AT A ROYAL WEDDING IN ENGLAND.

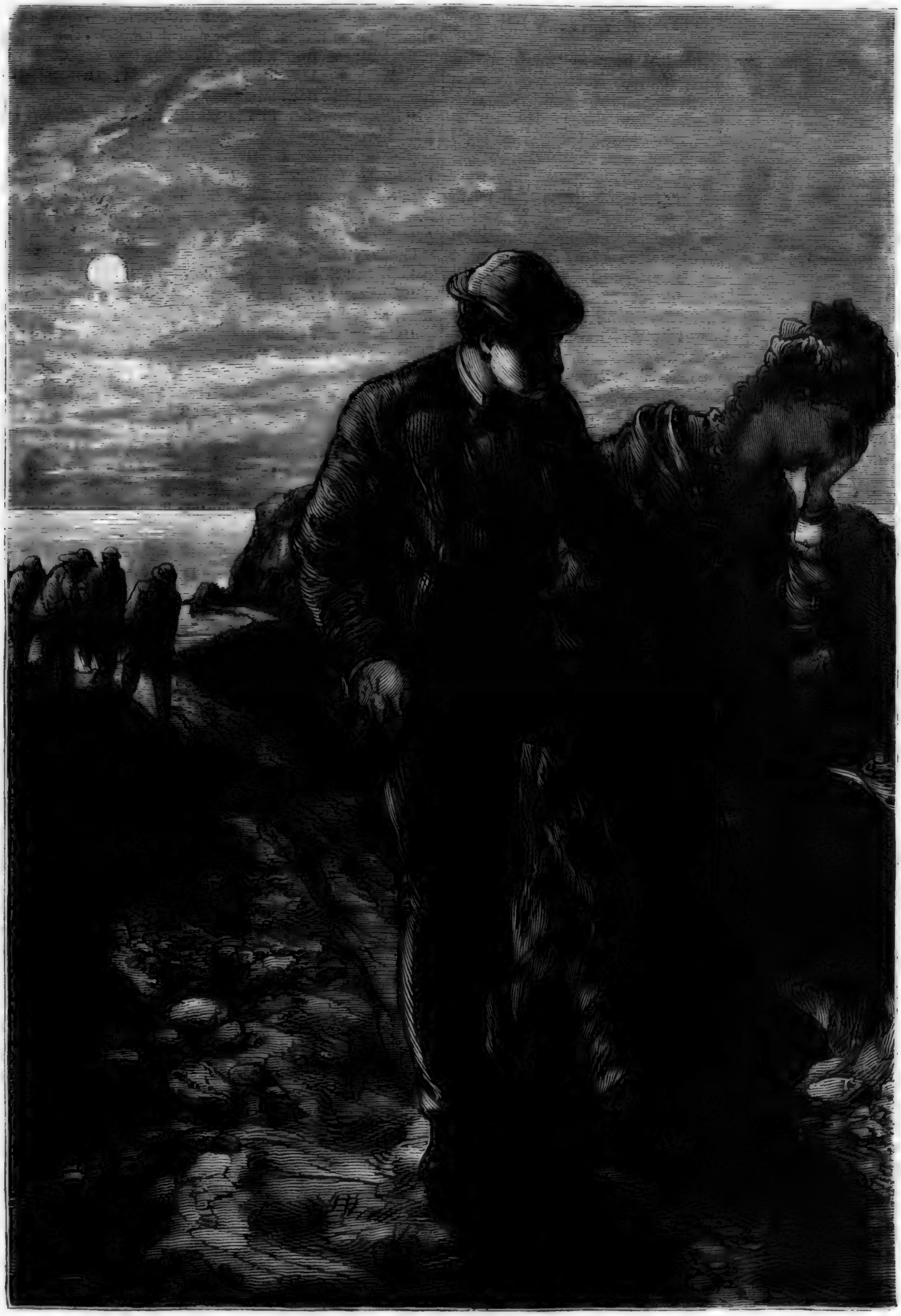
In addition to the resident members of the diplomatic corps, there were present specially accredited envoys from nearly all the European sovereigns. Among these envoys was King Humbert's cousin, the Duke of Genoa. Marshal MacMahon, ex-President of the French Republic, and Count Schouvaloff, Russian Ambassador to England, were also present.

The Empress, who had returned from her hunting tour in Ireland on hearing of the disastrous flood at Szegedin, wore a diadem of precious stones representing edelweiss, the gift of the members of the imperial family, in commemoration of the first gift she ever received from her destined husband—a bunch of edelweiss from the Tyrol Mountains. In the evening a gala performance was given at the splendid Opera-house before the Emperor and Empress, the Court and the distinguished visitors, by the united companies of the two Government theatres, the Opera and the Hofburg, in a piece written for the occasion by Auzenhuber.

The two most exceptional features of this silver wedding were the grand Trades Procession, which had to be postponed until Sunday, on account of bad weather, and the Tableaux Vivants, given exclusively by members of the imperial family, to an imperial audience of two, at the palace of the Emperor's brother, Archduke Charles Louis. The subjects for the tableaux were selected by an eminent historian from the annals of the Hapsburgs; an eminent Austrian poet wrote the prologue; the music was especially composed by Hans Richter; and, above all, the designs for both the tableaux and the grand trades procession, were made by that unrivaled Viennese artist, Hans Makart. The sketches in oil for the procession designs are so elaborated that they are to be preserved among the decorations of the new Town Hall in Vienna.

It is noteworthy that the artist came within an ace of retiring in disgust when some of the Anthony Comstocks of the city authorities criticised the scanty draperies of many of the figures, but ultimately he was induced to sacrifice his preferences for nature and historical accuracy to modern prejudices.

Our list of recent princely, royal and imperial weddings fitly ends with the Golden Wedding of the Emperor and Empress of Germany, celebrated on the 11th of June, 1879. But inasmuch as this article must go to press before the exhibition of that splendid and memorable spectacle, and as we lay no claim to the Scotch gift of "second sight," we shall not venture to describe it beforehand.



BY THE SAD SEA WAVES.—"GEOFFREY KNEW THAT THOSE WHO BORE POOR RAY'S BODY WERE SLOWLY COMING AFTER HIM. HE LAID STERN HANDS ON THE FRENZIED GIRL: 'COME,' HE SAID, 'DO NOT MAKE A SCENE HERE.'"—SEE NEXT PAGE.

XUM

BY THE SAD SEA WAVES.

THERE had been no sunshine that day—a gusty March day, with a blustering wind and scurrying clouds. Now the wind had died away, and a wan twilight lay over the scene, over wet seaweed and sighing reeds, and bare, gray rock and glistening sea-sand. A desolate place, you would have said, yet, to the lonely man who sat down on a bit of rock to survey it, Eden could not be fairer. He saw it in the sunshine of his boyish dreams—an uncreated light transformed it—a light that never shone on sea or land.

Yes; on that very stone Geoffrey Hope had sat in his boyhood, and watched the great waves go out with weary moan, or listened to the sea-gull's cry; and later, just there, he had listened to something that had transformed the scene, glorified it in his eyes for ever—the voice of pretty Rose Cameron, as she murmured, "I love you!" And this was five years ago—five years since those words had stirred him to go out into the world to strive to conquer fortune. A hard tussle he had had; often far from post-offices, no news had reached him for years; in the wilds of Australia he had made a home for his Rose, and found the way to wealth. Now he had come home unannounced to give her a glad surprise.

Five years! he wondered if it had stolen any of the wild-rose bloom from her cheek or the dancing light from her blue eyes, or the joy from her step or the music from her voice!

Strange that he had sat down in that lonely place and mused on all this, instead of hurrying on and assuring himself! Ay, he lingered with a strange fear tugging at his heart. He had heard no word for three years, and in that time what might not have happened? The possibilities of life and death rushed before him, and blended with the darkening sea and sky.

Looking about him thus at each familiar object, picturing Rose's fresh face and wind-blown curls, as she had sat by his side there, he was aware of another presence not far from him—a woman, as he could see by the dark outline against the sky. His heart throbbed, for he thought of but one woman. What, if Rose came there sometimes to think of him? But it was too late and lonely for his pretty Rose.

This woman stood on a gray point of rock that jutted out over the water. She did not see him; she stood awhile, as if wrapt in thought; then suddenly flung herself down—down in the foaming water! There was no time for surmise or wonder; quick as thought Geoffrey threw himself after her. He had been a good swimmer from childhood; but this woman did not want to be saved. She struggled against it, but he conquered at last.

When he laid her all dripping on the wet sand, she fainted dead away; and he sat down, spent and exhausted, wondering what he should do next. A pale moon struggled out, and showed him the face that lay in a sleep like death—the jetty hair swept back from the forehead, the black, delicately arched eyebrows; the dark, clear skin, the small mouth; and over all a passionate grief that showed why she had flung her life away as a worthless weed.

Just then friendly steps sounded near, and Geoffrey Hope started to his feet. A couple of burly laborers were in sight, and as they approached, and looked at what appeared to be a dead woman and a strange man, a suspicious look came upon their faces.

"She has only fainted," Geoffrey said; "I am glad of help, for I did not know what to do."

"Best carry her to the village at once; or, Bill, let's have some o' that there brandy."

Bill pulled out a flat bottle, in which there was very little left.

"Well, you are a oner!" said the other, as he looked at it. "Here, sir, perhaps you could put this drop in your good lady's mouth."

Geoffrey took the flask, and tried to wet the woman's pale lips with it; but he said, quickly:

"I never saw this poor person before. I found her here, as you have found us both."

"Crikey, you don't say so!" cried the one called Bill, stooping over her. "Why, I thought I knew her—it's Carrol Hope's wife!"

His brother's wife! So Carrol had married since he had heard from home; but why should Carrol's wife be sick of her life?

He helped the men lift her up gently.

"We had better take her to the first house," he said. "It would be a great shock to Carrol—to Mr. Hope—if we carried her home in this state."

The motion, the air, at last, had some restorative power. Mrs. Carrol Hope opened her dreamy eyes upon the scene—the desolate sea and sky; the winding beach; the gray, overhanging rocks.

"My God!" she said, "am I not dead, then?"

And she closed her eyes again in a sick despair.

They had reached a cottage door then, and a friendly little woman answered their knock, and was ready to do all she could for the sick lady, as Geoffrey called her.

She was laid on a bed, and, unwillingly, life came back to her, the color to her cheek, and a melancholy light to her eye. The men went on their way, but Geoffrey waited to see her quite restored. Surely, he owed it to Carrol to look after his wife. The woman went back to her family, and left them alone.

"A strange omen for my home-coming," thought Geoffrey, as he sat there. "Why did I need to sit down there and dream instead of going on? But, then, this poor creature would have killed herself. How selfish I am!"

He started to see the black eyes fixed on him.

"Why could you not let me die?" she asked.

Geoffrey, thus taken to task, flushed a little, and stammered:

"I could not see you die before my eyes and make no effort—that would have been a sin."

"It would have been a mercy," she said. "Oh, it was cruel, after I had made up my mind, gone through the fiery struggles, settled it all, to force me to come back. What is left for me now?"

"Your husband," suggested Geoffrey.

The black eyes turned fiercely on him.

"What do you know of my husband?" she cried. Then, hiding her face in her hands, she went on, "You are a stranger—you know nothing. What, if I should tell you that another woman has stolen his love from me—that he would give thanks to see me stiff and cold before him? Now, what should hinder me from dying?"

"I must either die or kill them both," Mrs. Carrol Hope went on, clasping her hands together nervously. "It was kinder to die and leave them to be happy, was it not? Sometimes I had a mad dream of ending the matter another way. When I saw her blue eyes—such innocent, child-like eyes !—looking into my husband's face, and his answering them, I wanted to strike the light out of both together. But why do I tell you, a stranger, this ? What are Carrol Hope and Rose Cameron to you ?"

Geoffrey had been standing near her, but he staggered to his seat as if he had received a deadly blow. A half-articulate moan escaped his lips.

"Rose Cameron !" he echoed.

"Yes, she lives with us," answered the woman, looking curiously at him. "She is promised to Carrol's brother ; and so when she was left an orphan nothing would do but we must take her home—the snake ! Day by day I have borne the slow torture of seeing her win my husband's love from me. Do you believe the rack of the old Inquisition had any torture like this ? I have grown thin and ugly under it, and she is rosy and fresh and lovely. Oh, you men ! if we gave our heart's blood for you, what would it count against one kiss from a pair of rosy lips ?"

Geoffrey writhed under those words. His Rose—had she forgotten him ? Did she listen to love-words from another ? If so, it was surely as an innocent child might listen—and she clung to Carrol as a child might cling to him, poor, fond little thing ! And this woman—she was foolishly jealous, no doubt—over-exacting—seeing everything with suspicious eyes. He suggested something of the sort.

"Perhaps you have mistaken a sisterly affection for something more," he said. "It may be an over-fondness on your part ?"

"Man," she cried, fixing her burning eyes upon him, "you do not know this Rose. I tell you she has won my husband's love with her wiles. Two hours ago I was trying to conquer myself. I said : 'Carrol is too noble for this. He loved me a year ago, and I have been too exacting. I will change. I will worry him no more with mean suspicions ; better believe that such treachery is impossible to him.' I had reasoned myself calm. I dressed in his favorite dress ; I put scarlet verbenas in my hair ; I tried to look less worn and haggard ; I dressed my face in smiles. I came down to the parlor, but no one was there. I walked into the garden. The low murmur of voices reached me from a summer-house. I drew nearer—so very low were the tones that the foul fiend prompted me to listen—and I saw, through the climbing roses, Carrol's arm about her ; and I heard——" The woman faltered.

"Go on, for God's sake !" cried Geoffrey, frantically.

"I heard it all arranged—their flight together," went on Mrs. Hope, passionately ; "and then I turned and fled to the sea—to death—only you would save me. What do you think I can do with this life you have saved ?"

Geoffrey made no answer, but rose to go. He had lingered long enough. Now he must go and see if this woman spoke the truth.

"I must go on my way now," he said, in such a strange, low voice that Mrs. Hope, absorbed as she was in her own grief, turned her wondering eyes on him. "Life may still have some work for you to do. If we must all cast it away because our cup of happiness is dashed from our lips, God help us !"

He passed into the simple living-room of the family.

"I am going to send her husband here," he said to the friendly little woman, as he went out.

And then Geoffrey Hope started once more on the familiar road, on which darkness had settled, as it had on his life. Like one beaten by waves, drenched by sudden wreck, blinded by the salt spray, he struggled on till he reached the scattered houses of the little village. He did not even know where Carrol lived, but he turned first to the old home where he had lived as a boy. He lifted the old latch noiselessly, and stood in the long shadows of the trees where he had often played with Carrol—this false brother and perjured friend.

A low light burned in one room, but no one seemed moving there. Geoffrey walked about the old garden, and kept behind the trees. He would fain know something before he acted ; for who could tell but that she was a mad woman who had poured out to him the story of her wrongs ? He began to breathe again. The faint hope revived him.

Then he heard a voice, so near that it thrilled him through and through.

"Oh, Carrol, do you think poor Geoffrey is dead ?"

Two people were sauntering through the garden walks—a man and a woman. The moonlight, bursting through fleecy vails of cloud, fell full upon them. Geoffrey, drawn back into the shadow, saw the two who had been dearest in the world to him—his brother and Rose.

My God ! how he had dreamed of meeting them ! In lonely marches, in sleepless nights, in toil-worn days, he had pictured it. Now he saw them both. They looked the same, too. Carrol had kept his youth, but the frank look of his face was gone—so Geoffrey imagined. And Rose, with her falling hair and soft, witching eyes, seemed as childlike as ever. But what a gulf had sprung up between them now !

He drew back, with bated breath, to listen to the answer about his death from the brother he had so loved.

"Yes, Geoffrey must be dead," Carrol was saying, "poor fellow, or he would never have let three years go without a word. If he did, he does not deserve you. He was always too grave for you, little Rose. What terrible mistakes we make in such things ! Now I—— But never mind ; we are going away from all that. You will not repent, my darling."

"But—the sin ?" faltered Rose.

"There is no sin in loving," Carrol said, eagerly. "The only sin is in these unnatural bonds which fetter the free soul. Can we bind ourselves to love or hate till a certain time ? No ; the heart will not be fettered."

"And—then—how long would you love me ?" Rose asked, in a trembling voice.

"For ever and ever," Carrol murmured ; and Geoffrey saw, with a great throe of anguish, how he drew the little, yielding form toward him, and they passed into the house.

After that, he seemed to grow cold as stone. Something had died in him—the hope and joy of his life, perhaps. What was left for him to do ? To go quietly away, and leave these two people to be happy in their sin—to go as if he had never come—to leave himself dead in their memories, or to confront them like an avenging spirit ?

While he was wondering, while he lingered about the gate, Carrol came out. The moonlight fell full upon his face, and Geoffrey saw that it was changed—a consciousness, an anxious look, was there, which he had not shown to Rose. Perhaps it was not too late to save him.

Geoffrey stepped before him in the full moonlight. The pallid beams frowned on his haggard face, his grave eyes, his compressed lips.

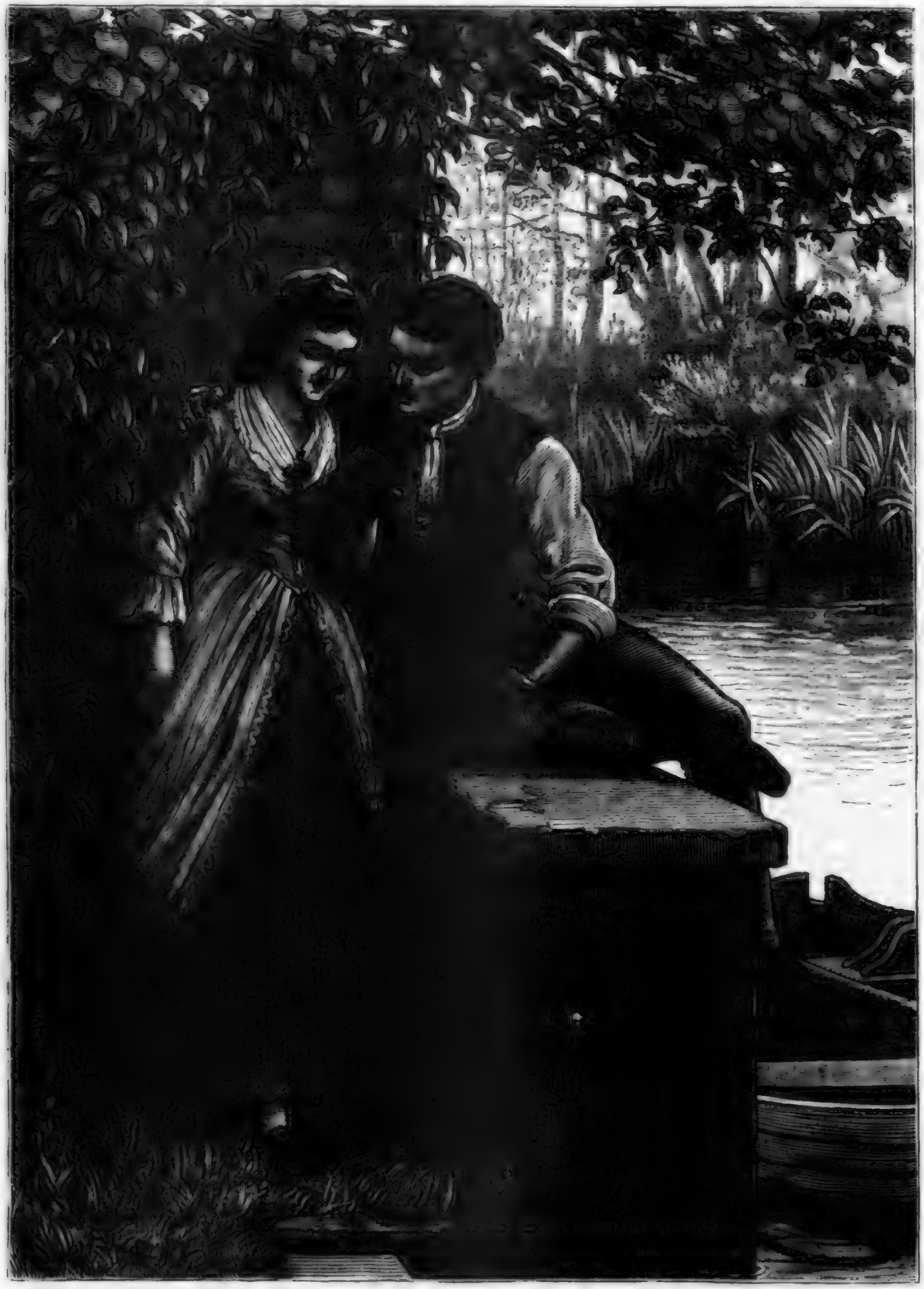
Carrol started back as if he had met a ghost. All the difficulties of the situation rushed over him. He was going to lose all now ; this man had come to claim his bride. The struggle with temptation, the fiery furnace of passion that had consumed him, the weak yielding for which he knew every good and noble man would despise him—for which he despised himself—were all past, and the brother to whom he had acted a traitor's part stood before him like an avenging spirit.

"Geoffrey !" he stammered. "Why—you frightened me ! We thought you dead." And he held out his hand.

Geoffrey did not look at the proffered hand. He never took his eyes from his brother's face.

"So I heard you say to Rose, a few moments ago," he said.

Carrol's eyes fell. In that moment, like a sudden revelation, he felt that Geoffrey knew all. He stood like a guilty culprit before him.



SUMMER BY THE SHORE.

"I might have been here sooner," Geoffrey said, "only I stopped to save a drowning woman."

"A drowning woman!" Carrol echoed; but his mind was on other things.

"Yes—a woman who was tired of her life, because she had lost her husband's love. Poor, foolish thing, to set her heart on such a traitor!"

A quick flush passed over Carrol's face.

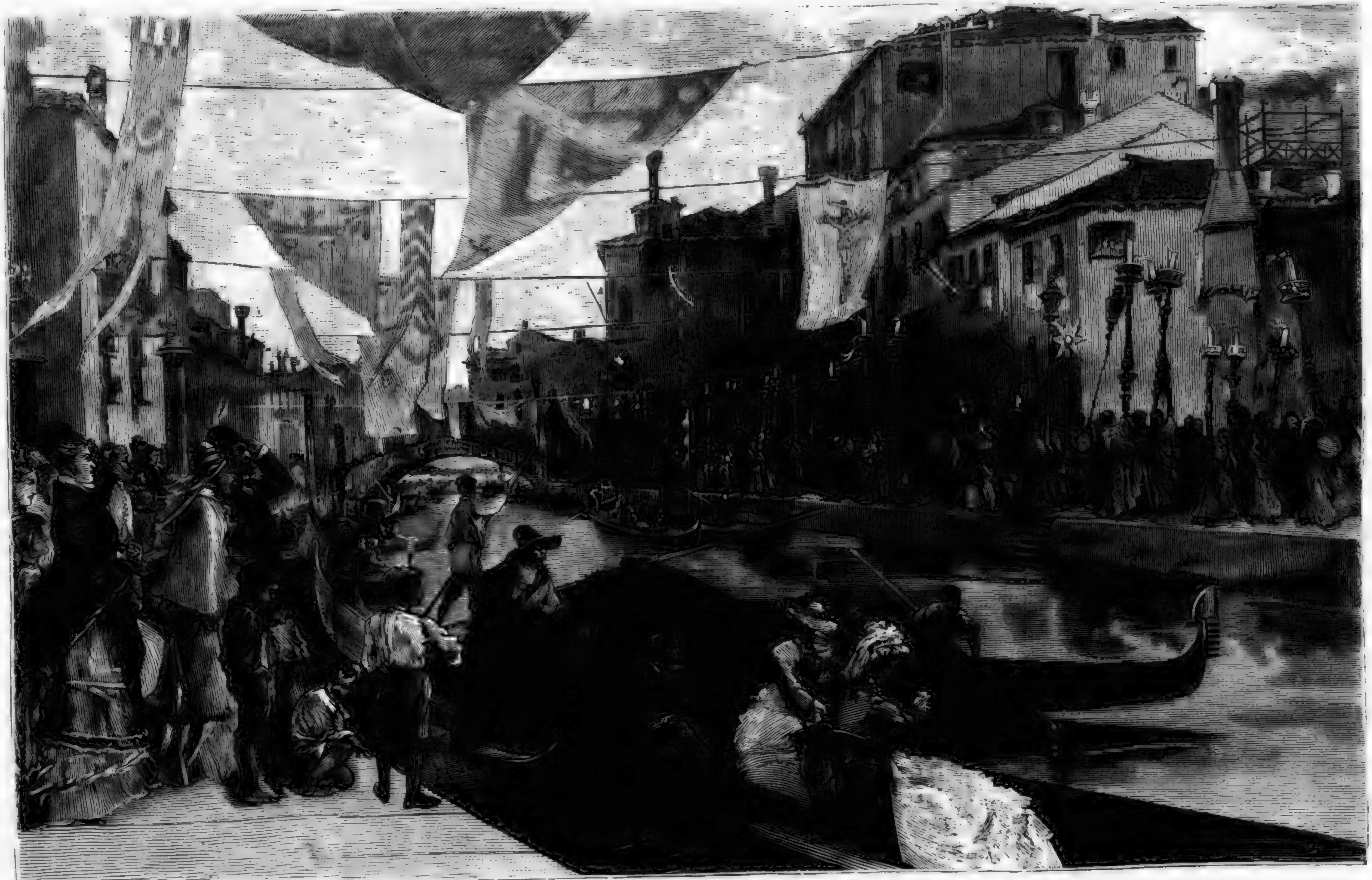
"You do not ask the woman's name," Geoffrey said.

"No. What have I to do with her?" he asked, roughly.

"Very little, it seems, since she is your wife," Geoffrey answered.

"My wife!" Carrol exclaimed—"Rachel?"

"I don't know what you call her," Geoffrey cried, emphatically; "I only know that you have made life so



RELIGIOUS PROCESSIONS.—A PROCESSION ALONG THE BANKS OF THE CANALS OF VENICE.—SEE PAGE 24.

bitter to her that death seemed sweet; that your love had grown so cold, the salt sea waves seemed warmer."

"And where is she now? Poor Ray!" exclaimed Carrol, surprised at the sudden tenderness that overflowed his heart.

He was not an altogether-hardened wretch, but an impulsive, passionate man, who had never denied himself in his life. He had loved poor Ray once—he loved her still—only a mad intoxication had steeped his reason and judgment into forgetfulness.

"Poor Ray, do you say?" echoed Geoffrey, bitterly. "Do you find it in your heart to pity her—this woman whom you have driven mad? Carrol, I can tell you where she is; but can you tell me where my Rose is—the pure, fair girl I left in your charge—the woman who loved me, and whom I have loved all these years? Can you give her back to me?"

Carrol flushed a hot, burning flush under those searching eyes; but he faltered:

"Rose—Rose—she is in the house. I left her a moment ago."

"Yes, you left some one a moment ago—some one who clung to you, who trembled with guilty fear in your arms. Traitor! go find your unhappy wife—she is in Blane's cottage; and I will see this Rose, who is no more mine."

Carrol hesitated; a sense of his own vileness overpowered him. He had believed his brother dead, but he knew that did not palliate the sin of his love.

"You think the worst," he stammered. "Rose is innocent as a child as yet—pure as when you left her."

"She may be pure in life," Geoffrey cried. "I think God sent me in time for that."

"She is—I swear it!" fervently cried his brother.

"And what is your word worth?" exclaimed Geoffrey, bitterly.

"I deserve your scorn," cried his brother. "Curse me if you will, but be kind to Rose."

"Go to your wife," Geoffrey answered, as he strode by him, and entered the house.

Carrol looked after him a moment, and then betook himself to the darkened road—for the moon had gone under a cloud, and house and garden seemed to be swallowed up in the surging dark.

How well Geoffrey knew that house! A thrill came over him as he swung the old hall-door open—a thrill in which were concentrated all the memories of a happy boyhood. Only once had he opened it with such anguish at his heart—once when he was summoned to his dying mother's bedside. He stood in the hall a second in silence; then he heard the fluttering of a dress, and a voice:

"I am in here, Carrol. Why have you come back so soon?"

And as he stood in some sort spellbound to that spot, the fluttering sweep of a woman's dress came nearer, and he looked at the half-lighted room, the open door, in which a bright, girlish figure stood, and said:

"Rose!"

The word shook her like a storm. She clung to the door for support.

"Geoffrey—is it Geoffrey?" she murmured, her face growing white as ashes.

"I frighten you, Rose," he said, calmly, with a mighty effort over himself. "It is I—Geoffrey in the flesh—no ghost. Let me come in, and we will both sit down; you are not able to stand."

But he did not attempt to touch her— to go through the empty mockery of shaking hands with her, or helping her to a seat—he who in all these years had thirsted to hold her in his arms.

She felt her way blindly to a chair, and sank into it. She had a child's terror in meeting this man whose love she had wronged. She had nothing to say.

"You have no welcome for me, Rose," Geoffrey began, and then the memory of what might have been, of the bliss of this meeting as he had pictured it, of all his sweet hopes, of the pretty house about which he had planted roses, and where he had dreamed of bringing his "queen rose of the rosebud garden of girls."

All this overcame him, and he covered his face, and a half-sob burst from him.

"Don't cry for me, Geoffrey," exclaimed Rose, going over to him, completely crushed at the sight of his grief—"I am not worth it. I never was worth your love. Cast me off at once—forget me!"

"As you have forgotten me," answered Geoffrey.

Rose was kneeling at his side.

"I thought you were dead," she said; "and I was—oh, so lonely and sad! My mother died, and I would have been utterly desolate—but for—Carrol"—she faltered at the name—"he was so kind. That was how it began. Oh, Geoffrey, I saw at the first glance you knew all! How faithless, how wicked I have been!"

"Wicked!" echoed Geoffrey, to whom the word was as a sword-thrust.

"Yes, it was wicked to let Carrol care for me, when there was poor Ray—his wife, you know. But it is so dreary in this world when no one loves you. And you never wrote, Geoffrey."

Sobs interrupted her voice.

"And was it not dreary for Carrol's wife, then?" interrupted Geoffrey, with a hard voice.

"She was very quiet and cold, I think," faltered Rose. "Carrol said he had made a mistake, and they did not get on well together."

"And you were ready to trust yourself to this man who was so false to the woman he had sworn to love for ever? Did you not fear that he would soon find out some mistake about you, to whom he would be bound by no law? Oh, Rose, Rose! what a home-coming is this!"

Rose buried her head in her hands, and sobbed a little.

"But I have not been so weak as you think," she pleaded. "I have never given in to going away with him, though he has pleaded and pleaded; sometimes I have half-consented, for it seemed so miserable here. but something stopped me—my good angel, perhaps."

"But still, between you, you drove poor Ray, as you call her, to madness. This woman, who was so very quiet and cold, as you think, whose heart was not to be compared to yours, has been saved to-night from death—a death she sought in her agony."

"Oh, Geoffrey!" cried Rose, in a tremor of fright.

"Yes; that was the first part of my welcome home!" exclaimed Geoffrey. "I saved my brother's wife from drowning, and she reproached me with compelling her to live, when you had made life unendurable."

"Oh! where is she? Poor Ray!" exclaimed Rose, starting to her feet. "I will go to her—I will atone as far as possible—I will pray for her forgiveness, and then I will go away, and never, never see you or Carrol again!"

"Is it not too late to atone?" asked Geoffrey, with a piercing glance.

And Rose looked at him with the same innocent, blue eyes that had carried him captive years ago, with a sort of childlike wonder in their depths.

"Do you think it is too late?" she faltered; "perhaps a wife can never forgive. He—I am ashamed to confess—he has kissed me often; first I thought that was nothing, for he was your brother, you know, and would be mine;

but, lately, I felt a difference. Could she forgive that, do you think?"

How the words tortured him! and yet she seemed so innocent.

"I cannot tell," he said, wearily—"come and see."

"Yes—yes; I will go at once!" she cried, eagerly. "See, I have a shawl here."

And the two went out into the night, silently, as if there was no more to be said.

Geoffrey could hear the girl catching her breath convulsively, and now and then a sob burst from her; but he felt further from her than he had done in the wilds of Australia. And yet, three years of silence—it was a hard trial for a pretty little butterfly like Rose. Let no man set his heart on such a one, he thought; but he had set his heart upon her. He felt now "shamed through all his being to have loved so light a thing"; but the memory of that love maddened him. Was it the memory only? he wondered.

So they reached the fisherman's cottage, and found only the woman at the door, peering out into the night.

"Oh, sir!" she exclaimed, when she saw Geoffrey's face clearly—"the lady! Do you know anything of her—have you seen her?"

"Has she gone?" cried Rose, for Geoffrey seem stunned at the woman's words.

"Yes; she is gone," replied the poor woman, deprecatingly. "I hope you will not blame me, sir, but she seemed quite restored, and said something about going home, and I let her go without a thought; but afterward, my mind misgave me, and I told Jim—that's my husband—as he'd better go and look about and inquire; and just then his friend Bill Sloane came by, and said he'd met a woman down by the shore."

"She has gone to finish what I interrupted!" exclaimed Geoffrey.

"There was a gentleman—Mr. Hope, her husband—here a few minutes ago, and he did take on dreadful!" said the woman. "I suppose the poor thing was out of her head, and I'll never forgive myself for not keeping her till her friends came. She looked so settled-like and grave, I never suspected—— There—that way, if you are going; the moon's out now."

They had started off, scarcely knowing where to go; but they followed the path, mechanically, to the sea. The moon made a silvery pathway over it, and the light shone on the glittering wet beach and foam-crested waves. Many a night had they watched those lines of silver, and walked beside the sea, and heard the great waves roll in—and all had seemed a part of the great perpetual hymn which Nature sang for ever to their souls.

Now, lonely and apart—though walking there together—they shuddered at the dreary sound; for what dreadful burden might the next wave roll in at their feet? Rose, poor little soul! was touched with the memory of such a night. She looked timidly at her companion, and pointed to the bright path of silver across the water.

"Geoffrey, do you remember?—you said our way in life would be like that—not in the glare, like sunshine, but soft, peaceful, quiet; yet all light."

Geoffrey did not even glance at the lighted way; all looked dark to him—only he saw a group of figures on the beach.

"There they are!" he cried. "I do not care to remember anything but this night; it has blotted the past out like a wet sponge. Come on, if you have the courage; I think they have found her."

A few moments brought them to the group. Yes, they had found her; but she had finished her work. This time no friendly hand had been near to snatch her from the waves. They had clasped her in their cold arms, which seemed kinder than those she left; they had pillowed her head upon their breast, and her aching heart had throbbed its last there. Never more could earthly pang wring it, or earthly grief throb there.

Carrol stood over that prone body, looking into the wide, vacant eyes which had been so full of love to him; chafing the stiff fingers; calling her by all the endearing names of their early love—as if such words must have power even to break the seal of death. He did not seem to see Rose till she came near and knelt down in the wet sand.

"Oh! is it too late?" cried Rose, in sudden agony. "Is she dead? Can I never, never hear her forgive me?"

"It is too late!" Geoffrey answered, sternly.

"Oh, I have murdered her!" screamed Rose, turning and running wildly away.

Geoffrey followed her; for he feared from her manner that she meant to do herself harm. He did not love her—so he reasoned—but he would save even an enemy from self-destruction.

Rose was fleet, and he did not reach her for a few moments. He knew that those who bore poor Ray's dead body were slowly coming after him.

When he could, he laid stern hands on the frenzied girl.

"Come!" he said, "do not make a scene here while she is lying dead—do not be a child!"

"Oh, Geoffrey, how hard you are to me! how changed! You see that my grief is killing me, and you will not give me one kind word—one hope!"

"I can give you a hope," he said, bitterly. "Think of Carrol—he is free now."

Rose covered her face and sobbed.

"That is nothing to me," she murmured. "Carrol can never be anything to me—after—after this. Have we not got Ray's murder on our souls? Oh, Geoffrey, even if you hate me, do let me lean on your arm, I am so faint and sick. And, oh! I hear the tramp behind us! I cannot look on her face again! Oh, my God!" and she stumbled, and would have fallen if Geoffrey had not thrown his arm around her.

It was a fierce delight, full of pain, to feel her once more in his arms. He hated himself for the weakness, but he could not help it. A man like Geoffrey Hope loves once, and then it is for all time. But he did not betray himself then.

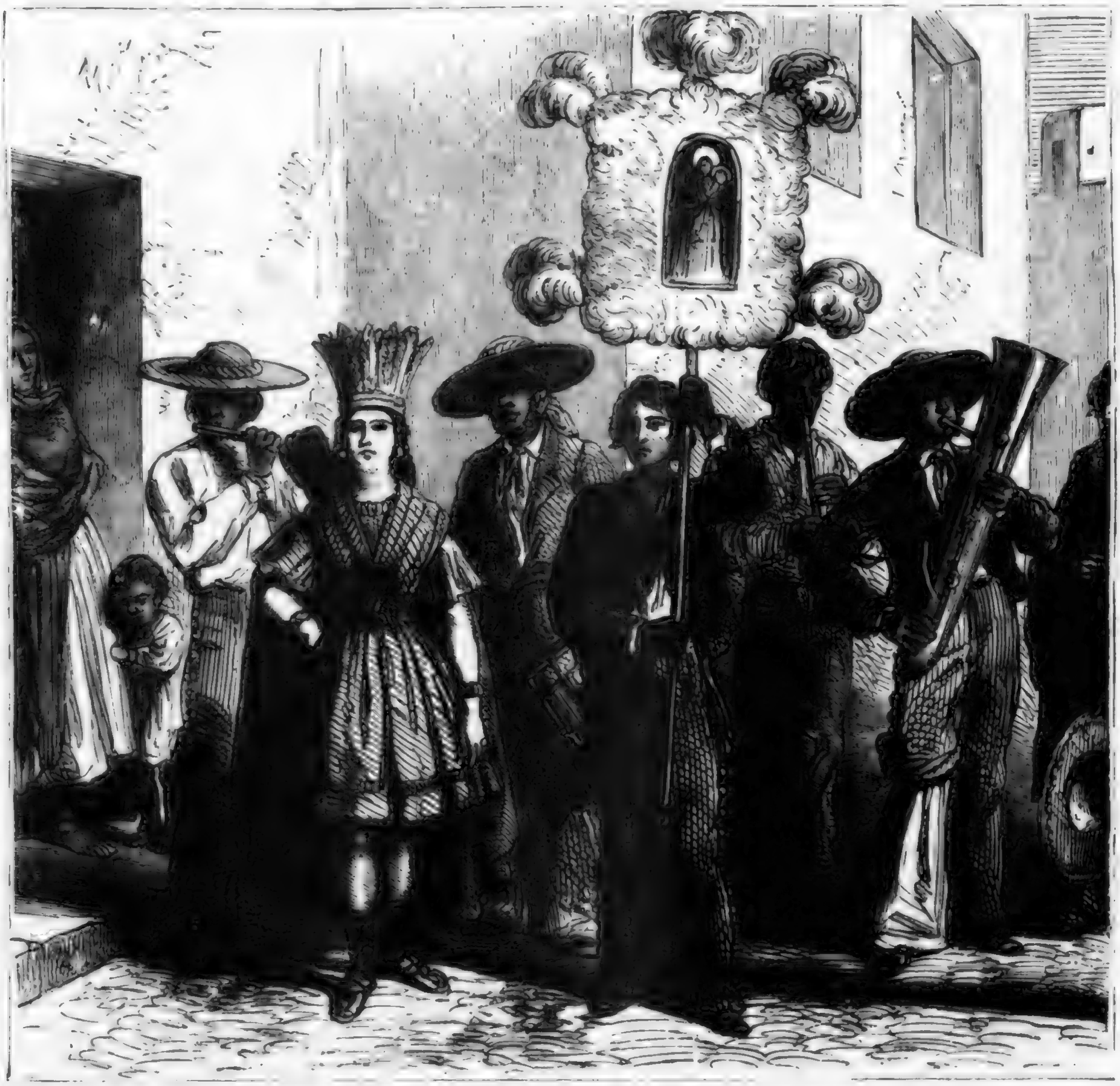
After the funeral, Rose went away; and when poor Ray's grave was green, Carrol wrote to her and asked her to be his wife.

"It can never be, Carrol," she answered; "her ghost seems to rise between us to forbid such a union. And, besides, I believe, after all, that I have never really loved any man but your brother."

Carrol had the generosity to send the little, tear-stained note to Geoffrey, who frowned at first, and then sighed over it.

"She is frivolous, she is unworthy," he muttered, "she has no strength against temptation; but I love her, and all her faults do not prevail against it." So they were married.

A New York lady's valuable dog was stolen recently, and she could not by any means find him; so at last she advertised for a dog, for which she wished to pay $20. Many answers were received, and among them was a description of her own dog. One night she had the dog taken to her house, recognized it, and a policeman who was at hand restored it to her.



ANNOUNCING THE PROCESSION OF OUR LADY OF MOUNT CARMEL, IN MEXICO.

RELIGIOUS PROCESSIONS.

By M. F. Vallette.

One of the great features of the life in Continental Europe that were most striking to travelers from this country, was the number and variety of religious processions in the Catholic countries. The flaunting banners, the rich statues, the smoke of incense, the glittering vestments of bishop, priest, and chanter—all combined to form a spectacle new to our colder temperament. Each country had its own peculiarities—its refined taste or deplorable want of taste—expressed in these; or even where taste prevailed in the cultivated classes, the less-tutored mind of the lower orders demanded what pleased them.

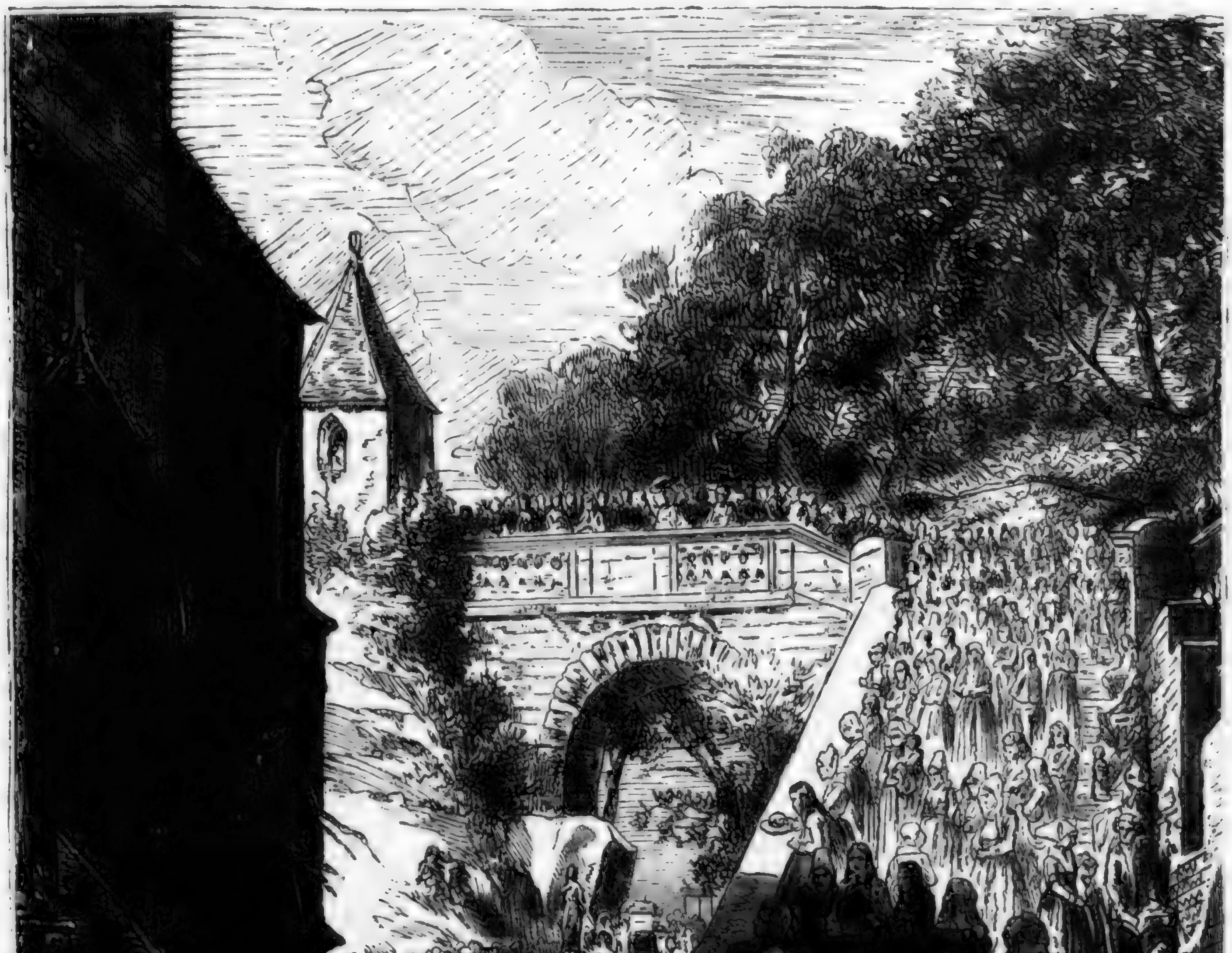
The era of these grand religious and ecclesiastical functions is, however, passing rapidly away. France, Spain, Germany, and finally Italy, have prohibited or limited them so, that they will soon belong rather to the domain of history than to that of actual life.

These processions refer generally either to the devotion to the Mother of Christ, which seems to awaken such enthusiasm, or to the faith in the Real Presence, and are manifestations of their belief and earnestness.

Religious processions date back to a very remote period. The translations of the Ark among the Hebrews is an early instance of a procession. In the time of Julian the Apostate, there was a solemn procession to transport the relics of Babylas the Martyr, as may be learned from the historians of that day. St. Ambrose and St. Augustine mention a famous procession in Milan at which they were both present.

In Spanish America generally, the processions have retained the style of old Spain, of arraying images in robes overloaded with gold embroidery and lace; and in some parts the Indians and the negroes have introduced features of their own, which give the processions a strange commingling of the wild and barbaric with the medieval. Our colored plate shows a Carmelite repairing the wardrobe of a statue thus adorned; the frequent use having made some restoration necessary for the approaching *fiesta*.

During the Christian persecutions of the first three centuries, many were put to death for their faith, and when the persecutions were over, the Christians sought out the remains of those who had suffered martyrdom and carried them in procession, singing hymns and psalms of thanksgiving, to their churches. The same was done when the relics were translated from one church to another. In remote times, when a bishop officiated, it was customary for his priests, deacons and subdeacons to go in procession to his house and conduct him processionally to the church, chanting certain psalms. In times of great public calamities, processions were made to the tombs of the saints and martyrs, and to other holy places; prayers were recited, and these were called litanies or supplications.



A RELIGIOUS PROCESSION AT MORBIHAN, BRITTANY.

When princes arrived in any city of their dominions, it was customary to take them in procession to the principal church, and this was also done with the dead before the obsequies were performed. Some of these processions made no stops on the way; others, again, made what were called Stations.

Processions are ordered in times of great calamities, to excite the people to appease Divine wrath by prayer, repentance and works of mercy. There are, in Catholic countries, more processions during the Easter term than at other times.

In some places it is customary to carry little bells, which are rung continuously, so that those who are to receive the procession may be prepared for it, and also that those who did not start out with it may join the ranks as the procession moves along.

With these few introductory remarks concerning the early history and objects used in processions, we shall now invite the reader to accompany us to different countries of Europe, and watch the religious processions as they pass before us.

The Feast of the Holy Sacrament, or Corpus Christi, was instituted by Pope Urban IV., by a Bull dated September 8th, 1262, and confirmed by Pope Clement V. in the General Council of Vienna. Its object was to counteract the effect of those who denied the Real Presence. Berengarius, Archdeacon of Angers, being the first who made this denial, the day is kept with special solemnity in that city; but it is everywhere observed with all the pomp and splendor the Church can command. Towns, villages and cities vie with one another in surrounding it with new circumstances of beauty and magnificence, so that in all Catholic countries it is one of the most joyous festivals in the whole year.

Processions being the natural expression of the human heart on all occasions of public joy and triumph, the Feast of Corpus Christi affords a grand opportunity for such an expression. The Eucharist is carried in procession, with music and the chanting of hymns and of psalms, and every other demonstration of joy and gladness. The priests are clad in their richest vestments, the Blessed Sacrament is inclosed in a monstrance of gold or silver, frequently adorned with precious stones, under a canopy of embroidered silk or cloth of gold, and borne by the chief officers of state or the magistrates of the city. Young girls dressed in white go before it, strewing the way with flowers, and acolytes swing their silver censers, filled with smoking incense. The faithful follow in holiday attire; the fronts of the houses along the route of the procession are hung with drapery, or covered with flags and banners bearing religious devices, and occasionally with garlands of flowers and evergreens.

In Rome the procession consists of vast numbers of the regular and secular clergy, the students of certain seminaries, the canons and other dignitaries of the Basilicas and other principal churches (each community being preceded by its own cross and banner); then follows the usual train of mitred abbots, bishops, archbishops, patriarchs, and cardinals—such as is wont to precede the pontiff on all occasions of State. Last of all comes the Holy Father himself, vested in a white satin cope trimmed with gold. He is borne aloft on men's shoulders, under a canopy which is supported alternately by certain public officers and the members of a few privileged Colleges. The Pope is not sitting, as in ordinary functions, nor is he arrayed with all the insignia of his dignity as Chief Bishop of the Church, and dispensing blessings as he goes—but bending forward in an attitude of the deepest reverence, and engaged in prayer and thanksgiving to the Author and Giver of all blessings, whom he bears in his hand under the appearance of bread. As the procession passes along, the multitude fall upon their knees, every head is uncovered, and all remain in silent adoration till it has passed. The scene is one that can never be forgotten by those who have witnessed it, and who can understand the feeling of those who participate in it.

The same procession is repeated in other lands, but under circumstances widely different. Our artist has given us a sketch of what may appear to us a very novel procession. The town of Gmünden, in Upper Austria, is situated upon a lake of the same name, and is surrounded by lofty mountains. Here the procession, leaving the village church, moves down to the lake, and the clergy and faithful embark in barges and boats of different shapes and sizes. Over the principal of these barges a grand canopy is erected, under which we catch a glimpse of the altar. Another barge, also canopied, is reserved for the clergy and the civil officers of the district. The different societies from the vicinity come in their barges, with banners up, bearing the effigies of their patron saint; and thus the solemn procession is rowed around the lake, the clergy and people singing hymns in praise of God, and their voices echoing and re-echoing from mountain to mountain, find a response in the sick or aged mountaineer, who, unable to take part in the procession, joins it in spirit, and devoutly crossing himself, falls upon his knees and turns his heart to God.

In the distant wilds of Paraguay the procession of Corpus Christi is also clothed with all the splendor and magnificence available. The procession passes along under a series of triumphal arches formed from the greenwood of the forest, and erected at given intervals along the road. These arches are adorned with festoons of flowers and fruits; with the finest fish the poor natives have been able to catch; with the skins of wild beasts slaughtered in the chase, and with living birds having just enough freedom allowed them to display the brilliant hues of their plumage. Private dwellings, too, are adorned in a similar manner; the whole way is strewed with aromatic herbs and flowers, and among the leafy boughs of the arches, and along the fronts of the houses, are arranged, in every variety of form, a profusion of cakes and *dulces*, made expressly for the occasion. These are, immediately after the procession, distributed among the sick and destitute.

In some parts of France it is customary to make the procession on some day of the Octave, and move out into the open fields or to some commanding eminence; and from this point the benediction is given to the whole surrounding country, after the chanting of the prescribed hymns and litanies. Sometimes these processions take place in the evening—say about an hour after sunset. Let us imagine ourselves among the Pyrenees. The procession starts from a little village in the valley, and winds its way up a conical-shaped hill of considerable height, which rises abruptly out of the centre of a narrow plain. The villages on the surrounding heights are all illuminated, and bonfires blaze upon every mountain-top. From the eminence on which we stand, more than a mile away, we watch the procession as it winds around the hill until, at last, it forms a crown upon its summit, and then disappears for a little while within the little chapel that stands there. Presently the lights reappear; a sky-rocket shoots up into the air, and the voice of the parish priest is heard in solemn chant. The benediction is given amid the discharge of cannon, announcing it to all the inhabitants far and near, and every knee is bent.

The Feast of Corpus Christi is celebrated all over the world, but there are other feasts which are not universal. Every country has its own patronal feast, which is celebrated according to the peculiar customs of the place. In Belgium patronal feasts are celebrated with great pomp and magnificence. The City of Ghent has a feast which is celebrated only once in a century. It is the Feast of St. Macaire. It was last celebrated in 1867, and his intercession was implored to preserve Belgium from pestilence, the cholera, and other diseases which had desolated the country the year before. The shrine of St. Macaire is in the ancient Cathedral of St. Bavon. The procession in honor of this saint is something well worth seeing, as it is, perhaps, the grandest and most imposing procession in Belgium.

On this occasion the streets were adorned with flags, houses covered with green branches and flowers, balconies with blue, crimson and yellow velvet hangings, glittering with gold, and some idea may be formed of the uniquely beautiful spectacle. The Seminary, the Curés in surplice and ermine hanging from the left arm, the Deans in copes, the Canons of the Cathedral, the Bishops of Namur, Liége, Bruges, Tournai, Geneva, Hebron and Ghent, in cope and mitre, preceding the shrine of St. Macaire, borne by priests and surrounded by lights; then the Apostolic Nuncio, and finally His Eminence the Cardinal Archbishop of Malines; all the Bishops giving the episcopal benediction, the people kneeling and blessing themselves in the most reverend manner.

In Spain processions are very numerous. Every city, town or *aldea* has its patron saint, whose feast is celebrated with more or less splendor, according to the time and place and the circumstances of the inhabitants. The Feast of Corpus Christi is celebrated in the larger cities with all the pomp and display that characterize the day in other countries, the only difference being the gorgeous and, to foreign eyes, very extravagant manner in which their saints and the Blessed Virgin, under her different titles, are arrayed. The romance and imagination of Spain have rendered her ritual most poetical and picturesque. Our artist has given two illustrations of Holy Week processions. In one of them we find a figure of Our Blessed Lord carrying His cross, and standing upon a platform borne upon the shoulders of a number of men. A glance at this illustration will at once convey to the mind of the reader how the regal ideas which the Spaniard entertains regarding the King of Kings lead him, at the expense of good taste, and even good sense, to carry his notions to extremes. We might forgive the angels that stand on either side of the Man of Sorrows, carrying their silver-mounted lanterns; but the dress of the Saviour on his way to Calvary, the roses that surround the aureola over His thorn-crowned head, and the cross ornamented with silver, pearls, and even precious stones, are things which the foreigner can scarcely pass over. But we must not forget that in the mind of the Spaniard that crown of thorns, that seamless garment, and that cross of death, which under the old *régime* were emblems of ignominy and shame, became, through the sufferings of Christ, the symbols of man's redemption. Hence it is that he loves to decorate them, even at the expense of good taste, and of sometimes, especially in foreign eyes, awakening emotions altogether different from those intended.

The second illustration represents another of those peculiarly Spanish processions during the penitential season. At its head we see the *macero*, bearing the mace, or insignia of his office. Next come a number of ecclesiastics, wearing a tall, pointed white cap which reaches down in front to the breast; two holes are made for the eyes, but the identity of the wearer is entirely concealed. These ecclesiastics carry banners bearing sacred devices. On either side of them march a military guard of honor at "support arms," if not during the last three days of Holy Week; on these days all arms are "reversed." Between the double line of ecclesiastics flanked by the guard of honor comes the altar of the Crucifixion, borne on the heads of men who are concealed by the drapery surrounding the platform, and which hangs down to the ground. These are followed by more ecclesiastics of various Orders, the children of the parish strewing the way with flowers, the men of the parish Societies bearing long wax candles, and then more altars, banners, etc. The balconies along the route of the procession are filled with reverent and dignified spectators, reciting the prayers incident to the procession.

The ceremonies of Holy Week are exceedingly interesting in Spain, notwithstanding the to us very dramatic manner in which they are carried out. In Seville, in the magnificent and world-renowned Cathedral, they are doubly so. On Wednesday of Holy Week the sacred edifice is crowded to witness the impressive ceremony of the "Rending of the White Vail," at the moment when the passage referring to the "rocks being rent" is chanted in the Gospel of the Passion. At Vespers the canons kneel prostrate before the altar, and are covered with the black flag bearing the red cross. On this and the following days may be seen, both in the churches and in the street processions, representations of the awful and terrible events connected with the Passion. These representations, however strange they may appear to foreign eyes, are, nevertheless, when well performed, deeply impressive and solemn in the extreme. The processions are arranged in the most orderly manner, and men of the highest rank, of royal blood, and of the noblest Orders, do not hesitate to walk for hours through dusty, crowded streets, for three successive days, with the sole motive of doing honor to their Lord, whose badge they wear.

The processions, after moving through the principal parts of the parish, almost always end by passing through the cathedral, and stopping for a few moments in the open space between the altar and the choir. The brilliant light thrown down by the countless wax tapers has the effect of toning down what, in the sunshine, appeared too gaudy. Among the principal representations on moving platforms may be mentioned "The Sacred Infancy," the "Bearing of the Cross," the "Descent from the Cross," and finally the cumbersome catafalque, upon which reposes a wax figure of the "Dead Christ." We shall have occasion to speak of this latter representation further on.

All these figures are life-size, and some of them are of very beautiful design. The figures of the Blessed Virgin, in spite of their wonderful splendor, fail to be as attractive to the stranger as they are to the Sevillano, who arrays her in gorgeous velvet robes, embroidered with gold and covered with jewels, and places in her hand a lace pocket-handkerchief, and all the paraphernalia of a lady of the present day. To any one who has studied the Madonnas of Murillo and Raphael, with the simple robe and headdress of her land and people, the design now used produces a strange sensation.

That the reader may be able to form an idea of the grandeur with which processions may be carried out in the cathedral at Seville, it may not be out of place to state that the *personnel* of that vast and magnificent structure, on the authority of the Marquis de Custine, is as follows: "Among the clergy attached to this marvelous temple, there are eleven dignitaries wearing the mitre; forty canons of the highest rank; twenty of inferior order; twenty canons besides, with their assistants; two *maceros* or beadles; one master of ceremonies and four assistants; thirty-six choir boys, with their rectors and sub-rectors and chapel-

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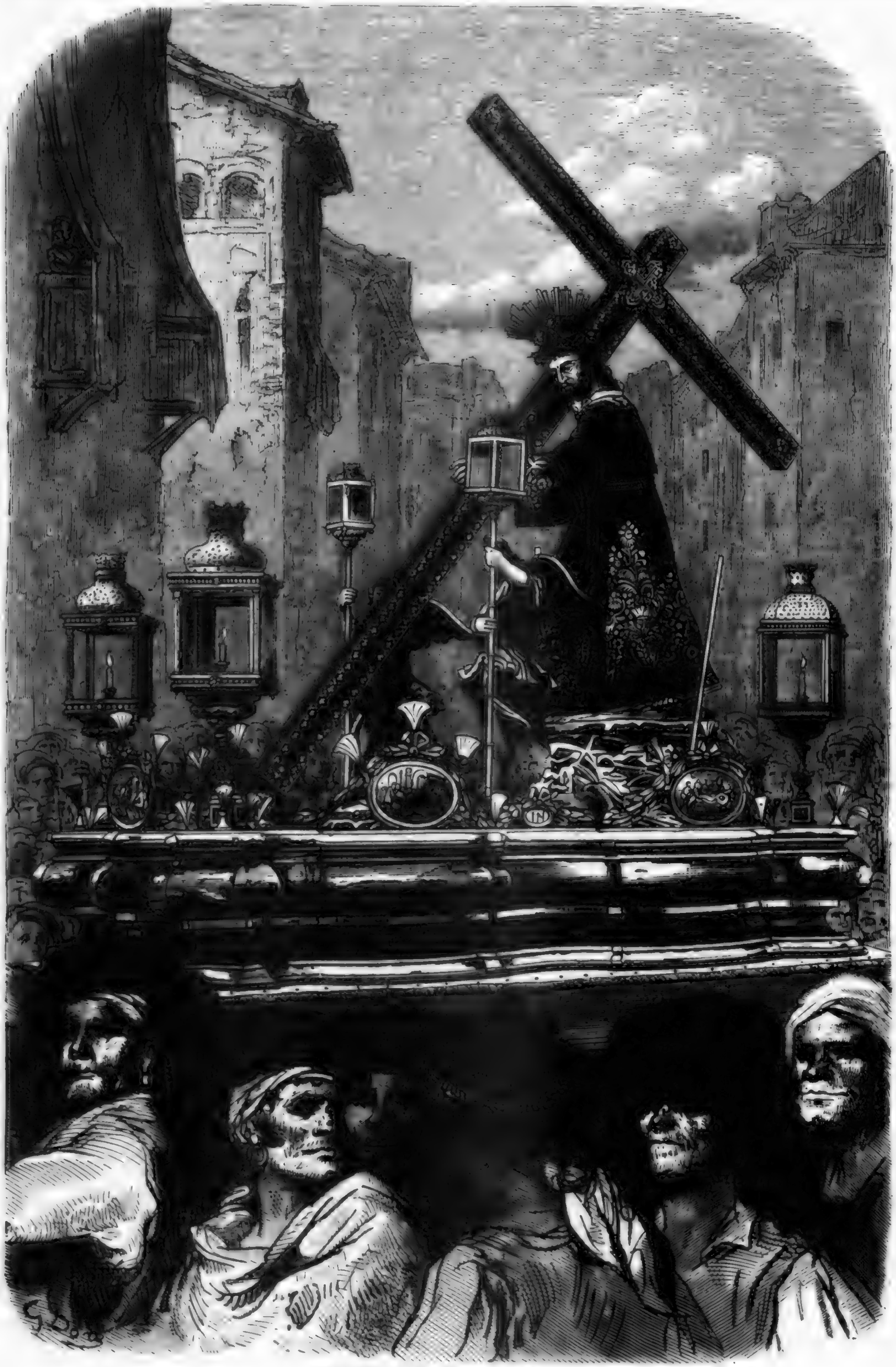
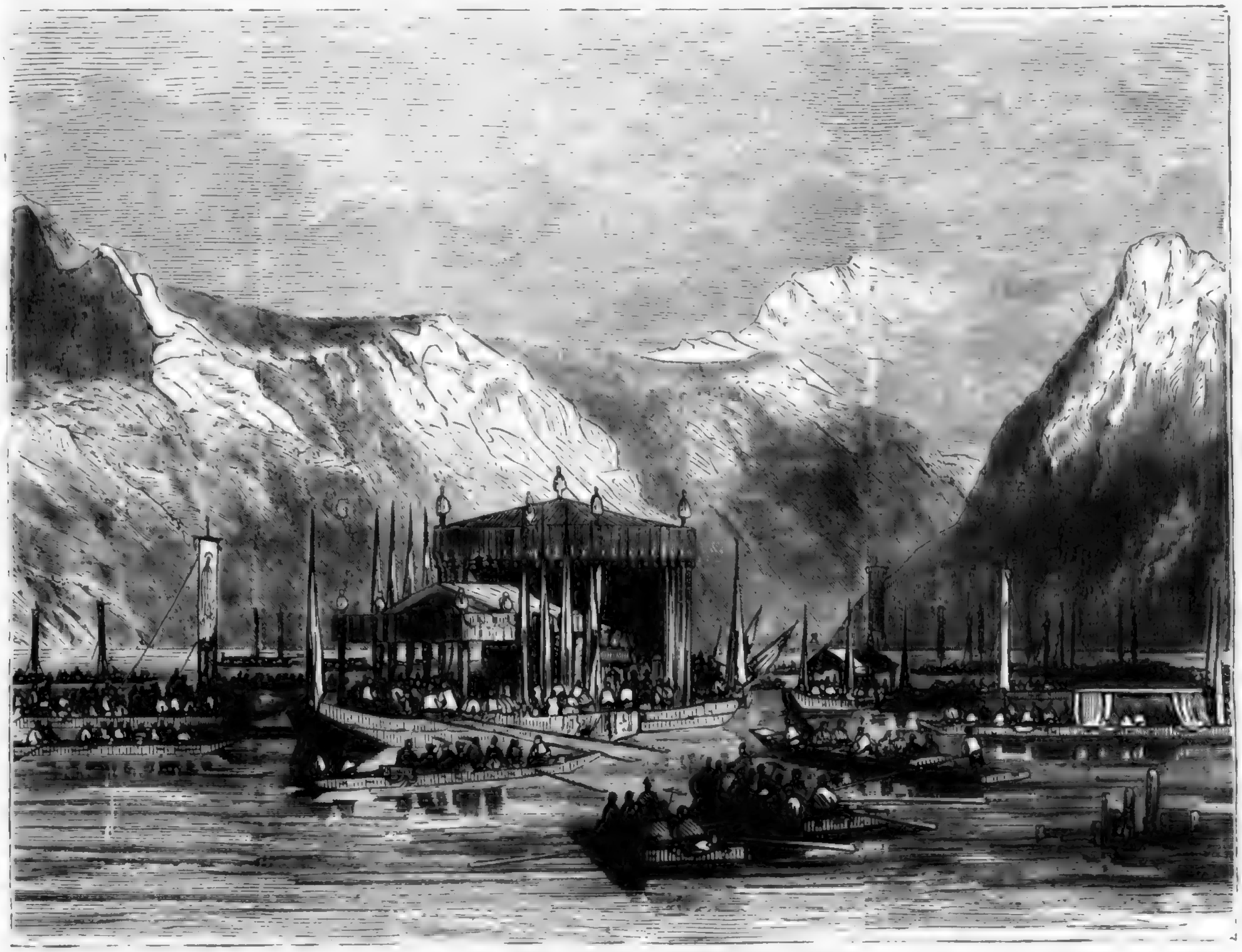


PROCESSION OF THE PASSION IN SPAIN.

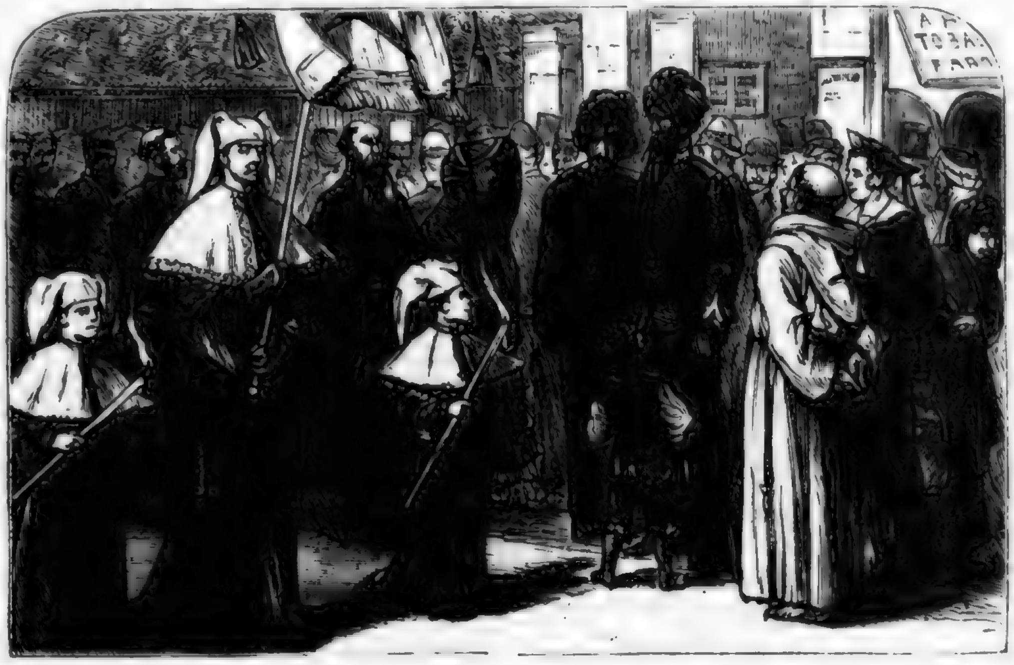


CORPUS CHRISTI PROCESSION, LAKE GMÜNDEN, AUSTRIA.

masters; nineteen chaplains, four curates, four regular confessors, twenty-three musicians and four supernumeraries."

The cathedral is 420 feet long by 263 feet broad. The height is enormous. It has 82 altars, at which 500 Masses are said every day.

The Holy Week processions and ceremonies at the venerable cathedral of San Cristobal de la Habana, at the capital of Cuba, are not unlike those in the mother country. The same representations of the Passion of our Divine Lord are to be seen. On Holy Thursday, after the *Gloria in Excelsis*, the great season of mourning commences. No horse or vehicle is allowed in the street after ten o'clock in the morning, unless it be to convey a physician to some very sick patient, in very bad weather. The Spaniard, in his full dress, with all the decorations and insignia of his position, goes with his family to visit the church; the Cuban does the same, also in full dress. Soldiers march with reversed arms and to the tap of muffled drums; those performing guard duty are likewise ordered to do so with reversed arms. No musical instruments are heard in the house, in the street or in church. The Captain-general and his attendants *walk* to and from the church. On Good Friday a spirit of mourning pervades the city. Houses and balconies are draped in black, and black draperies cover altars and pulpits in the church. The ladies wear black or



PROCESSION IN THE STREETS OF MALTA.

violet dresses, and their only ornaments are jets. It is one of the ceremonies of the day to perform a part of the Passion. The high altar is removed, and in its place three crosses are erected, and on them are placed life-sized figures of Our Saviour and the two thieves. The face of the penitent thief is generally turned toward his Master, as if asking forgiveness; the other face, upon which a look of despair is discernible, is turned another way. These figures are very natural. After a time the clergyman appointed to preach the Passion sermon ascends the pulpit, and as he progresses in his sermon, the nails are extracted from the sacred hands and feet, and the body is lowered from the cross. At this moment the preacher calls out to the thousands by whom he is surrounded: "*Llorad lagrimas de sangre; por vos murio!*"—"Weep tears of blood; for you He died!" The clergy now withdraw for a time, and the *Hermanos de la Soledad* come forward and take charge of the body, which is placed upon a magnificent canopied catafalque, which rests upon a trestle concealed by black velvet drapery dotted with silver stars. The upper portion of this catafalque is decorated with white and violet flowers. The image of the dead Christ is covered with a sort of silver cloth covering, leaving the head and feet exposed. Close by is another platform, also draped with black velvet. Upon it are the figures of the Mater Dolorosa, holding in her hand the inevitable lace pocket-handkerchief, while St. John, the Beloved Disciple, sustains her in his arms.

The bier, followed by the Blessed Virgin and St. John, is carried in procession by the *Hermanos de la Soledad.* This is called the "Procession of the Interment" (*Procesion del Entierro*). It is escorted by one or more regiments of soldiers in full uniform, with reversed arms, and their hats thrown back and hanging on the back of their necks by a strap around the chin. Bands of music accompany the procession, playing mournful strains, and thousands of people of every position, nobles, citizens, and slaves, participate in this solemn and impressive demonstration. Little girls walk along, casting rose-leaves and flowers along the street, whilst boys and men carry long wax tapers in their hands. The houses along the route of the procession are draped in mourning; a solemn stillness pervades the entire city; the busy hum of business is suspended; the blacksmith's hammer lies idly on his anvil.

The procession having made its usual course, returns to the cathedral, where the images are solemnly deposited in their places. The dead Christ lies at the foot of the altar, and thousands come during the remainder of the afternoon and evening, to perform their acts of prayer and adoration.

Holy Saturday, called *Sabado de Gloria*, dawns upon the city, and soon the churches are again filled with worshipers. The new fire is lighted; the grains of incense are placed in the Paschal Candle; the Prophecies are read; the usual procession of the clergy moves to the fonts to bless the new water—and now the celebrant and his assistants repair to the altar and commence the Mass of the day. Thus far no sound has been heard save the solemn chant of the priests as they performed the ceremonies of the day; but now the voice of the priest is heard intoning the *Gloria in Excelsis Deo,* and immediately the screens fall from before the pictures; the door of the cathedral bursts open and lets in a flood of cheerful light; the bells in the tower announce the glad tidings, and a response comes booming over the city from the Castillo del Morro; drums beat on every side; the soldiers' arms are no longer reversed; the blacksmith, who had been standing, hammer in hand, waiting for the cathedral bell to announce the "glad tidings" of Resurrection, now lustily drives the sparks from the red-hot iron on his anvil; the *calesero* and the *carretero*, already mounted, at the first sound of the bell burst open the doors and rush into the now busy and noisy street, to the confusion of which the inevitable *enfant terrible* contributes his share by a discharge of fire-crackers. Every face wears a look of joy and happiness. The Mass continued to the end, and, after receiving the episcopal benediction, the faithful returned to their homes to prepare for the celebration of Easter.

Let us next study a sketch of a grand procession in Venice, that beautiful "City of the Sea." Venice has many splendid churches, but the most magnificent of them all is the Cathedral of San Marco. We come upon it on the morning of April 25th, the feast of St. Mark the Evangelist, and patron saint of the city. The vast structure is crowded with worshipers. The solemn Pontifical Mass is celebrated by the venerable Patriarch, and then follows the grand procession, moving from the vast basilica down through the Piazza di San Marco and along some of the principal streets of the city. We take our places in a gondola on the opposite side, and thus gain an uninterrupted view of the procession as it passes along. Apart from the local emblems on the banners and the altars borne along, it does not differ materially from similar processions in other parts of Europe. The cross-bearer is attended by the usual number of acolytes; the clergy of different Orders move along with stately and reverent tread, bearing immense torches in their hands; others carry banners on which are painted the patron saint whose feast is being celebrated, and those of other saints held in special veneration by the Venetians. At last come the higher clergy in their gorgeous vestments, and finally the venerable Patriarch, surrounded by his vicars, chapter, canons, etc. His hand is raised in benediction over his people. The houses along the route of the procession are gayly decked with flags and banners bearing crosses or other religious devices. Some of these are stretched across the canals or streets. From the position we occupy, the scene before us is strikingly picturesque. On the opposite side of the canal the grand procession moves along, chanting litanies and hymns; over us, countless banners are waving in the air; around us, gondolas of every description, decorated with drapery and streamers, are filled with gayly dressed ladies and gentlemen; while far up the canal our eyes rest on the famous Rialto, the most magnificent bridge in Venice. It consists of a single arch, 90 feet in span and 24 feet in height.

Besides the many grand processions of a general character, and participated in by the clergy and laity of a certain parish, or of several parishes combined, there are in Catholic countries many processions of a most private nature, but none the less interesting. There is in Rome (as in other cities, also) a confraternity of laymen who bury the dead who die at the hospital of the Fathers of the Santo Spirito. Every evening, just before sunset, they go from different parts of Rome, no matter how unfavorable the weather may be, to carry away the dead; and they go in procession from the hospital to the cemetery, which are some distance apart. They move with slow and solemn tread, preceded by a cross, and then follow the priest and the hearse or bier. They chant the *Miserere* and recite prayers for the dead as they march along. It is a most solemn sight to see that procession winding around the Coliseum or ascending the Janiculum Hill, as the shades of night begin to fall over the domes and towers of the grand old city of Rome.

But the days and the times of such processions are passing away. In the hurry and press of modern life they seem things of bygone days, and will soon rarely meet the eye except in quaint old European towns.

THE STONE WELLS OF ARIZONA.

A WONDERFUL place is Tinajas, about thirty miles southwest of Mission Camp. The mountains have one face of hard, smooth granite. All the water falling upon this basin has to flow through nine tanks, one above the other. The lower tanks are of easy access, and are often drained of their contents by men and animals traveling between Yuma and Sonora. The upper tanks are approached only by circuitous and difficult climbing over rocks. To one standing below, they afford no indication of their existence, nor does climbing the smooth, steep mountain-side seem possible to one unacquainted with the way to it. In the upper tanks water has never been known to fail.

To this water comes game of all kinds, in great numbers, from the great waterless country around Tinajas. Antelope, mountain sheep, and deer of several kinds, come in herds. Rabbits and hares are as plenty as anywhere, and are prey for many coyotes and beautiful little rock foxes. One would think that all this game would be thinned out by the Papago Indians, who inhabit the country. But these Indians are superstitious, and avoid Tenajas with abject horror.

Within two miles of this water are certainly 150 graves, and probably more, each marked by rows of stone laid in the form of a cross. Scores of men, famished for water, have expended their last strength in reaching Tinajas, only to find the lower tanks dry, and, ignorant of the upper ones, have lain down in despair to die. The remains have been buried by later travelers, and the graves marked, Mexican fashion, by a cross of stones. During the rush to the gold fields of California, cholera attacked travelers on the road from Mexico, as it did American emigrants along the Platte: pestilence combined with thirst to gather corpses at Tinajas. Recollections of bleaching bones and grinning skulls protect the game from Papago arrows and flint-locks.

After passing through its usual fermentation, the water becomes clear and pure as any in the world. It comes from the clouds only, and, flowing into the tanks over insoluble granite, it carries no mineral matter. Every heavy rain pours a whirling torrent through the tanks, washing them out to the very bottom—no organic matter stays behind.

The number and variety of birds here is marvelous, many of them appearing to be of new and undescribed species. At morning and evening the din of their song, confined by the sides of the mountains, is almost deafening.

All around Tinajas is the remarkable vegetation of the desert; near its tanks are many and curious plants nourished by their moisture. The place is one of much interest.

AN EVENING IN THE ALPS.

THE light was failing as we toiled up the steep, rough way that leads to the cave. At last we reached it, and surveyed a great pile of massive rocks, under one of which is the dark, low, irregularly shaped hollow in which we were to sleep. The place might be the cavernous home of a wild beast or of a small ogre. A rude cooking-place is improvised just outside the burrow, and our guides were soon busy with mountain cookery. Then came the dinner, the song and jest, and then the vesper pipe. Hillyer and myself, joyous with the hopes of the morrow, reclined among guides and porters, anticipated the Schreckhorn, and enjoyed the Kastenstein view. Christian and Kauffmann soothed us with prophecies of fine weather, and we had a happy bivouac evening.

The great range of noble peaks standing opposite to the Kastenstein, across the broad width of the chill glacier, are all duskily, dimly, whitish-gray in the cold shadow of the falling night; when suddenly there slowly steals a silver flame along the sharp topmost crest of the mighty Eiger, and moonlight shimmers on his snowy height. The cold, pure, argent light broadens and descends. The silver flood creeps upward over wastes of stone, up our bare hillside, until it reaches to our very feet, and until the huge rock-boulders which shelter the Kastenstein refuge grow tenderly bright in the silent rays of the palely blanching moon. All around is hushed and huge—awful, and yet so lovely. Moonlight streams on snow as faith gleams upon a saintly soul: the heavenly light is reflected, in answering beauty, by the pure thing on which it calmly shines.

With the first glimpse of moonlight on these mighty hills the songs ceased, and we gazed in silence upon the magic Alpine vision. Work, however, often calls men away from dreams of beauty and delight; and as we were to get up at two or three next morning to do the Schreckhorn, a short night only was before us. Some time between ten and eleven Christian touched me on the shoulder, looked expressively at his watch, and pointed to the interior of our cavern shelter. I sighed, and had just one more half-pipe before I could tear myself from the silver splendor of the scene.

In the low, rock-roofed burrow hay is thinly spread over a hard, uneven rock bottom; and on this wild couch you compose yourself to sleep—if sleep you can. Soon the candle was extinguished, and huge, amorphous forms slumbered near me, while the white moonshine stole in little flakes through chinks in the rock, and there was dreamland around the lonely Kastenstein.

At three in the dim, chill morning we were called—not necessarily awakened—by Christian. We wrestled grimly with the stiff, hard boots, and with the tough, unlovely breakfast. There being then light enough, we left the cave at four A.M., and were silently *en route* for the high and distant Schreckhorn.

ALBANI.

A LADY of St. Louis indulges in this reminiscence: "I was at Saratoga eight or nine years ago, and attended an entertainment in the ballroom of the United States Hotel. At the close, an old French gentleman arose and begged the audience to listen to his daughter sing. Among the few who attended to the request, this lady saw two rather shabby figures advance behind the old gentleman: they were his daughters, and one was the Albani of to-day, who was then listened to merely as a matter of courtesy, as there was nothing at all in her voice then to foreshadow the great fame she now enjoys. The father would, however, persist that his daughter could sing, and when others turned away in disbelief he held steadfastly to his faith, and she, in spite of slights and difficulties, persisted and went onward.

"You may have read of a magnificent home in London, where Albani lives with that old father and the sister who was her companion in the shabby bonnet and shawl that failed even in the slightest degree to enlist the interest of a Saratoga ballroom audience. Lately, the newspapers tell, she had twenty-three recalls in one night before a critical audience in St. Petersburg, and the great and the high are now busy in her laudation. Is not this a reason, dear girls, for taking courage to persevere?"

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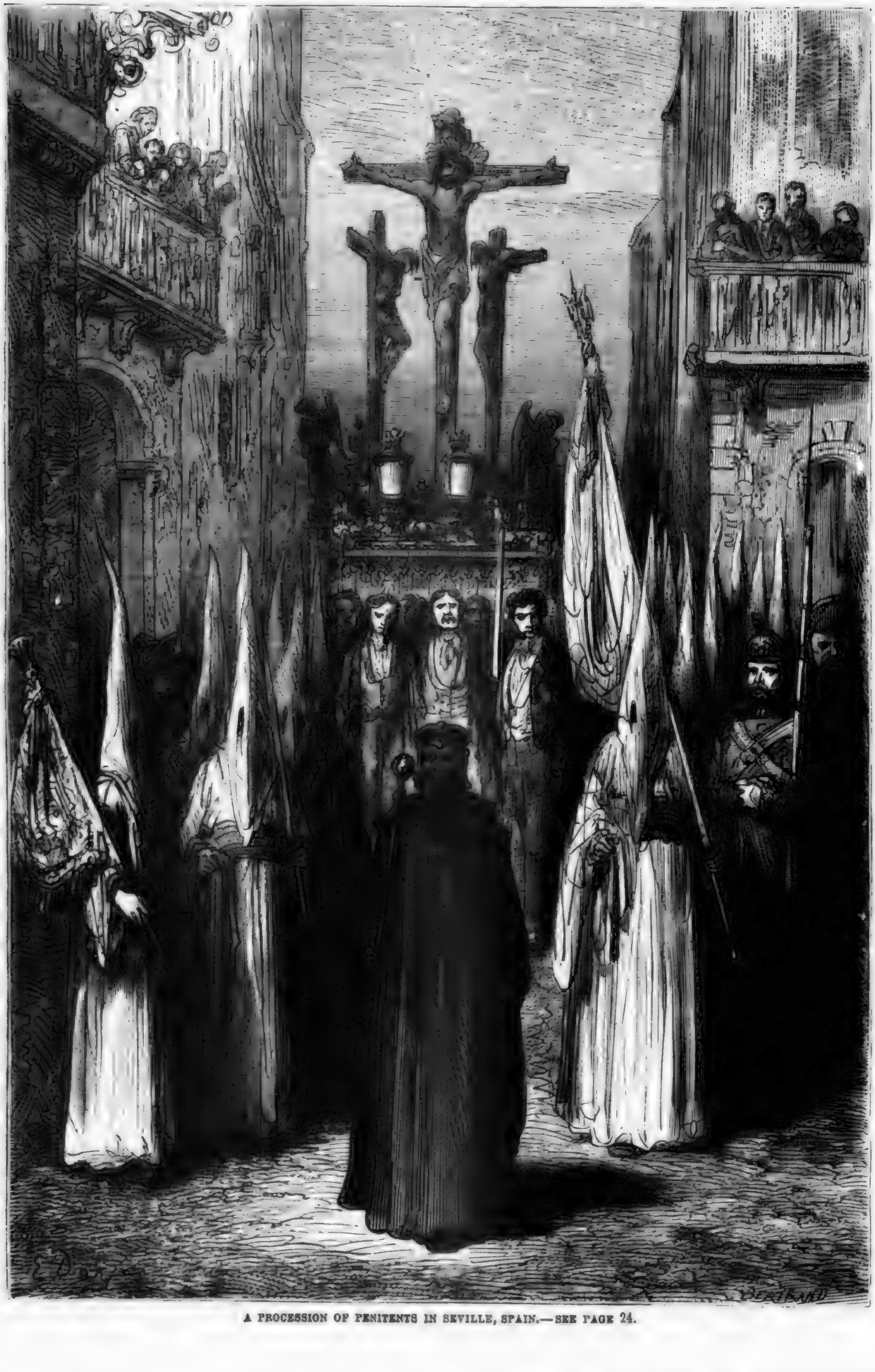


A PROCESSION OF PENITENTS IN SEVILLE, SPAIN.—SEE PAGE 24.

XUM

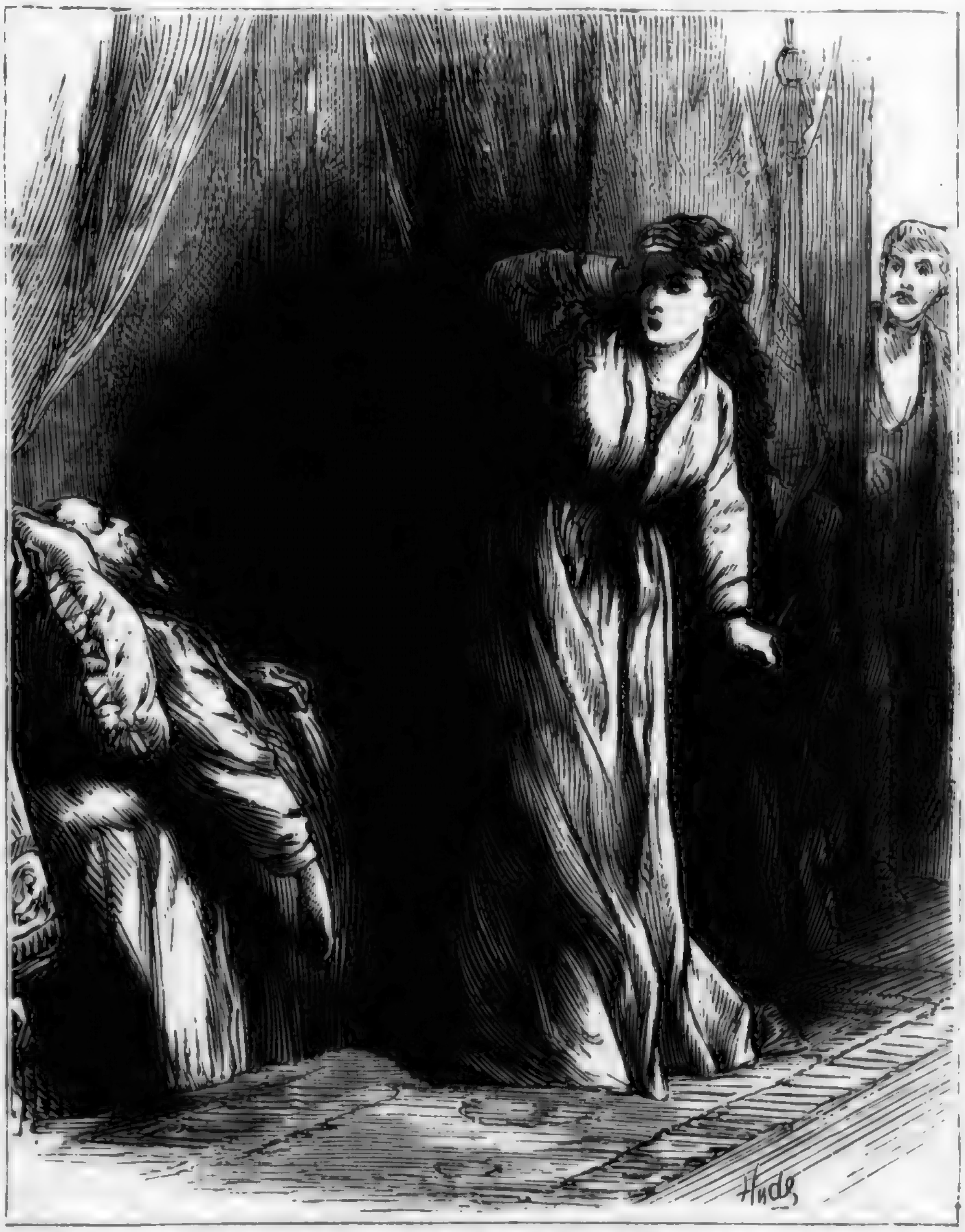
LADY MACBETH.

CHAPTER I.

A FIRST APPEARANCE.

THE largest theatre in London was crowded from pit to dome—crowded not only with the idle curious, the illiterate many, but with the *cognoscenti*, the *fine fleur* of critics, for a new actress, said to be surprisingly beautiful and gifted, was to make her first appearance that night.

Oddly enough, of all these gentlemen composing the flower of criticism—the cream of the press—but one or two had been able to get even so much as a glimpse at the *débutante*. Jean Berkeley's success, should it prove such, would certainly not be a *bought thing*, for, except the one or two who had, as I have said, caught a glimpse of her, none in the vast theatre among those whose applause and approval make a first appearance either a hit or a fiasco, knew of her aught except the name. To all, hers was an unknown personality.



LADY MACBETH.—"STANDING UPRIGHT IN THE MIDDLE OF THE ROOM, NOT MANY STEPS FROM THE OLD LAIRD'S BED, HER EYES ABLAZE, WITH A SMALL DAGGER IN HER HAND, ON WHICH GLOWED A DARK, DREAD SPOT OF BLOOD, STOOD JEAN BERKELEY."

There was one among the select few—alas, how few they are! possessed of a brain such as enables them fitly to criticise the brainwork of others—who leaned back in his orchestra-chair with a lolling indifference that effectually hid a nervous palpitation such as had never before possessed the heart of Bertram Montahl, poet, newspaper-writer, dabbler in art, "everything by turns, and nothing long," for such a fitful and inconstant thing had the young Scotch laird become, when, turning him out of "house an' hame," because he would not marry a gaunt, forbidding, red-haired, green-eyed cat of a cousin, Brenda McNeil by name, the old laird, his father, had informed him that, "till the sod e'en covered him—the speaker—he might look for the bread he would eat in the brains he was sickle proud o'."

Bertram had taken him at his word, and left the old castle—a proud superstructure that reared its stately walls upon the top of an ancient cliff, wooded and watered beneath into a semblance of Paradise, and with wide, rich lawns all about it—with a sore heart but a proud brow, and, as the oldest retainer, one Seth McBranderley, had muttered as the young laird rode away, "deil a word o' 'monstrance."

After that, for a time, he had eaten the hard crust of poverty, which, probably because he did not water it with his tears, stuck in his throat, and proved a hard morsel to swallow.

But at the end of a few months, London heard of Bertram Montahl through some of the best things issued—heard of him as a poet who would not soon cease to be read, nor, as his reviewers said, to be remembered.

And then, on and on, from writing for the brain-gifted men, he began to write about them, being engaged at a good salary as theatrical reporter, art critic and reviewer to a prominent paper.

"But why does he palpitate so nervously just now as the curtain is about to rise?" you will ask.

Because—he was in love! And in love, too, *really* in love with a woman he had seen but once—the new "star," if such she were destined to prove—the *débutante*, fair Jean Berkeley.

She had swept past him with her vail lifted, in the side scenes, making an exit as he made an entrance. The poet and actress had nearly come to a collision in the darkness among the flats, and leaving him just time ere she vanished to recall a hackneyed quotation about Diana or some such mythological and supposititious personage, a recollection suggested by a presence that in majesty and beauty—beauty of a strange, unusual type—surpassed all he had seen in woman.

And now she was about to appear—to *reappear!*

The mimic scene changes to the Castle of Inverness.

Enter Lady Macbeth, reading a letter.

"By Jove! the creature is glorious! She absolutely floods the stage with light!" whispered in Bertram Montahl's ear his best and dearest friend, Percy Marshall, a young medical student. And glorious the actress was. She really *did* seem to flood the stage with light.

From above her robes of dark velvet rose a throat and shoulders, of which the sculpturesque beauty was unparalleled, save in the unbreathing marble. With this beauty of form, features of such rare perfection that howsoever the head posed itself, and in whatever position the outline offered itself to the eye of the public, no fault could be detected, but only a series of bust-like, picture-like presentments, such as recalled all that art has produced of most perfect and immortal. She was Diana, she was Venus, she was Minerva; in a word, she was a faultlessly beautiful woman.

And her face, crowned by a rare and evidently natural profusion of hair, like the stars in the yellow radiance of its lustre, had an intellectuality that is rare in blondes. "Blonde me no blondes!" Was a woman with hazel eyes of the most sombre yet lustrous hazel, shaded by lashes and overarched by brows of glossy black, of which the perfection owed nothing to art, to be called a blonde? She was a—but no! She was *not* a brunette, either, with that marble whiteness of complexion—a *blancheur mâte*, such as usually accompanies brown or golden hair.

Lady Macbeth, reading the letter:

"They met me in the day of success, and I have learned by the perfectest report that they have more in them than mortal knowledge. When I burned in desire to question them further, they made themselves—air, into which they vanished!"

And what a voice!

It held the public charm-bound. From the first word of her utterance to the last she spoke that night, Jean Berkeley's voice held her hearers in a thrall of pleasure.

And, in the more weird and terrible portions of her impersonation of the subtle and evil heroine, what evidence of genius! what grandeur! Yet what—yes, what a sensation of horror awoke at her words!

In that scene where the murder of the aged King Duncan, already complete, Lady Macbeth, whom Malcolm so fitly calls Macbeth's "fiend-like wife," snatches the bloody daggers from the hands of the Thane to replace them where they "*must* lie," as she reminds him, a strange mingling of a singular earnestness, a horrible exultation and *exaltation* seemed to urge the dreadful words of the text from the now pale lips of the young actress. Her great eyes flashed and burned and glowed with a strange inner fire.

"It's hideously truthful!" muttered Percy Marshall.

What had the public listened to? What weird exponent of passions fierce and awful beyond any but extraordinary conceptions stood before them, curdling their very blood with an unknown terror? What was there strange and inexplicable about the new tragic actress? What that was more than met the eye or ear, and that none understood or could explain? What that made them listen breathless? and that was, perhaps, from the novelty of the sensations produced, the secret of her tremendous success.

Listening to and keenly observing this magnificently beautiful Lady Macbeth in that scene where she last appears, her golden hair all astray, and in spotless white, and goes through the dread somnambulistic scene where she washes without "sweetening" her "little hands," Marshall bent and whispered a few words to Bertram Montahl that froze him amid his raptures at Jean Berkeley's success—words that were audible to none but him, and which ended thus:

"And, great as she undeniably is, I should advise her, by all means, *to leave the stage and retire into private life.*"

CHAPTER II.

MARK BERKELEY'S DAUGHTER.

MADLY in love—I say *madly* advisedly—Bertram Montahl's only dream, from the hour he beheld Jean Berkeley, was to make that fair creature, that embodied ideal of all his dreams as a poet, his wedded wife.

And in that hope, which speedily took the color of a purpose, he persisted, despite all the remonstrances and representations of Percy Marshall, his sincere friend; the furious threats of his father, old Lord Marcus, who heard of his purpose, and remarked that his malediction was all ready, in case it was carried out—a pleasant course of action common to furious fathers in and out of plays and novels; and in spite, too, of a certain shrinking, and the stirring within his soul of some unaccountable premonition that in the very presence, nay, with his hands clasped in those of the peerless Jean, sometimes fell like a cloud between the lovers.

For she was about to wed him. She, the star, the "great success"; she who had been proclaimed, with a unanimity almost unprecedented, a queen of tragedy, she was about to renounce all this, and become the wife of a man almost poor. "Lady Montahl," it is true, would be her title, but only in the after-time. The young laird could have no hope of his father's estates till that father's death, which, like a good son as he was, he was far from being impatient for. Though enfeebled, it was evident, by years, there was none of that undermining of vitality apparent in the old laird which is the forerunner of the final breaking-up that is death of old age.

Some days before the young laird had made his proposals of marriage to "fair Jean Berkeley," as the newspapers called her, Percy Marshall, passing out from the private hearing-room of Manager Gresleigh, at that theatre where Jean was engaged, and where he had been holding a *tête-à-tête* conversation of an hour with him, took his leave with these words:

"You ought to set aside the contract and do away with the whole thing. You do not know when there may be an *exposé*, a 'flare-up,' an *esclandre*—in a word, a peculiarly dreadful mess."

"I entirely disagree with you; and so long as she draws crowded houses, as now, I shall continue to give her performances to the public as the 'great and crowning attraction of the season,' for such they are," replied Gresleigh.

"As you please," said Marshall, turning to depart; "but it seems *cruel*. Pity Mark Berkeley left a daughter!"

Mark Berkeley, of whom Percy Marshall spoke, and whose daughter, Jean herself, he had left behind when death took him, had been a gambler, though a man of family, and, in the by-gone time, of position. He had married Kate O'Graff, a very lovely Irish actress, attached to a popular theatre in Dublin.

Before Mark Berkeley's death, he had laid violent hands upon himself; a great misfortune, greater than death, had fallen upon him. Kate O'Graff, one month after, died of a broken heart—it had been breaking for years—leaving Jean a woman of nineteen, endowed with subtle, dangerous, wonderful beauty and talent.

Jean had become an actress, as we have seen, and from her first shining forth, a star of magnitude.

What meant Percy Marshall's sinister predictions? And why did he murmur to himself, as he read Bertram Montahl's wedding cards, "He marries in haste to repent at leisure, *as I have told him he will?*"

CHAPTER III.

CASTLE MONTAHL.

Wedding-cards? Yes. For in the month of May they married, Bertram and Jean, and merrily passed the honeymoon under the sun of Italy, whither they journeyed, and upon the banks of the dreamy Rhine. Everywhere the strange beauty of Jean excited great attention. Hers was a proud husband.

But, after a time, a strange melancholy fell upon Bertram, and stealthy looks would be fixed unawares upon his fair wife's face, when he deemed her unconscious of his gaze.

And this blackness of melancholy did not pass away from the young laird's brow; nay, it grew deeper from day to day, till at last those who had known him ever as a cheerful, if never a merry man, even under the stress of poverty and exile from his Scottish "hame," would scarcely have recognized Bertram Montahl in the husband wedded but one little year.

In manner, but in that alone, his wife, fair Jean, had changed also.

Hers was no more the careless air of a happy bride. On the contrary, a gloom and a weirdness seemed to have settled upon her, and the same stealthy observance of her husband might be detected on her part as in him toward her.

Strange to say, there now came to the wife and husband in London, where they were making their home with as much comfort as was to be procured by Bertram's pen—indeed, it might have satisfied a not unreasonable woman—an utterly unexpected summons.

The old laird, setting aside the terrible sin—such it was in his eyes—of his son's marriage with an actress, summoned the exile—he called him the prodigal—home again, and—with his wife!

Bertram turned pale as death at the summons; pale, it might be, with joy, but whether with that or not, he certainly hesitated, and seemed like a man in a heavy, bewildered dream or nightmare, putting his hand ever and anon to his head, like one whose wits had gone astray.

Jean silently observed him.

"Are you not happy," demanded she, at last, "to go back to your native heath, your youth's home?"

"Yes," moodily replied the young laird.

"But you do not seem so," reiterated Jean.

Bertram rose at this, and left the room and the house without saying another word.

"Happy!" murmured he, as he rushed on and on through the crowded London streets; "how shall *I* ever be happy again?"

But, from whatever cause sprang his misery, the young laird and his wife bade their servants make ready forthwith, and repaired to the lair of the old lion, who had roared so long, and now was quiet, even quite conciliatory—the proud old Castle Montahl.

Through what scenes of beauty did they not pass on their way to Bertram's home, the spot that would one day be his heritage!

Ah, the fair Scottish lakes, the woods, the glens! What must be the anguish that the sight of such an Eden would not overcome and still?

I have said that fair Jean was a woman to subdue and enthrall by her beauty, and never fell that glamour more powerfully than upon the spirit of the "frosty but kindly" old laird, who, however much inclined to dislike the woman who had won away his son—indeed, but for his miserable heart-yearnings for that son he would never have received her—soon showed no outward repugnance to Jean, and even seemed fascinated.

Yet, had the old laird analyzed his feelings, he would at times have been aware of an inability to comprehend the character of his son's wife, which was strangely capricious, and his deep-seated prejudice would again revive, when, observing her at times, he noted the great influence over Bertram of the most variable of women he (the old laird) had ever met with.

But Lord Marcus was principled against the utterance of any word of questioning as to the heart-life of a married pair. Whom Heaven hath joined, let no man put asunder, nor attempt so to do, by one word even, of suspicion, mistrust or dislike. Such was his creed in matters matrimonial.

All the county, too, seemed to recoil from Bertram's beautiful wife. In the midst of old friends he lived "a man forbid." Jean was by no means popular.

Yet there were times when it could be seen that over the father of Bertram, Jean had an ascendency almost as great as that she exercised over himself. And he, Bertram, appeared to adore her.

For was it not like idolatry to watch every word, every gesture? to hang upon her utterance, and to attend upon her footsteps with the patience, the watchfulness of a hound? This Bertram did.

His watchfulness, indeed, was so great that Jean herself must at times have been weary of it, for there were days when, after evident study as to how to avoid and evade him, she would escape to wood or glen, and, with wild exultation, utter cries of joy in the solitude at the thought that she had escaped for a moment from one who was like a keeper.

CHAPTER IV.

BEWITCHED.

After a time, the self-same gloom had fallen upon one and all of the household of Castle Montahl.

What was their terrible secret?

The old laird spoke often of what he called his "approaching death." And, although he had in a great measure recovered apparent health after his son's return, the idea that death would soon overtake him seemed to be ever present.

As regarded Bertram, it might be that one cause of his melancholy was the non-arrival of any heir to the fair estates spread out before his eyes.

Yet he never uttered any wish for a child, or expressed any disappointment that Jean did not bear him one.

One morning when Jean, Bertram and Lord Marcus were seated in one of the wide and picturesque chambers that made the interior of Castle Montahl a thing to be remembered, a paroquet that swung upon a gilt ring in one corner, where Jean habitually fed it with dainties, happened to bite her finger somewhat severely.

In an instant the splendidly beautiful woman had become a splendidly terrible fiend. For, seizing the innocent, because unconscious, offender in a rigid gripe, before either of the lairds could rise or remonstrate, she, her eyes glaring, her lips livid and her brow aflame, wrung the poor parrot's neck, and flung it, limp and dead, into the middle of the apartment.

Bertram, pale as death, rose to his feet. Lord Marcus also.

In a moment more some consciousness of her unwomanly violence seemed to come to her, and, throwing back her

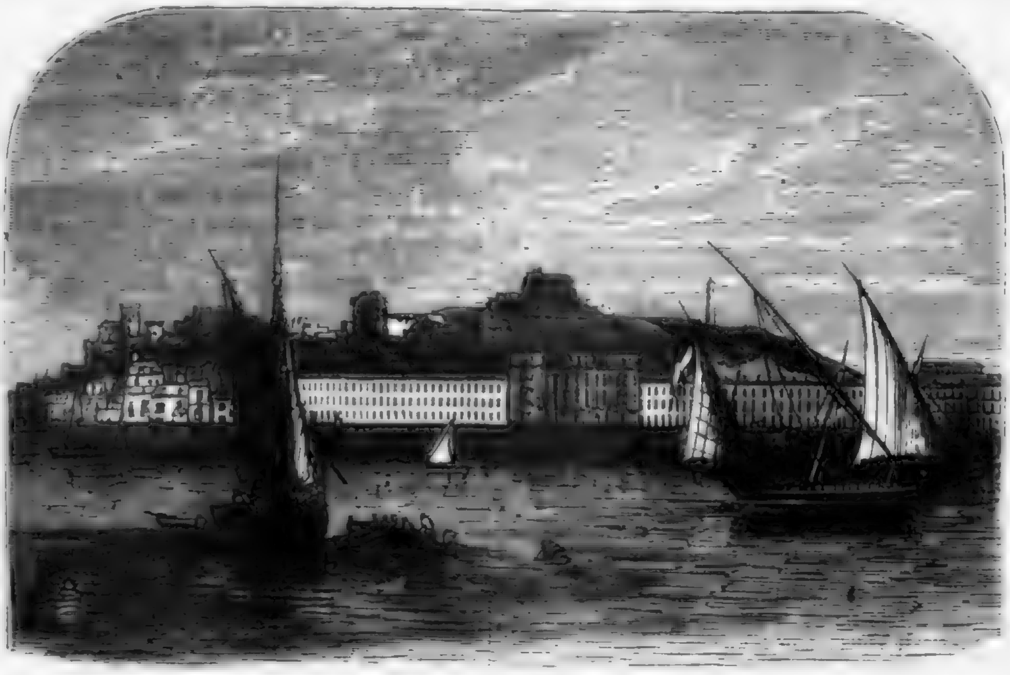
XUM

head, she strode from the room with a look that, if half of rage, was still half of shame as well.

Bertram and his father exchanged an eloquent look, but neither spoke. To know each other's feelings there was no need for either to express them.

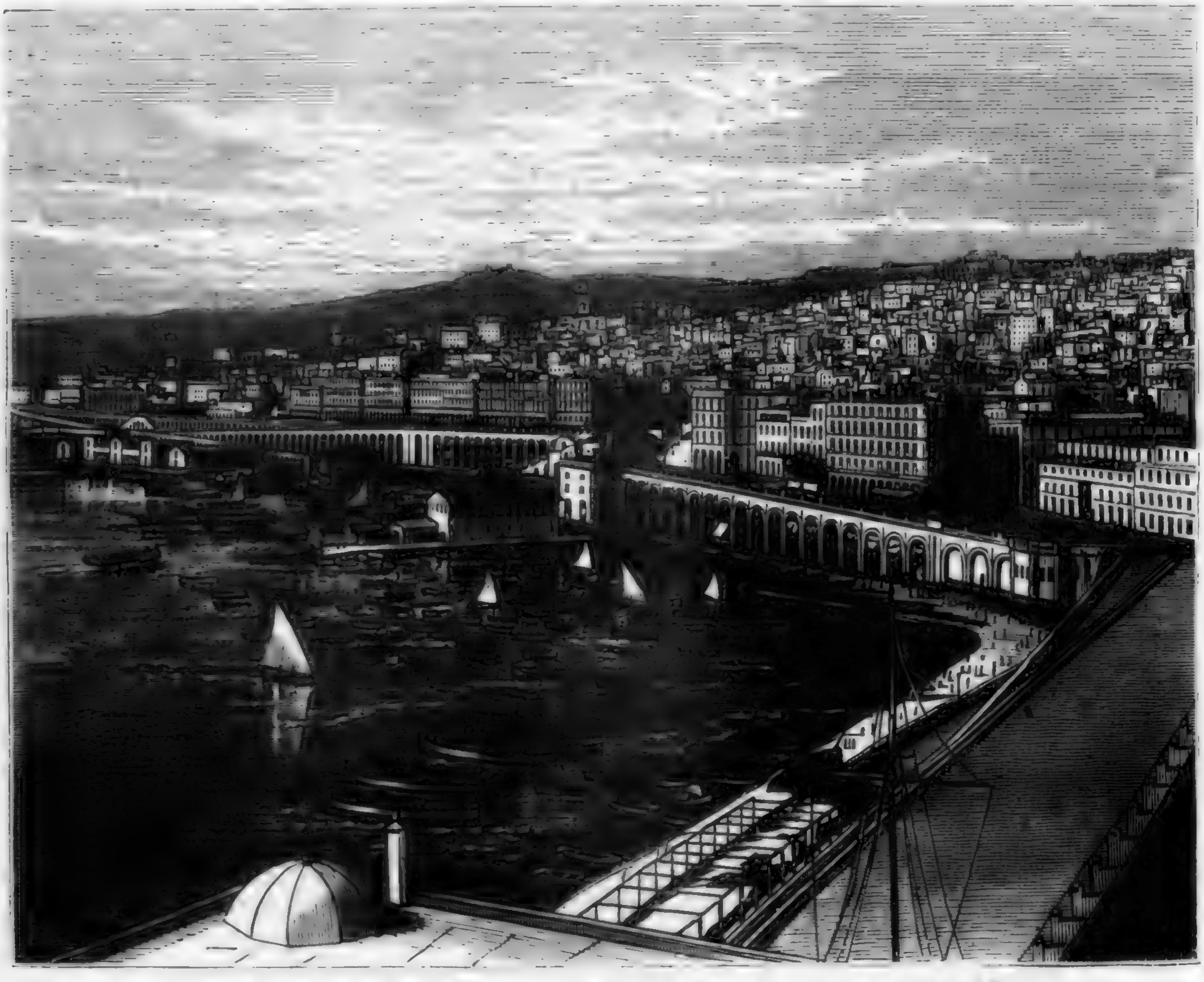
* * *

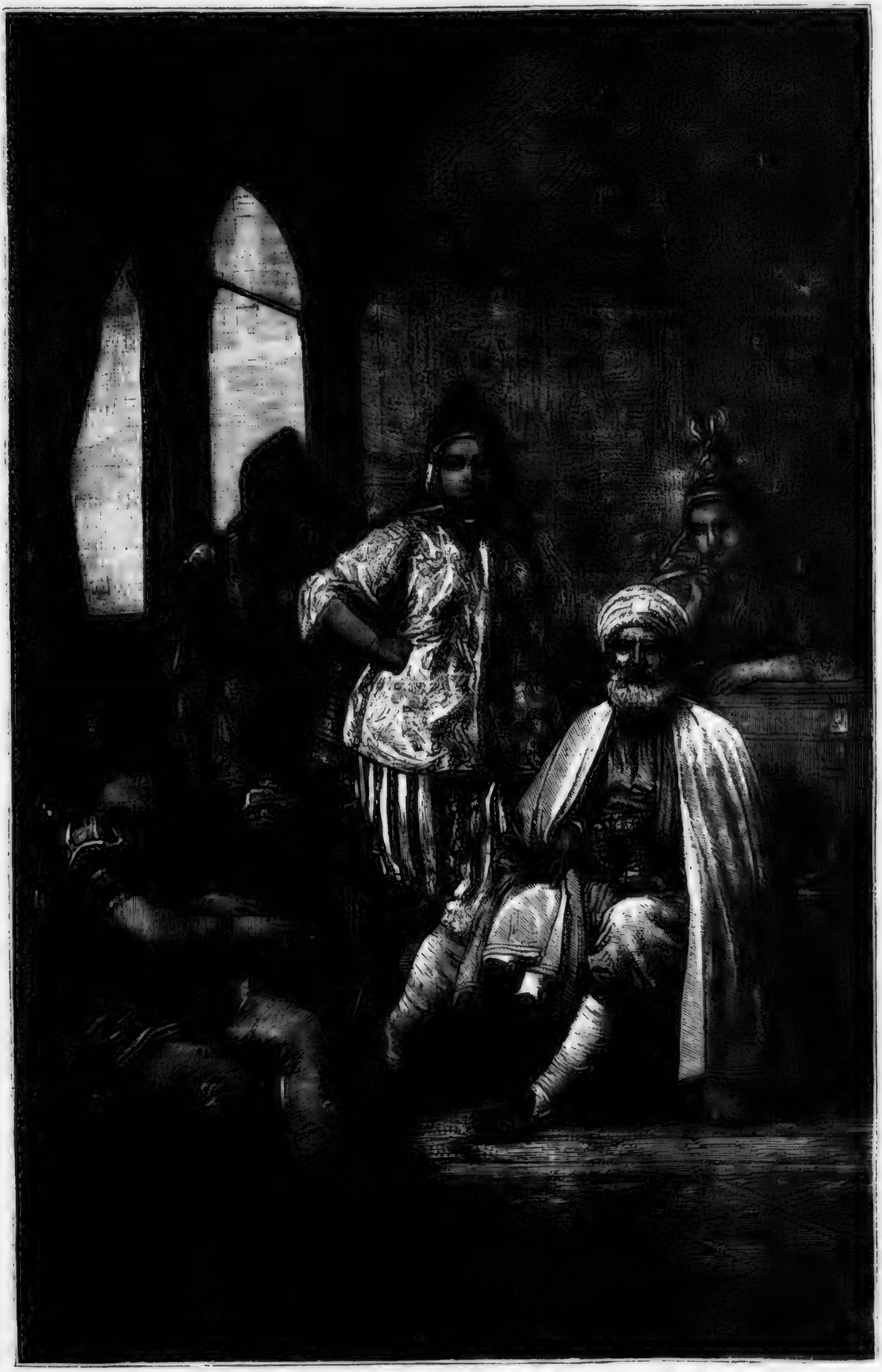
Jean Berkeley and Bertram Montahl had been wedded about three years, and, if the face of any of the three inhabitants of Castle Montahl was to be regarded as an index of their mental state, three wretched years, when, one day, a frightful scene of violence took place between Bertram and his wife—violent on *her* part alone, however—because of her expressed determination to return to London.


CARTHAGENA, SPAIN.

She was sick, "sick at heart," she said, of Scotland. She loathed its very hills, its lakelets, its glens, its groves. She hated its "religious cant"; she despised its customs. Give her back London! life! the stage! She detested Scotland, and, "of all things else, the castle, with"—here a look of pain and rage crossed her superb face—"its gloom and its *restraint.*"

Bertram, to all her anger, replied by calmness, but at last became stern, and almost menacing, in his manner, when, as suddenly as it had risen, his wife's stormy passion lulled itself, and, turning from him, she flung herself down among the rich Oriental shawls with which it had been her


THREE CONTINENTS IN THREE WEEKS.—ALGIERS, FROM A RECENT PHOTOGRAPH.—SEE PAGE 39.



THREE CONTINENTS IN THREE WEEKS.—JEWISH WOMEN OF TUNIS.—SEE PAGE 39.

whim to load her favorite lounge—the scene had taken place in her bedchamber—and, ere many moments elapsed, she was asleep.

Bertram looked at her sleeping thus; and in her always picturesque attitudes, Jean Berkeley might have been taken for some creation of the renowned Canova, so perfect was her beauty; but the husband of three short years sighed heavily, and, sighing, went his way out of the castle to pace dejectedly its wide, green lawns.

Her rage renewed itself many times after this, for Jean had, against her wish to leave Scotland, the old laird, who, always penurious, now positively refused to disburse anything for the defraying of the expenses of the pair to London; and, since he had cut loose, at his father's wish and solicitation, from his post as *feuilletoniste* in London, Bertram was entirely dependent upon that parent.

Again a calm on the part of the turbulent wife, which calm lasted a little time, and was abruptly broken one day by as strange a scene as that in which she had strangled the pet parrot.

This is what occurred:

Coming from gunning one day, her husband found Jean beating a pet hound of his with a riding-whip, a huge one of his own; and, while she lashed poor Fleance, the poor, shrinking beast crouching before her, she foamed at the mouth till she sank at last to the ground, exhausted. The hound's offense had been—leaping upon her riding-habit, and almost causing her to fall upon the sward.

After this, for three long months, Jean Montahl was not known to leave the privacy of her own apartment. Part of the time she refused food. Her health now became delicate, though there was still no prospect of an heir, "for which mercy," said Bertram to his father, "Heaven be praised!"

Another slow year passed by, and the young laird's hair—at twenty-nine!—was beginning to turn quite gray.

No trace of any change, however, appeared in Jean's wonderful beauty, unless it were that at times her great hazel eyes were lustreless and bloodshot, and her pallor sickly in its marble-like appearance.

At times she would show a singular fancy for harassing Bertram with questions as to his gloom and despondency, and tax him with *hating* and being *afraid* of her.

Surely Percy Marshall's predictions were fulfilled! Had he not said that the young laird marrying in haste would repent at leisure?

CHAPTER V.

THE CURTAIN FALLS.

But to all who wait, a day comes when Time, the expounder of mysteries, solves their life problem.

One night—it was a lovely Summer night, and the moon's silvery beams shed a lustrous vail over the silent lawn, and poured into the castle chambers in a flood of tender glory—a thrilling shriek, followed by many as dreadful as the first, awoke the slumbering servants—set Fleance, the hound, to barking wildly—and brought Bertram in pale haste into his old father's bedchamber, whence the reiterated screams had come.

A strange, a terrible sight awaited him. Standing upright in the middle of the floor, not many steps from the old laird's bed, her eyes ablaze, her beautiful fair locks sweeping over her white dressing-gown, and with a small dagger in her hand, on which glowed a dark, dread spot of blood, stood Jean Berkeley, uttering and reiterating the horrid cries that, like a "hideous trumpet," as when old Duncan was found cold and dead, called "to parley the sleepers of the house."

Was the old laird—for some time past the object of her wrath—dead, like poor King Duncan?

Be that as it might, she was *worse* than dead! For the terrible secret was blazoned forth at last to all the household—that secret which Bertram Montahl and old Lord Marcus had, with breaking hearts, striven for years to keep with dignity, and had, in a manner, kept. All was known at last; *Jean Berkeley was a mad-woman!*

Mad, now, beyond even an attempt at control; mad, piteously, though fearfully, for, pointing at the poor old man whom she had—not killed, but sorely wounded, she muttered, looking at the dripping dagger, and with vague, painful reminiscence of the feverish stage-life that had long ago fostered and developed her hereditary malady:

"Yet who would have thought the old man to have had so much blood in him?"

* * * * * * *

Jean Berkeley's sad story, in a few words, was this:

The offspring, the only child of the brilliant, intellectual Kate O'Graff and of the young officer, Captain Mark Berkeley, Jean had been born to them after one year of marriage. Kate had discovered too late that her husband's dissolute life had ended in its own punishment—softening of the brain.

When Jean was nineteen, Mark Berkeley, then hopelessly insane, had committed suicide, leaving a widow whose long-wrung heart broke at last, freeing her from a life that had long been a burden.

Jean, brought up in the atmosphere of the theatre, naturally yearned for a theatrical life. Leaving Dublin when she became an orphan, she hastened to accept an engagement offered her in London, at the theatre where Bertram Montahl first beheld her.

Then it was that Percy Marshall, keenly observant of the lovely *débutante* upon the night of her first appearance, detected, through his knowledge of the peculiarities of the insane, the fact of the existence of her incipient malady, and had, the reader will remember, then and there communicated that discovery to Bertram, saying:

"And great as she undeniably is, I should advise her, by all means, to quit the stage and retire to private life."

But, strange to say—and this is a well-known fact—it is oftener than not impossible for the eye of affection to detect that malady in the beloved which is obvious to all others. Bertram Montahl met his fate in meeting Jean Berkeley. He loved her with his whole soul, and during the remainder of her short, fevered life, never failed in his tenderness and devotion to one who, after her attempt upon the old laird's life, rapidly sank into the condition of a feeble invalid.

But, at times, as her bodily strength faded away, Bertram's soul had glimpses of its reward in flashes of revelation, as it were, of what Jean *might* have been, but for the fatal inheritance that Mark Berkeley's evil life had made hers. In her sane moments, a great loveliness of character, a saintly sweetness, a holy resignation evinced itself, and the old laird grew to love her as Bertram did, and wept with him when the fair young wife died, whose death, lit up by gladness at release from life so fatally overshadowed, was a death full of beauty. Nothing in life became her like the leaving it. Yes, at twenty, lovelier than ever, and *quite sane*. She had been so for months, but who can say how long she would have remained so had she lived? The woman died for whom her husband would have given up his existence.

Bertram Montahl's heart had received an incurable wound. Jean Berkeley dead, Bertram never again loved, and never wedded.

THREE CONTINENTS IN THREE WEEKS;
OR,
TO AFRICA AND BACK, AGAINST TIME.

BY DAVID KER, AUTHOR OF "ON THE ROAD TO KHIVA."

IT is recorded that Hannibal, when his brother propounded an ingenious plan of battle, remarked, with a smile, "There's only one objection to your plan, and that is, that it's impossible." The same thing might well be said of my projected Christmas tour. To leave New York for the Sahara on the 10th of November, and return by the 18th of January, traversing meanwhile both Algeria and Tunis, seeing and reporting, as becomes a member of the august brotherhood of a New York "Daily," every object of interest from Morocco to Tripoli, and from the Mediterranean to the Great Desert—this is, indeed, a match against time which only Jules Verne could contemplate without dismay.

But I, less favored than the great master's indomitable heroes, find *my* chapter of accidents commencing as early as the voyage itself. Fifteen hours' detention off Staten Island, two days' heavy weather in mid-sea, and finally, just within sight of Liverpool, an impenetrable fog which keeps us motionless in the Mersey two days longer, amid a chorus of bells and fog-horns, suggestive of a Chinese wedding.

When the cloud at length rolls away, and the spellbound *Egypt* moves forward once more, the very appropriate hymn given out by our good old chaplain—

> "From Egypt's bondage come,
> Where sin and darkness reign,
> We seek a new, a better home,"

found an echo in every heart.

However, there is still time, by traveling night and day, to catch the Algerian steamer at Marseilles; so away I go again. A spectral glimpse of London through the raw, chilly dimness of a Winter dawn; a headlong scamper from editor to editor through the slushy mire of the "City," dropping copy here, picking up money there; a rush to the Victoria depot for a through ticket to Oran—and southward, ho! is the word.

The lights of Dover, the tossing waves ot the Channel, the long, black pier and clustering houses of Calais, flit by like the visions of a dream; and I open my eyes at daybreak upon the straight, wide streets and endless lamps of imperial Paris, with just time to rattle across the city and catch the Marseilles express—haunted all the time by a vague doubt as to whether I am the Wandering Jew, the Flying Dutchman, or the celebrated messenger who "kep on running three days and three nights, 'cause he war too lazy to stop."

Then follows a nineteen-hours' scurry over Southern France, through mist and rain, in an overcrowded compartment, *darkened* by one solitary lamp, which might be lineally descended from those of the five foolish virgins, its specialty being, apparently, to go out as often and as utterly as possible, leaving us to the "darkness visible" of two or three faintly twinkling cigars.

Who does not know the accumulated miseries of a long night-journey under such circumstances?—the fruitless attempts to cheat yourself into the belief that you are going to sleep, the ever-recurring elbow-prod of your next neighbor, who querulously asks "whether you want the whole car to yourself"; the deep, rhythmical, unslackening snore of some happier comrade opposite; the desperate and hopeless effort to put your feet *anywhere* out of the way, till their mere existence appears an unbearable injustice—the uncombed, unwashed, unrested, un-everything sensation of the early morning inducing feelings to which those of Cain, at the time of the first murder, were absolutely saint-like! But after a rattling tramp up and down the platform, to stretch my cramped limbs, and a good, hot breakfast at the same table with two or three jovial Russians (whose presence gives me a long wished-for chance of speaking the good old Slavonian tongue once more), I begin to feel that there *is* something worth living for, after all.

Beautiful as Marseilles undoubtedly is, outspread in all its terraced whiteness beneath the vast shadow of the encircling mountains, with the smooth, bright sea below, and the warm, dreamy, blue sky above, it certainly shows to as little advantage in a pouring rain as a crying baby, or a house in the crisis of a "cleaning-up day."

Gladly enough do I at length find myself on board the Algerian steamer, already crowded with a motley throng of black-curled Maltese, turbaned Moors, swarthy, keen-eyed Spaniards, dapper French soldiers in scarlet trowsers; ducks, fowls, dogs and horses; while the gangway is blocked up by an irate old gentleman, encumbered with a baggage-train that might serve a marching regiment.

> "There was an old tourist who got in a stew,
> For he had so much baggage he didn't know what to do;
> For bribing the 'Customs' he'd got nary red,
> So he cursed 'em all soundly, and went off to bed."

But all past annoyances vanish in the unalloyed pleasure of the two glorious days that follow, amid all the freshness and brightness and beauty of the open sea, which tosses us on its big waves like a frolicsome giant, and casts up its flying spray, to fall in rainbows against the dazzling sunshine, making the rain and mists of the past week appear like a dream.

On the second afternoon the stern, rocky outline of the Spanish coast opens suddenly into a small, landlocked bay, sentineled by forts along the surrounding heights, while in its inmost hollow a trim, white city, festooned with glossy tropical foliage, stands looking out over a wide, sun-parched plain, beneath the shadow of the grim old citadel, around which Roman and Carthaginian grappled for life and death twenty centuries ago.

This is Carthagena, one of the chief ports of Eastern Spain, and certainly as pretty a spot as any in the Mediterranean, although too modern to rival the stately grandeur of Cordova or Toledo.

But a far finer spectacle awaits us on the following morning, when the African shore unrolls itself beneath the cloudless splendor of the sunrise in endless curves of purple mountain as far as the eye can reach; while nearer on the view lies the magnificent Bay of Oran, with its vast, red cliffs towering in stately semi-circle above the rich Summer blue of the Mediterranean; its turreted forts crowning every hill-top; its tufted palms waving barrier-like against the sky, and the great, white city lying like an ivory carving in the midst of all.

It is the morning of the 1st of December. Counting from November 10th, I have thus seen THREE CONTINENTS IN THREE WEEKS; but this exploit, however creditable from a sporting point of view, leaves by far the hardest part of my work still to do. Indeed, my first news on landing is that the only train for Algiers has already left, and that I am again at a standstill until the following morning!

But with such air to breathe, and such mountains to

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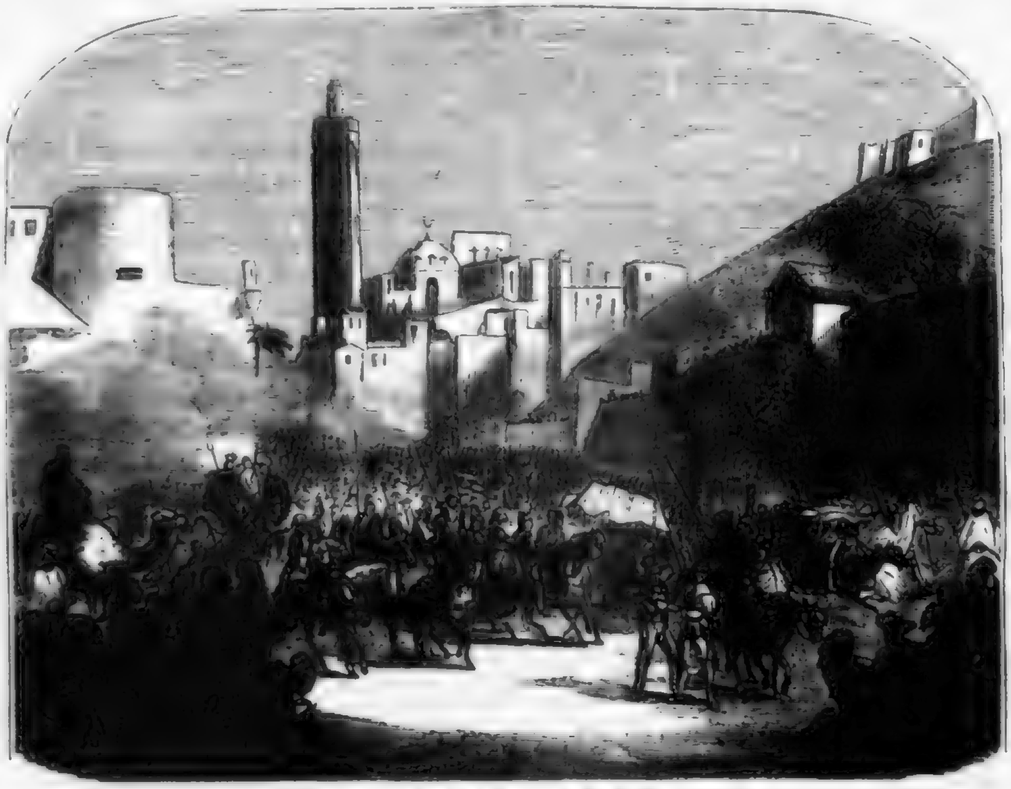
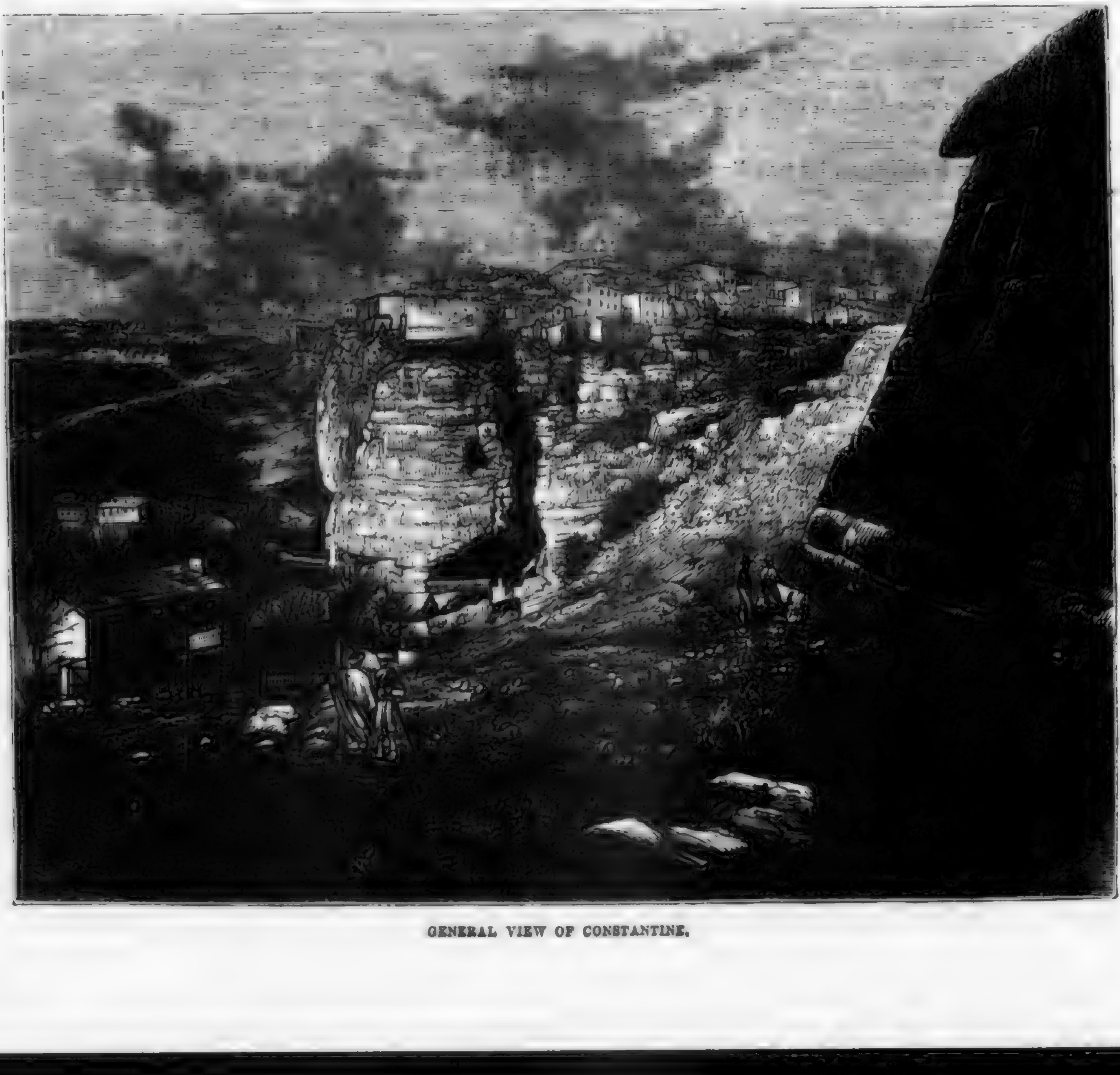


SCENE IN THE STREETS OF ORAN.

march over, the delay need not be regretted; and breakfast is scarcely done when I am off again, swinging through the town at full speed toward the further extremity of the bay; eyed with a grand, indulgent contempt by the Arabs who lie dozing in the shade, comfortably conscious that Allah has given them more sense than to go tramping out in the heat of the day, like these brainless unbelievers of the North.

And then come three hours of unbroken enjoyment—now clambering up a steep incline, with barrow-loads of loose stone crashing away from under my feet at every step; now wriggling along the face of a precipice, with the booming sea a hundred feet below; now striding through some little fishing-village, greeted with many a wondering stare as I shoot by; then down again on to the smooth, hard sand, playing hide and seek with the charging waves; then up along the hill-side once more, losing myself amid the giant corn-stalks ten or twelve feet high—a



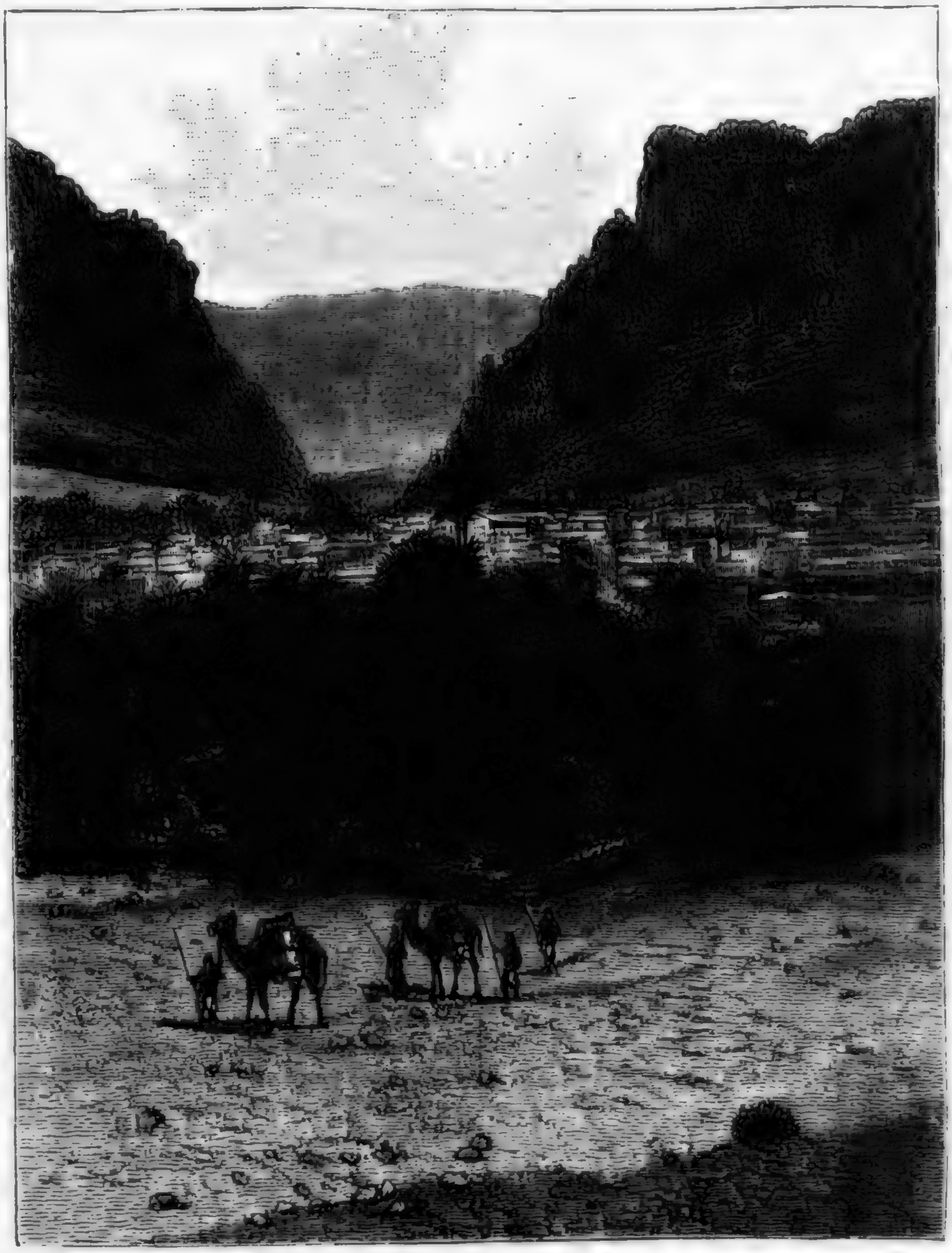
GENERAL VIEW OF CONSTANTINE.

XUM

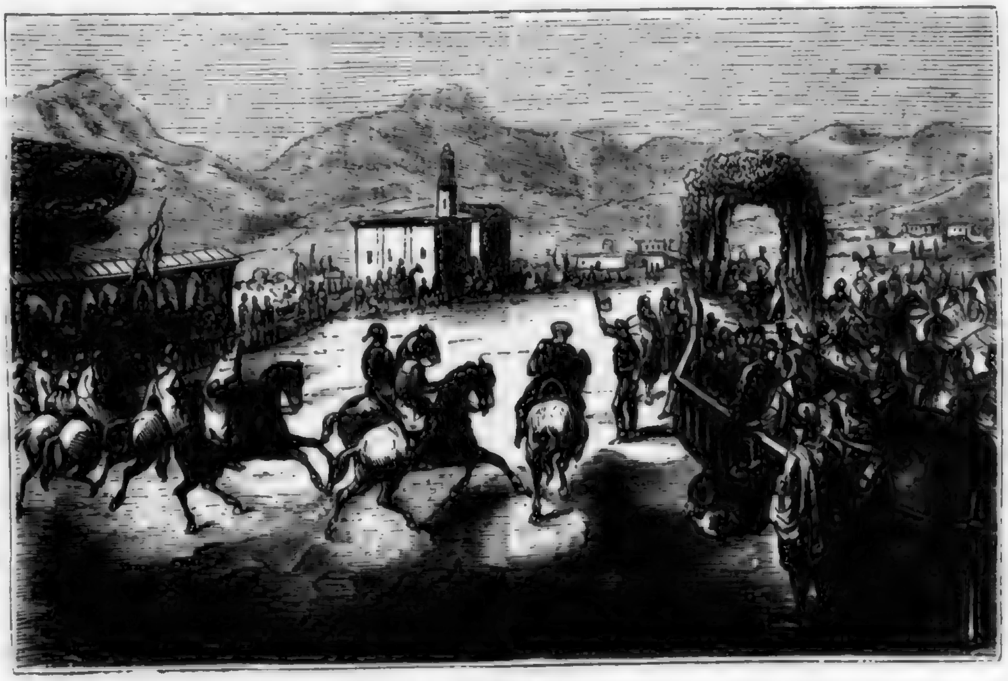
veritable forest in miniature.

At length, tattered, blistered, grimed with dust, and dripping with heat, I crown the highest point of the great ridge, in the hope of a good, long rest. But, lo! on the very summit, a party of jovial picnickers from the town are dancing with might and main, and singing in lusty chorus. The infection is irresistible, and my proposed "rest" ends in footing it along with them till I have scarcely strength left to crawl home.

The greatest charm of this wonderful region is its strange mingling of the civilized Present with the remote and barbaric Past. Strolling through Oran, you are surrounded by railways and telegraphs, hotels, operas, and *cafés*, fashionable novels, faultlessly dressed "swells," marble-topped tables alive with the clink of glasses and the buzz of lively talk—all the appliances of modern luxury and refinement.



THE GORGE OF EL KANTARAH.



A SCENE IN BATNA.

Half a mile beyond the limits of the city you find yourself amid vailed women, bare-limbed peasants, turbaned husbandmen; plodding camels laden with bales of merchandise; tombs dating back to the days of Hannibal; white mantles, such as were worn here before the coronation of Augustus; oxen dragging the clumsy wagons of the first century, and swarthy ragamuffins crouching under tents like that which sheltered Abraham on the plains of Mamre.

By nine the next morning I am off again, rattling eastward toward Algiers by the morning train, along the edge of the great salt lake which fills almost the whole of the deep hollow to the south of the plateau of Oran. And then, for eleven hours to come, the cool, purple shadow of the distant hills, far away on either side, tantalize us as we speed over a boundless waste of bare, sun-scorched plain, relieved at long intervals by a scanty patch of cultivation, but for the most part as lifeless and desolate as the steppes of Central Asia.

Here and there appear the loop-holed walls of those fortress-like farmhouses that befit this unquiet land, vividly recalling the *khootor*' of my old friends, the Cossacks of the Don; but more frequently the only sign of human life is a stray *gourbi*, the appearance of which forcibly suggests that the first Arab must have found a very badly built bird's nest, and bequeathed it to his posterity as a model.*

Our train follows its usual custom of reaching Blidah, the last town of note before Algiers, half an hour late; and I am glad to sup and go to bed immediately on getting to the snug little Hotel d'Orient, for the famous Chiffa Gorge must be seen the first thing next morning, if I am to reach Algiers the same night.

Accordingly, daylight finds me rattling off in a quaint little jaunting-car, the driver of which beguiles the way by howling at the top of his voice one of those interminable and unintelligible songs which seem to be the peculiar property of the French postilion. The road at first lies across a flat, gravelly waste, split in all directions by deep, narrow gullies, through the depths of which creeps languidly a tiny thread of water, which will be a roaring whirlpool two months hence, when the melting of the snow brings down the mountain torrents in their might. Then we turn sharply to the left, through a series of small plantations, and, zigzaging up a winding road, plunge suddenly among the huge, dark-green masses of wooded hillside, which surge up around us as if all the waves of the Deluge had been frozen into forests.

And then, for an hour to come, it is the higher Alps or the Caucasus over again—a narrow thread of firm road along the brink of a tremendous chasm, from the gloomy depths of which the hoarse roar of an unseen torrent comes sullenly to our ears; while beyond it the mountain rushes up in one great wave of black, broken rock, glittering with countless waterfalls. Add a little to the height and steepness of the surrounding precipices, and the whole scene would represent the Khyber Pass fairly enough, although these forests are haunted, not by white-frocked Afghan riflemen, but by small gray monkeys, which swing themselves from bough to bough with shrill, impish cries.

It is difficult to imagine a more perfect contrast than the sudden descent from the savage grandeur of this famous gorge to the trim neatness of Blidah, with its palms and orange-groves, its handsome shops and well-appointed hotels, and its beautiful Place d'Armes, where the quiet townsfolk sip their coffee or lemonade in the cool of the evening, while listening to the music of the regimental band. Below are dainty white streets and smooth pavements, rolling carriages and gayly dressed promenaders; above are the mighty peaks of the Atlas, with the eternal snow clinging to their black, craggy summits, looking down upon the little toy town beneath them like war-worn veterans watching their children at play around their feet.

The night-train brings me to Algiers at 10:30; and by eleven o'clock next morning I am off again in the coasting steamer for Philippeville, my point of debarkation for the final plunge into the desert.

This seeming neglect naturally leads the French officers on board to set me down as a Vandal of the worst type, with no eye for the picturesque and beautiful; but in reality, the Naples of North Africa, like every other Mohammedan city that I have seen, from Samarcand to Morocco, looks best at a distance. Despite the grandeur of the ancient citadel, and the soft Italian beauty of the Marengo Gardens, the lower or civilized quarter differs little from any large town of southern France, while the Arab town above it is literally indescribable. Imagine yourself suddenly beset by a crowd of houses instead of beggars, and you may faintly picture this great jostle of human pigsties, where you find yourself stepping from one man's threshold down another man's chimney, and can thrust your arms into two opposite doorways at once. One street tantalizes you by leading for a few moments in the right direction, and then suddenly ending in nothing; another trickles away downhill in an endless succession of broken ledges, down which you slide, or tumble, or do both, amid the derisive shouts of the native spectators; a third is literally roofed in by projecting house-fronts; while a fourth, after twisting about in a way to make Blondin himself dizzy, brings you back at length to the very point from which you started.

But when you look back upon this strange union of magnificence and misery from the deck of an outward-bound steamer in the harbor, nothing more charming can be imagined. *Then* you see, for the first time, all the beauty of the long, white terraces, riding in endless range far up the dark hillside; the broad sweep of smooth, bright sea between its wood-crowned shores; the stately ranks of buildings along the great quay, interspersed with clustering trees every here and there; the cold, gray massiveness of the huge sea-wall, infusing an element of sombre strength into the voluptuous softness of the picture; and, all around, the sloping ridges outlined against the warm blue sky, and the dainty little white villas peeping shyly through embowering masses of dark, glossy foliage.

The two days' coasting voyage from Algiers to Philippeville is one of the most picturesque in the Mediterranean, the mountains running parallel with the shore-line, and displaying some new perfection of scenery at every turn. Shaggy woods, bold headlands, smooth reaches of white sand, frowning precipices, tiny bays, green, sunny hillsides, glittering domes of eternal snow, and quaint little villages nestling under the shadow of overarching mountains, follow each other in endless abundance. But all five of the Algerian seaports—Dellys, Bougie, Djidjelli, Collo, Philippeville—are as exactly alike as if issued in serial parts, and a good photograph of any one of them conveys a perfect idea of all the rest. Each and all present to your wondering eyes a deep, crescent-shaped bay, shut in by frowning cliffs; a vast slope of dark-green mountain, with a little white town pasted on it like a postage-stamp; a long, low breakwater, white with lashing waves; a tri-color flag waving majestically over a fort about the size of an inkstand; a kind of miniature Wall of China, pock-marked with unnecessary loopholes, running up-hill and down-dale into places where no enemy would ever think of going, or could do anything if he did; one big, new hotel thrusting itself forward from the mass of houses, like some white-waistcoated old gentleman elbowing his way into a front seat at the opera; and a population consisting chiefly of Arab beggars, who, with their gaunt faces and trailing white robes, look as if they had risen from the dead in such a hurry as to have not even thrown off their winding-sheets.

The distance by railway from Philippeville to Constantine (the capital of Eastern Algeria, and the most convenient starting-point of all excursions into the Sahara), is only fifty-seven miles; but such is the steepness of the ascent, that even this short journey occupies four hours and a quarter! Moreover, the arrival of the steamer being ingeniously contrived to occur just *after* the departure of the morning train for Constantine, there is nothing for it but to wait till half-past two in the afternoon.

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* Many of the stations are characteristically named after French battles, such as Valmy, Inkerman, etc. Indeed, everything wears so thoroughly military an aspect as constantly to remind the traveler that this region was the scene of a bloody war as recently as 1847.

It must be owned, however, that the cars, when they *do* start, are comfortable enough, with their well-cushioned lounges down the middle, and their snug little arm-chairs in each corner; while the magnificence of the surrounding panorama during the whole ascent may bear comparison with the finest scenery of the Caucasus itself. Nothing can be more striking than the gradual change from the wide, sunny valley, with its clustering houses and rich abundance of vegetation, to the gray moors and bare, stony uplands beyond, ending at last in one great wave of craggy mountain, flecked with new-fallen snow; and when, just before reaching Constantine, the rising moon shows us our train suspended in mid-air above a black gulf of unknown depth, the most hardened sightseer might be excused for waxing enthusiastic. But, alas!

> "One's boots may still be tight,
> E'en 'neath the Kootub Minnar;
> And with the Hudson's banks in sight,
> A man may want his dinner.
>
> "By cool Siloam's sparkling rill,
> Our foremost thought is brandy;
> Our wish upon the Pincian Hill,
> To have our slippers handy.
> Beneath the Peak of Teneriffe
> We dream of chops a-frying;
> And long for bottled stout and beef,
> While off Amalfi lying."

At the very finest point, I look round to see all my fellow-passengers fast asleep; and even *my* thoughts are quite as much occupied with the good supper that awaits me at Constantine, as with the matchless grandeur of the surrounding scenery.

Constantine itself fully merits its poetical native name of "The City in the Air." Perched like an eagle's nest on the summit of a perpendicular crag, and cut off from the world, on all sides but one, by a terrific chasm many hundreds of feet in depth, it is the very beau-ideal of a natural fortress. And a fortress indeed it has been, from the grim old days when Jugurtha's Numidian filibusters held it for many a weary day against Marius and the legionaries of Rome*, down to that memorable October night in 1837, when St. Arnaud, as the stormers recoiled before the murderous fire of the Arab defenders, uttered the "Hurrah!" which brought the desperadoes of the English Legion to the front with a rush that swept away all resistance.

With these stern associations the first glimpse of the famous city, in the silence and loneliness of midnight, far up against the moonlit sky, is in perfect harmony; but in order to have the whole panorama at its best, one must see it at daybreak, from the western angle of the encircling rampart. As the morning mists roll away like the smoke of a battle, the great masses of wooded mountain deepen from gray to crimson, hilltop after hilltop catching the growing light, till all is one broad blaze of glory. And then, in one moment, the whole expanse of the beautiful valley below bursts into view—rock and river, field and wood, village and waterfall, coming forth in all their splendor.

But, even over such scenery as this, there is no time to linger. Eighty miles to the south lies the still unreached border of the Great Desert, and four of my nine weeks of grace are already gone. Accordingly, nightfall sees me crammed into the lumbering diligence which represents the sole existing communication with the frontier town of Batna,* whence another journey of ninety miles, in a still more primitive conveyance, will carry me fairly into the desert, and as far south as the French outpost of Biskra.

Of that night's experiences I may say, as the Highland gamekeeper said of his master's shooting, "The more said, the less the better." My evil star has allotted me the middle seat of the coupé, between two enormous Arab chiefs swathed in white *burnouses* as thick as the hide of a rhinoceros, and swarming with indigenous *creepers*, which lose no time in paying me a most unfriendly call. Add to this the jolting of the vehicle, the absolute impossibility of extending my feet, my flattened position between these two human millstones, and the stifling heat of the confined atmosphere, and it will be easily seen that the delights of the journey are by no means without alloy.

Even this ordeal, however, is not wholly without compensation. Gustave Doré himself could wish no finer study than the silent mountains in the gray dimness of early morning, as we halt for the last time but one before our journey's end. One by one the Arabs in the body of the vehicle come forth in their long, white shrouds, from the folds of which their glittering eyes and sharp, white teeth flash out weirdly enough in the waning moonlight, and bow themselves in silent, heartfelt prayer toward the pale gleam of dawn that is just breaking the eastern sky. And at that moment, as if to complete the Oriental character of this strange scene, a shadowy file of camels come gliding past with their long, noiseless stride, and vanish like belated spectres into the dark hills beyond.

At eight in the morning we come in full view of the little white houses of Batna, clustered around their tall, gray church-tower, like chickens under the wing of the mother-hen, half-way across a broad valley; and, after my sleepless night, I begin to look forward with no small gusto to a hearty breakfast and an hour's rest before starting again. But in this case, as in many others of the kind, I am reckoning without my host.

"Biskra, Monsieur!" yells an energetic *tout*, rushing up as if his life depended on it, the moment the diligence halts. "The post-car departs on the very instant. Monsieur must make haste!"

There, sure enough, is the queer little rattle-trap—a mere tea-tray on wheels—drawn up in front of the Hotel des Etrangers—with its rope-harness; its two small, shaggy horses; its short, puffy-faced driver; and its motley freight of mail-bags, haversacks, bundles, two French tourists, and one statuesque Arab.

"Monsieur must make haste!" echoes the driver, cracking his whip; and Monsieur makes haste accordingly, with much inward disgust. Down goes a cup of scalding coffee, hastily brought me by a kind-hearted waiter, who humanely suggests that I can "pay for it when I come back." Up I jump, beside the immovable Arab. Our charioteer shakes his reins with a wild whoop, and off we go!

Away, away up the valley, in the fresh, keen morning air, with the purple hills looking down upon us on either hand, and the cold mountain breeze cutting us so sharply that we may well doubt whether we can really be in burning Africa. Road there is absolutely none, and, as in my wagon-journeys over the steppes of Central Asia, we merely follow the wheel-tracks of our predecessors; heading always toward the lion-shaped mass of rocky mountain, far away in front, which overlooks the still unseen gorge of El Kantarah and the gateway of the Great Desert.

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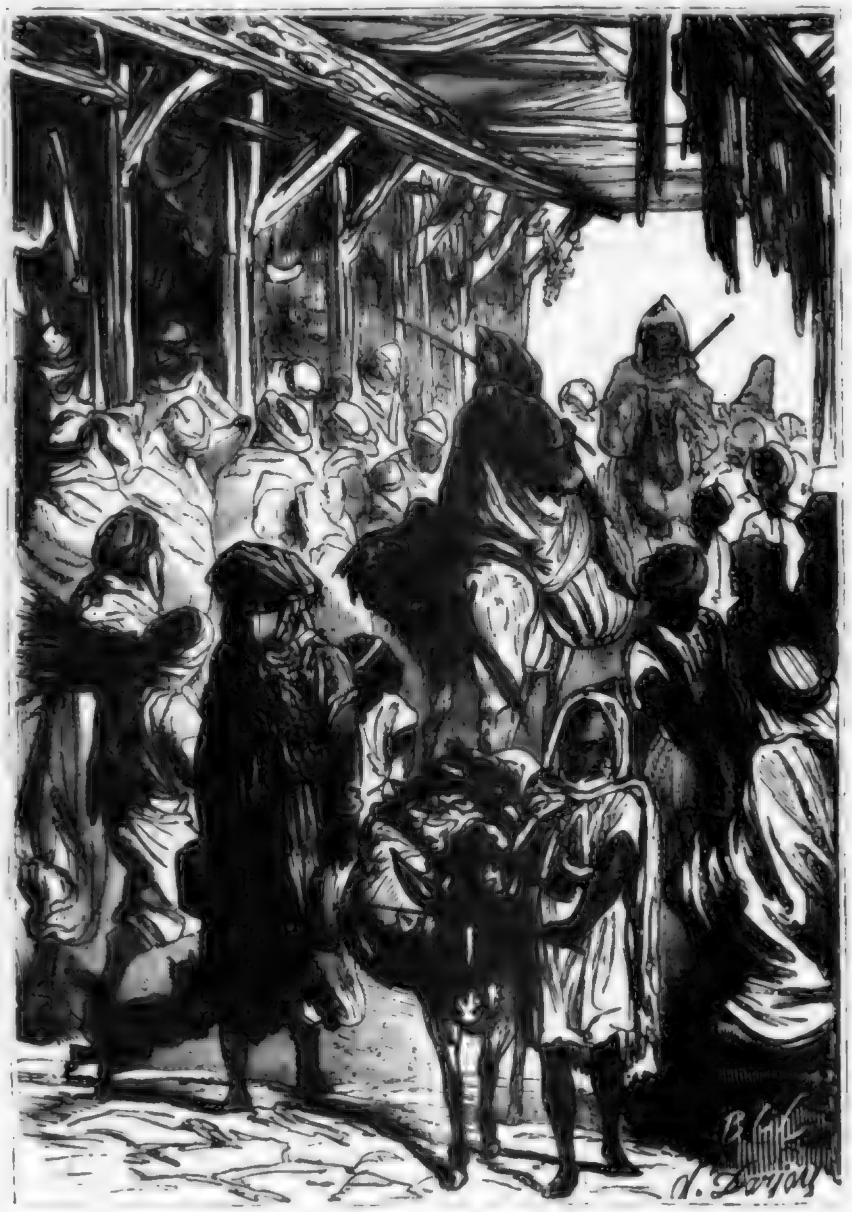
* It was then called Cirta.

* This name implies "We have spent the night"—a good deal of meaning for one word.

Suddenly there starts up out of the earth a quaint little white farmhouse, half above ground and half underneath it, surrounded by a low mud wall, inclosing a vast, desolate court-yard full of trampled straw. At sight of it the driver brightens visibly, and cheers on his horses with a shout of "*Déjeûner!*" which they seem to understand quite as well as himself. We leap off almost before the car has halted, cram down, against time, a medley of stewed fowl, potatoes, mutton fat, coarse bread, and then take a look around us.

Perhaps the most characteristic feature of the scene is the Arab encampments, although these are not to be approached without some risk, for the very dogs appear to be as stanch Mohammedans as their masters, and fly at every Christian interloper with a heartiness of religious feeling which might well entitle them to a high place in the Church of England.



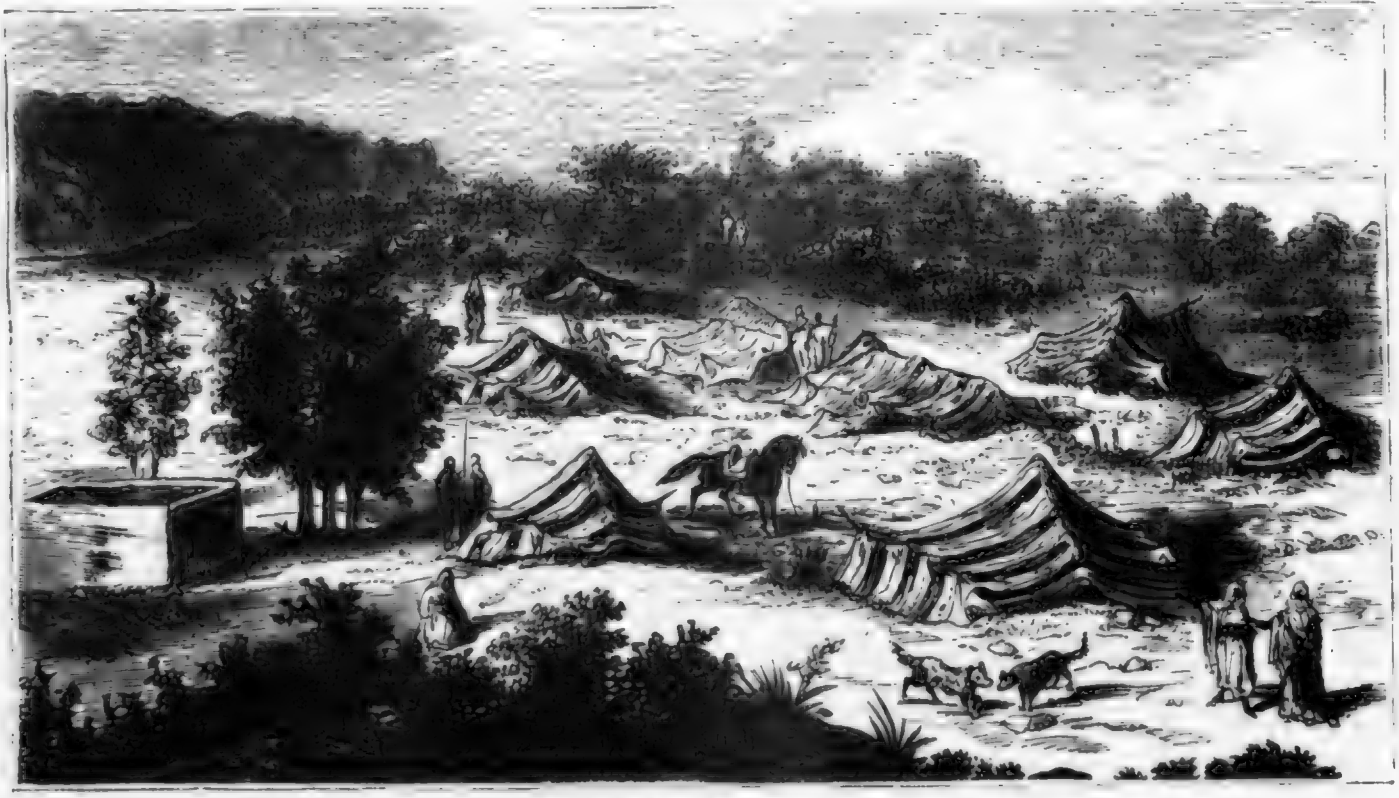
THE BAZAAR AT BATNA.

Byron has told us that

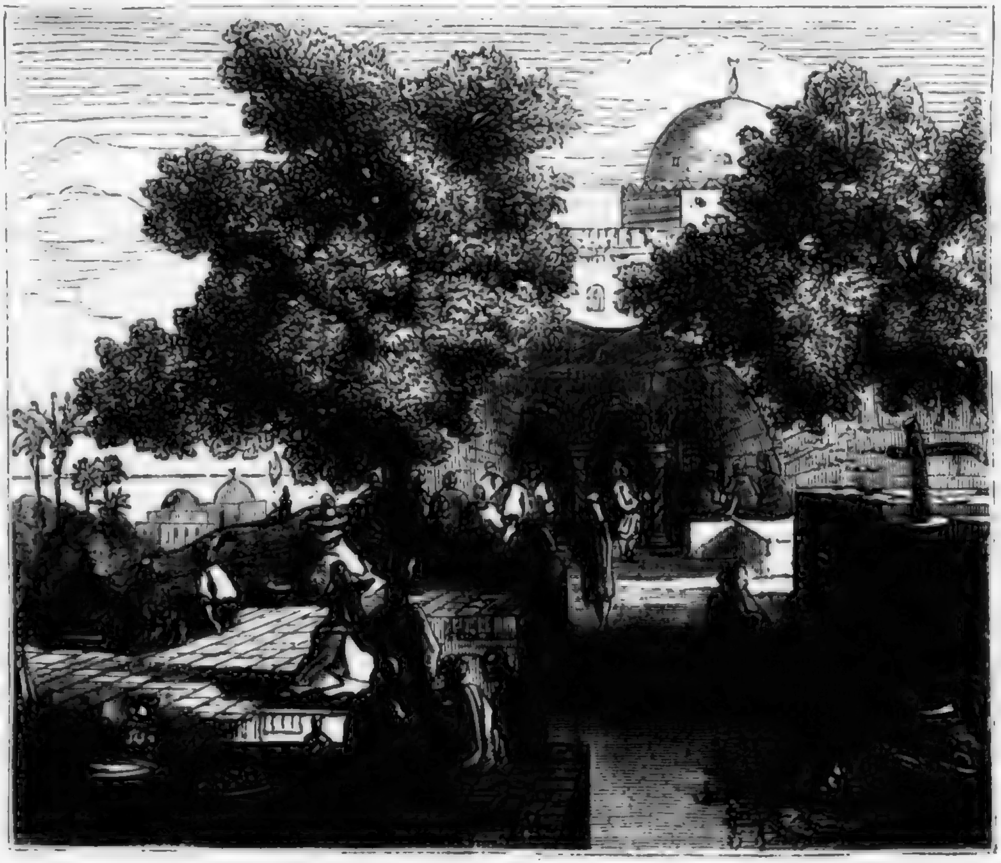
> "'Tis sweet to hear the watchdog's honest bark";

but when there seems to be every chance of his honest bark being supplemented by his equally honest bite, the sweetness is not quite so apparent.

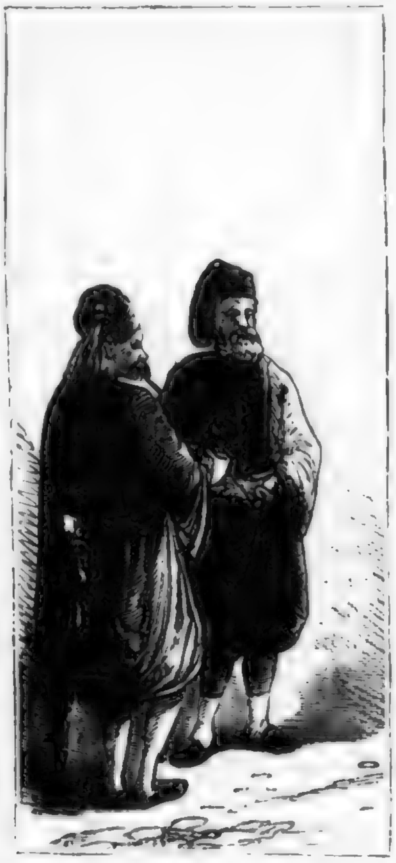
However, even this hazard is well worth facing, in order to appreciate in its full picturesqueness a mode of life which was in fashion when Abraham was still an unknown sheikh on the Chaldean steppes. The laden camels, the vailed women, the gaunt, sinewy, keen-eyed men; the light tents, fit dwelling for a race who have been wanderers since history first began, are all appropriate accessories of a picture which has the world's greatest



A DOUAR OR ARAB ENCAMPMENT.



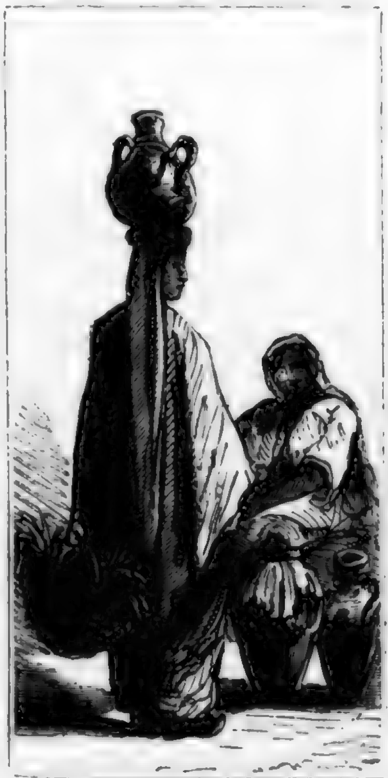
CAFÉ AT LA MARSA, NEAR TUNIS.



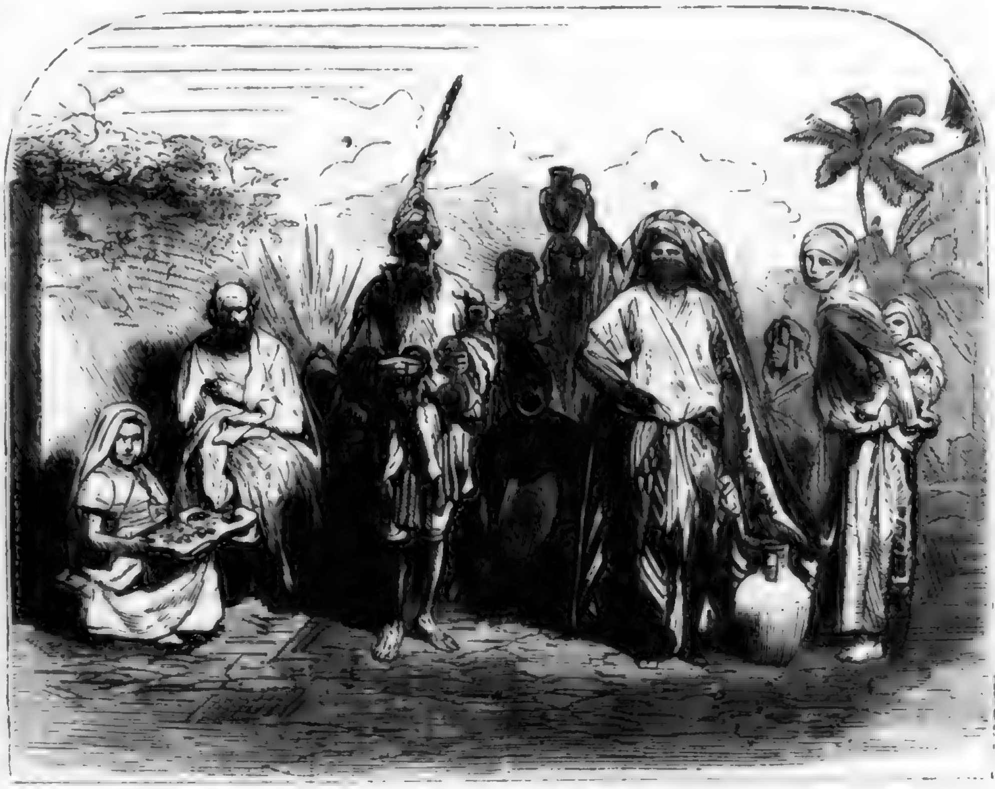
TUNISIANS.

desert for its background. Nor could any painter wish for a finer study than the attentive group which, under the shade of a convenient palm, is listening absorbedly to the legendary exploits of Antar, or the wonders achieved by the magic seal of Suleimann Ben Daoud, or, perhaps, some time-honored joke of the Oriental "Joe Miller," Nasr-ed-Deen El Khojah:

"Now, it befell on a certain day, brothers, that a holy Moollah (priest) came to preach in the great mosque of Istambul (Constantinople), and the Commander of the Faithful himself (may his honor increase!) was there to listen to him, with all the great officers of his Court, and a mighty crowd of people. But when the moollah would have gone up into his place, lo! Nasr-ed-Deen El Khojah was there before him, flourishing his arms and making a great ado, as if he had something very important to say to them. And when he saw that all were watching eagerly to see what would come next, he lifted up his voice and cried aloud: 'Oh, true believers, know ye what I am going to say unto you?'



WOMEN OF TUNIS.



TYPES OF PEASANTS IN TUNIS.

XUM

"'We know not,' answered one of the crowd.

"'Then it's no use my troubling myself with such ignorant fellows,' quoth El Khojah, and stepped down from his place. But instantly he turned and went up again, and cried a second time:

"'Oh, true believers, know ye what I am going to say unto you?'

"'We know,' said another man.

"'Then I needn't tell you,' answered Nasr-ed-Deen; and down he came again. But a third time he turned and went up, and cried as before:

"'Oh, true believers, know ye what I am going to say unto you?'

"Then the Commander of the Faithful himself, wishing to see how he would answer, called out to him:

"'Some of us know, and some of us don't.'

"'Good!' answered El Khojah, not a whit disturbed; 'then let those who know tell those who don't, and I shall be spared the trouble of preaching. Children of the Prophet, my discourse is ended!'"

After such a plunge into the remote Past, it is like entering a new world to come back to our snug little hotel, with its French newspapers and its well-appointed kitchen—or to watch the officers playing cards and sipping lemonade at the open window of their club-room, and breaking forth at times into some stirring camp song:

"Oh, give me the drum and the trumpet-blast,
And the tramp of the squadron prancing;
And the whiz of grapeshot flying past—
That's music fit for dancing."

But even such sights as these must not be lingered over, however strong be the temptation to do so. Time and tide proverbially wait for no man, and there is still much to be done. Should I fail to catch the one weekly steamer which plies along the coast between Bona and Tunis, farewell to all hope of seeing Carthage *this* time. It is already Tuesday, the 10th of December, and by Saturday, the 18th of January, I must be back in New York, come what may. There is nothing for it but "up and away" once more.

The next few days are like the whirl of a troubled dream—one constant succession of leaps from one conveyance to another, with the certainty that even *one* failure must inevitably ruin the whole undertaking. On Wednesday morning, at 2:30, I leave Biskra, reaching Batra the same night. Thursday afternoon sees me on the road again, from Batra to Constantine, where I arrive at six on Friday morning, and scamper off to the depot, valise in hand, just in time to jump into the down-train for Philippeville, at a quarter before seven. I reach Philippeville a little before noon, and snatching a hasty dinner, hurry on board the coasting steamer for Bona, at which latter place, about eight on Saturday morning, this race against time ends with my embarkation in the Tunis packet.

Of Bona itself little need be said. It forms the sixth and last of the "uniform series of forts" already described, and, although the most ornamental as well as the largest of all, is too glaringly modern to tempt any one beyond a passing survey. It possesses, however, a considerable trade, which will doubtless be materially increased as soon as the railway to Constantine, already open as far as Guelma, shall be available for traffic. At present its chief attraction is the spacious stone quay, which permits the fortunate travelers who land here to step ashore at once, instead of being delivered up, as elsewhere, to the tender mercies of a swarm of native boatmen, whose noisiness, rapacity, and unabashed impudence may rival (though the assertion is a bold one) any hackman in New York.

As for Tunis, it is what every city of the Turkish Empire must always be, while under the blighting influence of Moslem fanaticism. Had good Bishop Heber ever visited it, he might well have quoted, with double emphasis, his own famous lines:

"Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile."

But although the city itself is as filthy and ill-cared for as any true believer could desire, its squalor is almost redeemed by the unsurpassed beauty of the surrounding landscape. In the brightness of early morning, we glide into a deep, smooth, land-locked bay, flanked on one side by the glorious mountain-range that culminates in the two-horned crest of Hammet-el-Lif, and on the other side by a succession of low, green slopes, in the hollow of which a few shapeless mounds of crumbling stone mark the site of imperial Carthage. Across the deep blue of the bay, like a bar-sinister drawn athwart some brilliant escutcheon, runs the sand-bank which separates the open water from the shallow lagoon upon which Tunis stands; while the little town of Goletta, on a low promontory midway along the great crescent, throws its dazzling whiteness into the panorama, although one small, round-shouldered fort (through whose crumbling embrasures a few rusty guns peep timidly, as if in terror lest some one should come and fire them) is now the sole representative of the terrible batteries which Admiral Blake's cannon blew to pieces in 1648.

The landing is ingeniously inconvenient, even for a Turkish port. First comes a pull of a mile and a half in an open boat, to reach Goletta; next a scramble through the mud (diversified by a kind of running fight with a perfect legion of very dirty beggars) to reach the railway depot; and finally twenty-five minutes' run in the cars, along the sandy beach of the lagoon, to reach Tunis itself.

From the guide-book point of view, of course, the stock "sight" of Tunis is the Bey's palace at Bardo, three miles from the town; but to any one intending to visit it, I would repeat Mr. Punch's advice to those about to marry—"Don't!" The mosaics of the great entrance-hall, and the ornaments of black and white marble on some of the inner gateways, are undeniably tasteful; but the place as a whole has a repulsive air of tawdry, imported civilization, which, as the French officer who accompanies me thither spitefully remarks, gives it the look of a second-hand upholsterer's, or a decayed family mansion in the Faubourg St. Germain.

For those, however, who have leisure and inclination to explore the environs as they deserve to be explored, there is no lack of employment. In truth, few spots on the face of the earth are more rich in memories of deep and abiding interest. Ruins everywhere—the ruins of Punic cities, of Roman aqueducts, of Saracen fortresses, of Christian camps. All along these smooth, sunny hill-sides, the Past has written in imperishable characters its great chronicle of destruction—the chronicle which culminates upon the bare, rubbish-strewn plateau that was once "Sea-ruling Carthage."

Carthage is indeed the very incarnation of ruin. This spot has been the tomb of three great civilizations—the Phœnician city of Dido, the Punic city of Hannibal, the Roman city of the Cæsars. The Arab has destroyed all that had escaped the Roman and the Vandal; and over a space of several square miles, there is scarcely a foot of ground which is not strewn with some fragment of the New York of antiquity.

At first sight, the great plateau which trends downward to the sea from the crest of the citadel-hill wears the aspect of a mere formless litter of broken stones; but under the guidance of the two courteous and well-informed custodians of the Chapel of St. Louis,* the whole panorama soon becomes clear as a map. Upon the summit of this ridge the last survivors of Scipio's final assault perished to a man in the flames that consumed their city; and these smooth, round stones that lie so thickly around the base of the slope, were hurled through the Roman ranks with fatal effect by those famous Balearic slingers who were the "Berdan sharpshooters" of Carthage.

A little further along the slope, a few vast blocks of rough-hewn stone half reveal themselves through heaps of dust—the foundation of the Temple of Jupiter, in which the boy Hannibal swore eternal hatred to Rome. Beneath our feet lies a chaos of *débris*, which was once the fashionable quarter of the city, in the midst of which the circular basement of the great theatre is still plainly visible. Here stood the public gymnasium, there the harbor-fort, yonder the house of Hannibal. This narrow creek, curving inward on our right, marks the position of the famous "military fort," in which, ages ago—

"Bristled the dusty forest
Of Byrsa's thousand masts."

And far out on the plain to our left, stand the few broken arches and the shapeless mounds of fallen masonry, which are the sole remaining memorials of the wonderful aqueduct, eighty miles in length, which was the greatest of all the achievements of the Emperor Adrian.

But the finest sight of all is still to come. Following our guide around the base of the steep bluff crowned by the ruins of the harbor-fort, we open suddenly upon a deep, circular hollow, in the midst of which stands—what? Is this an ancient cathedral, with its vast, shadowy arches, its massive walls tapestried with twining creepers, its long-drawn aisles filled with the gloom and silence of ages? At first sight it might well seem so. But a second glance shows us that each of the great galleries covers a deep, still pool of dark water; for these are the famous "Cisterns of Carthage," which have survived the ravages of countless centuries to show what the men of the olden time could do.

And so I have seen all that I came to see, and may turn my face homeward with a clear conscience. But to recount the final details of the voyage—how we fought our way against a furious *mistral* right onward from Corsica to Marseilles; how I reached Paris just in time to fly across the city and catch the Calais express; how I took my share of the worst Atlantic voyage which the Cunard *Algeria* has ever made, and finally rounded Sandy Hook, with just half an hour to spare of my allotted time—would expand beyond all bounds a story which is already far too long.

A REMARKABLE CAREER.

The Alexandria correspondent of the London *Times* gives the following account of the vicissitudes in the remarkable career of Napoleon la Cecilia, who joined the Communists in Paris at the time of the insurrection:

"A man of note in his day, Napoleon la Cecilia, died at Ramleh, near Alexandria, last week, of consumption, at the age of forty-three. He earned his livelihood here as a teacher of languages, for which he had a marvelous gift; speaking eight fluently, and reading easily twenty-five. His career, which might otherwise have been a brilliant one, was blighted by the part he took in the insurrection of the Commune.

"Born and brought up at Tours, he took a high degree at the University of Paris, then became editor of a newspaper, and next was four years a professor of mathematics at Jena. From Jena he went, on the rising of Italy for the cause of unification, to join the army of Garibaldi. He rapidly rose from the ranks to the grade of colonel, and was publicly thanked for his skill and gallantry by Victor Emmanuel; but he threw up the military career when the Kingdom was established in the place of the Republic he desired, and became professor of Sanscrit at the Asiatic College of Naples. When that institution passed from lay to clerical management he again abandoned the professorial career, and went to Paris. He was there when the Franco-German war broke out, and offered his services to the Imperial Government; but they were refused, on the ground of his Republican views. He then joined the *Francs-tireurs* of Paris, went through the whole war, and rose again to the rank of colonel, which, on account of his bravery, was confirmed as rank in the regular army. His defense of Châteaudun, where with 1,200 men, without a single piece of cannon, he opposed for a whole day over 12,000 Germans, is still remembered.

"At the close of the war a brilliant military future was before him. But when the strange madness of the Commune seized the people of Paris, its influence carried him away. He became a general in the Commune army. At the close of the insurrection he escaped to England, and took up what seems to be the invariable profession of the political refugee—the teaching of languages—and for five years was a teacher at the great Naval School at New-cross.

"But the exposures of the war had weakened him, and he was forced, after five years' residence, to leave England for the milder climate of Egypt. Here he never spoke of the Commune, never uttered a single Communistic opinion. Though his convictions remained the same, he effaced the past in his talk, and seemed to find content in earning a meagre livelihood by teaching French and Italian in a few English families. His erudition and keen intellect were, however, much valued by a small circle of friends; and it is pleasant to think that almost his last words were: 'France is at last in the right way. I go content.'"

DUST ON THE ATLANTIC.

About the latitude of the Cape Verde Islands, on the Atlantic, it is a frequent experience of voyagers to observe falls of red dust and a dry kind of mist. The material of the dust mass was examined microscopically many years ago by Ehrenberg, and his opinion was that small particles carried aloft from all countries here formed a transparent dust-zone from which they sometimes sank down, and in whirling movement came to the earth's surface.

The material of observation open to Ehrenberg was somewhat scanty. The phenomenon has, therefore, been lately studied anew, and in a more thorough way, by Herr Hellmann, who examined the log-books of 1,196 ships that had passed through the region in question during the years 1854 to 1871. He deals with the case chiefly from a meteorological point of view, and the following are some of the facts elicited:

Most of the dust-falls occur in the zone of the Atlantic between 9° and 16° north. South of 6° north they are extremely rare, and the furthest south hitherto was in 2° 56′ north, 26° west. The two furthest west were both in 38° 5′ west, both about 300 miles from Cape Verde.

Dust-falls often occur simultaneously at very different

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* This chapel marks the spot where Louis IX., the last Crusade King of France, died in 1270.

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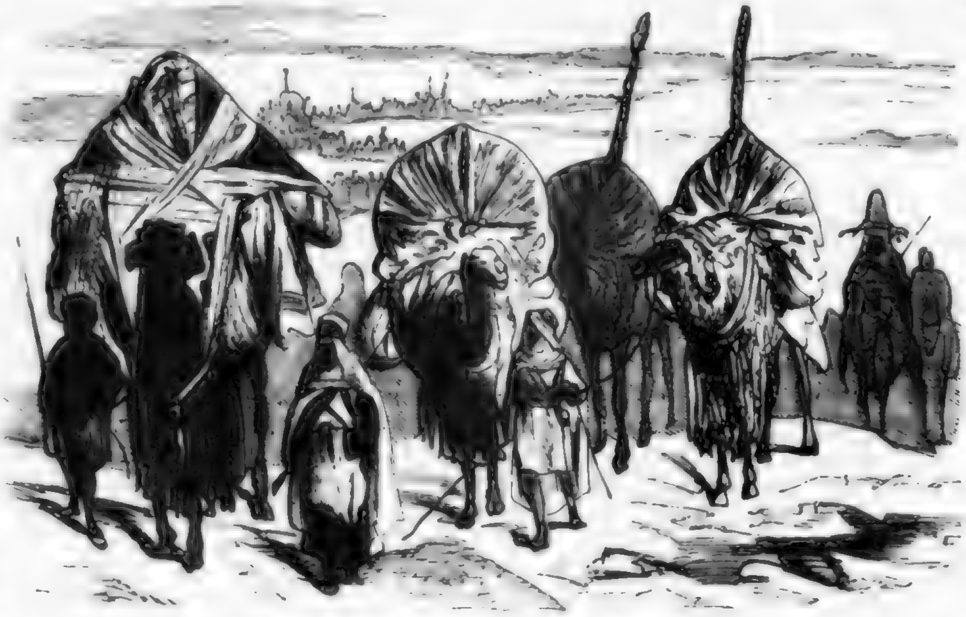
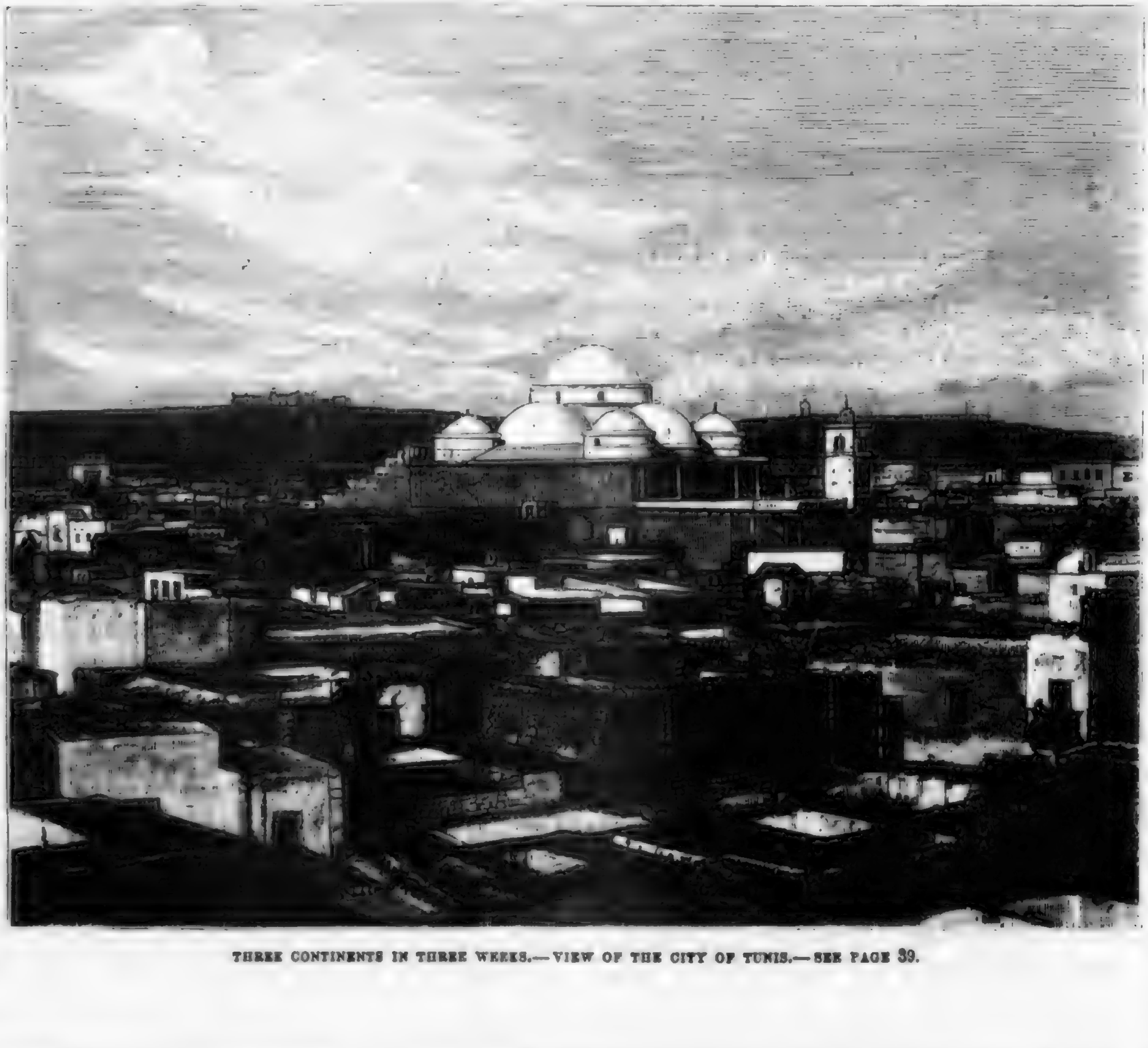


HOW A LADY OF RANK TRAVELS IN TUNIS.

points of the "Dunkel Meer," or Dark Sea, as Ehrenberg called it; in one case they were 150 miles apart. They also often last for several days, for example, ten (April, 1859). Surfaces of very different size, up to one hundred thousand square miles, may receive dust-falls. There is a yearly period in the frequency of the falls. It seems that near the African coast most occur in Winter; further west, in the early Spring. The direction of the wind during dust-falls was from the east quadrant, and most frequently north-northeast to northeast.

The dust-falls observed are very irregularly distributed over the years in question. Of sixty-three, taken at random, there were eight falls of sand, and three of sand or dust. Sometimes sand and dust fall simultaneously. The dust-falls, with great extent east and west, are denser the nearer the African coast. In forty out of sixty-five instances the color of the dust was red. Sometimes there is no coloration. The dry mist of the Dark Sea is in causal connection with the dust-falls.

Herr Hellmann concludes from the facts that the dust material comes principally from Africa and from the Western Sahara. The possibility of occasional mixture of particles from South America is not excluded. The distribution of the dust-falls, both in space and in time (they follow the movements of the trade-winds), supports the hypothesis, as also does the fact that the falling material is coarser in the East than in the West.



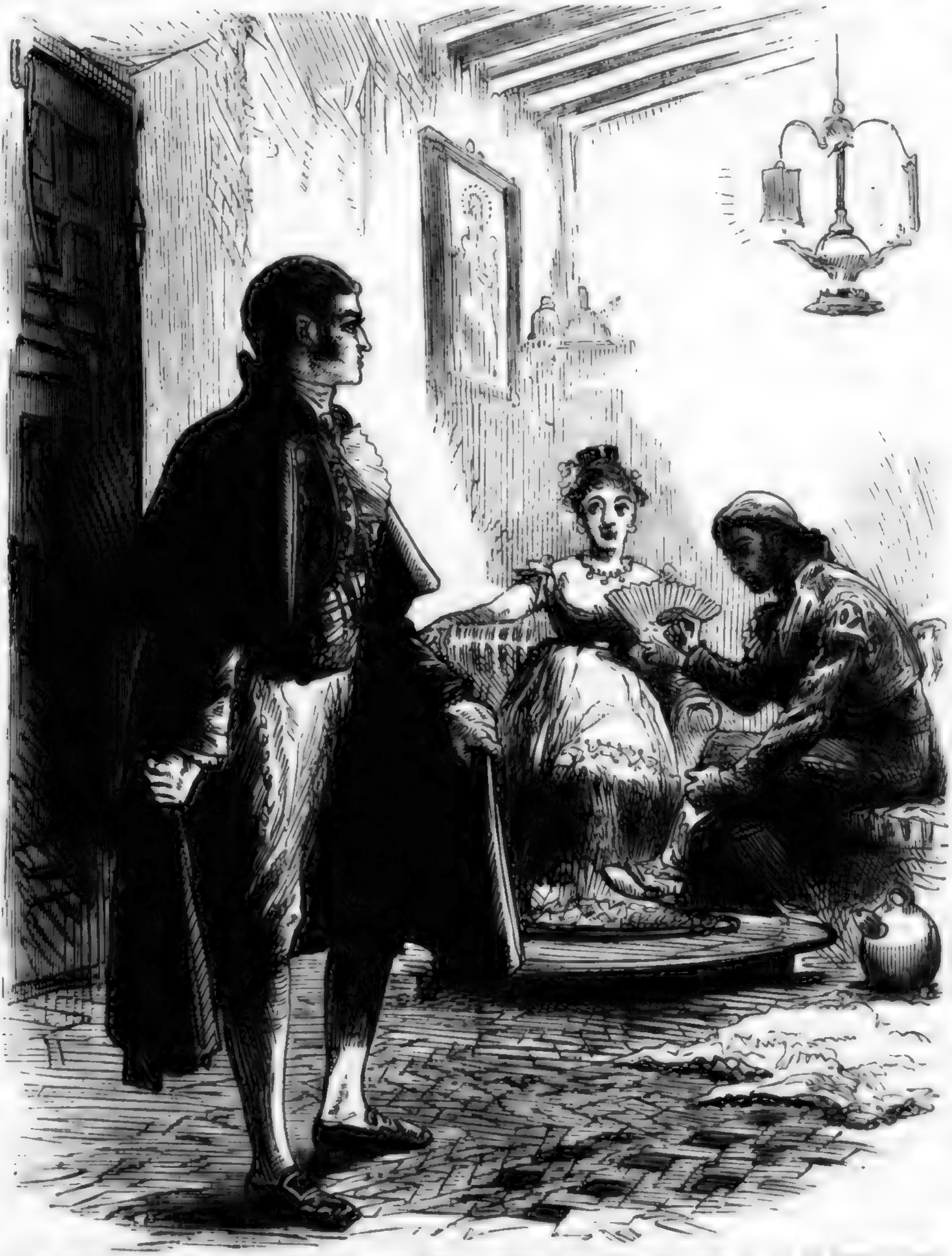
THREE CONTINENTS IN THREE WEEKS.—VIEW OF THE CITY OF TUNIS.—SEE PAGE 39.

AN OLD ADVENTURE IN BARCELONA.

AMONG the many adventures which befell James Casanova de Seingalt, of Venice, in the course of his checkered career as lover, adventurer, gamester and man of leisure, one which happened to him during his residence in Barcelona, in Spain, was not the least of them in the possession of the attributes of danger and excitement.

It was upon the 14th of November, 1768, that Casanova reached Barcelona from Valencia. Upon his arrival, he took lodgings at the Hotel (or, rather, *Posada*) de Santa Maria. The proprietor of the inn, warned of his coming, received him with much apparent interest, and informed him, with an air of great mystery, that he had received orders to see that he should lack nothing during his stay there.

In all these preparations, Casanova recognized the hidden hand of the Dona Nina, a young Spanish lady, the favorite of the Viceroy of Catalonia, Don Miguel de Cevallos, whose acquaintance he had made at Valencia, and who had preceded him to Barcelona a few days before.



AN OLD ADVENTURE IN BARCELONA.—CASANOVA FOUND SEATED NEAR HER A MAN OF SUSPICIOUS ASPECT, WHO WAS SHOWING TO NINA A MINIATURE PORTRAIT."

The course that the lady had adopted seemed to him to be very imprudent, the more especially as it was calculated to arouse the suspicions of the hotel-keeper. He reflected that Nina was the *protégée* of the captain-general of the province, who had at his command all the ramifications of the police and spy systems, and that Don Miguel was of a violent, jealous and vindictive nature. Hence he entertained a dread lest the fact of his acquaintance with Nina should reach the viceroy's ears.

The hotel-keeper having mentioned to him in the course of the conversation that a carriage had been placed at his disposition, Casanova asked him to whom he was indebted for that attention.

"To the Dona Nina," replied the hotel-keeper, smilingly.

"I am very much surprised," replied Casanova, "that this lady should take so much trouble on my account; the expense is greater than my means will admit."

"All is paid for, sir."

"Then, that is something that I will not suffer," returned Casanova, warmly.

"It is equally certain, sir," replied the hotel-keeper, "that I will receive no money from you."

The peremptory tone in which the man spoke inspired Casanova with evil presentiments. He could not help dwelling upon the fact that as Dona Nina had, in a measure, taken the hotel-keeper into her confidence in respect to himself, the fact of his presence in Barcelona might easily reach the ears of Don Miguel de Cevallos, and in that case it was not impossible that he would be made to pay dearly for his acquaintance with the favorite of that personage. In the course of the morning, Casanova received a note from the Dona Nina. It was a message to him to call upon her that evening at her house, at an hour which she named.

During the interval, and while awaiting the appointed hour, Casanova strolled quietly about the city. While thus promenading, a gentleman—a stranger to him—approached him, and accosted him:

"Sir," he said, "I desire to speak to you upon a subject which, while it is no concern of mine, is to you a matter of great moment."

"Explain yourself, sir," answered Casanova.

"In the first place," returned the interlocutor, "let me say that I know of the acquaintanceship that exists between you and the Dona Nina. I was aware of it while in Valencia, from which town I have recently come. You are a stranger, and you are not familiar, perhaps, with Spanish customs. In consequence, you do not know the

XUM

danger that might accrue to you in continuing to visit her in Barcelona, where the captain-general resides."

"What danger may present itself?" asked Casanova, not without an inner conviction of the justice of the stranger's warning.

"Do you not know," said the stranger, smiling, "that no true Spaniard loves without being jealous? Sir, for the sake of your own personal safety, do not seek to see the Señora Nina again."

"Thanks for your advice," responded Casanova; "but I cannot follow it without exhibiting, in return for this lady's kindness, an inexcusable want of courtesy."

"So you will persist in presenting yourself at her house?"

"Until the time when Don Miguel shall think it proper to advise me that my assiduity displeases him, shall I have the honor to pay to the señora the homage due to her beauty."

As Casanova spoke, the gentleman bowed, Casanova returning the salute, and took his departure.

On arriving that night at the residence of the Dona Nina, Casanova found seated near her a man of suspicious aspect, who was showing to Nina a miniature portrait. This person, whom Casanova knew for an implacable enemy of the past, was named Passano, whose name may be found frequently mentioned in Casanova's memoirs.

At the sight of this man the blood rushed to Casanova's head; but he retained his calmness. He made a sign to Nina to go with him into another room, and, when there requested her to show her unwelcome visitor to the door.

To this the señora objected, saying that he was a painter who had proposed to paint her portrait.

"He is a scoundrel whom I know of old," said Casanova. "Drive him out, I tell you, or I will take my leave on the instant."

Thereupon Nina called her sister, and charged her with the mission of requesting Passano to leave.

The duty was performed, and Passano left, crying out furiously that Casanova should repent him for what he had done.

In point of fact, Casanova did have occasion to repent the ejectment of Passano, and that, too, much sooner than he had expected.

The door of the señora's house opened upon a straight, dark avenue, which it was necessary to cross before reaching the street. It was midnight when Casanova bade Nina and her sister farewell, and entered this avenue.

Scarcely had he walked twenty paces from the house when he felt himself violently seized by the collar. He shook himself loose from his assailant, and, springing backward hurriedly, and holding his sword in his hand, bestowed a vigorous thrust upon an individual who, with an upraised club in his hand, was about to precipitate himself upon him.

Casanova's next movement was to scale the wall of the inclosure, and thus to gain the street. A pistol discharged at him as he climbed over the wall urged him to rapid flight; but in his speed he fell, while running, and lost his hat, which he, however, in the darkness did not seek to recover.

Worn out with his hasty flight, and with his sword still in his hand, he reached his hotel, and narrated all that had transpired to his host. At the same time he discovered, to his satisfaction, that he was not wounded; he had made a narrow escape, as his coat was pierced with two balls near the region of the heart.

"This is an affair to be regretted," said the hotel-keeper, shaking his head.

"It is presumable that I have killed one of these rascals," said Casanova; "but, at all events, it will be known that it was done in self-defense. Take care of my coat; it will be a witness in my favor that nobody can disprove."

"It would be better, sir, to leave Barcelona."

"What! do you take me for an impostor?"

"Heaven forbid! I place full reliance in the truth of all that you have told me, and for that reason I would advise you to leave Barcelona."

"I fear nothing, and I will remain," answered Casanova.

But, on awaking next morning, Casanova experienced a painful surprise. His bed was surrounded by the *alquaciles*. They gathered up his papers, took him into custody, and escorted him to the citadel of the town.

On his arrival at the citadel, a rough bed was made for him, and his portmanteau was returned to him. Then the bolts were drawn on him, and he was left to his reflections.

Upon the third day of his incarceration, while looking out of the barred window into the courtyard, he saw Passano, who saluted him with a sarcastic gesture. The sight of this man was a ray of light to Casanova's mind as to the cause of his imprisonment. It was he, then, who had denounced him.

Toward nine o'clock at night an officer, with a look of consternation upon his face, entered the apartment.

"Be pleased to follow me," he said to Casanova.

"What is the news?"

"You will know it presently."

"But where are you going to conduct me?"

"To the glacis."

Casanova followed the officer from the room. The weather was quite cold, and a heavy and settled fall of snow whitened the ground—a rare circumstance in Spain, where the Autumn is prolonged as late as December. Scarcely had he reached the glacis before a soldier removed his cloak. He resisted, and the soldier remarked to him, in a sombre voice:

"You will have no further need of it, sir."

These words caused Casanova to shudder. He lifted his eyes, and he saw before him, a few paces distant, the horrible spectacle of seven or eight soldiers standing in double ranks, with their muskets in their hands. The dark and lofty walls of the fortress cast upon the scene a shadow still more gloomy than that of the night. By the light of a few lanterns he could see the preparations going on for his sacrifice, since he had no doubt but that he was about to be executed.

Casanova was frozen with fear, but, at the same time, his heart throbbed with rage. By what human law were they about to execute him without a hearing, and without naming his offense?

Absorbed in these reflections, he was leaning, overcome, against the wall, when the officer, who seemed quite as horror-struck as himself, went up to him and asked if he had any directions to leave, telling him that, if he had, he would charge himself with them.

Upon hearing these words, which clearly announced his fate, anger took possession of Casanova's breast. He protested energetically against the assassination of which he was the victim, and, lifting his voice, he held all those present responsible who shared in his sacrifice. He closed by demanding the presence of a priest.

Upon this, an individual whose head was covered up in the folds of an immense cloak, approached the officer and spoke to him in a low tone. The latter, after the interval of a minute, again approached Casanova, took him by the arm and led him into another cell, constructed in the shape of a cave, paved with stone—a veritable tomb, which received from above a little air, where he was left, as if buried alive, in charge of a new jailer.

In this solitary dungeon Casanova was kept for forty-three days. From the first hour of his imprisonment therein, he understood that it was only a pretended condemnation of death which had been imposed upon him, in order to terrify him; and he owed this torture, he thought, to the diabolical suggestions of Passano.

Upon the 28th of December the same officer who had presented himself on the previous occasion came to his dungeon, and ordered him to dress himself and follow him. He accompanied him to the *palais de justice*, where one of the officers of the court gave him his trunk, his papers and his passports, which, he remarked to Casanova, were genuine.

"Was it to verify this fact that I have been detained for forty-three days in a dungeon?" asked Casanova.

"Simply for that reason; but at present you are justified. Nevertheless, you will not be allowed to remain in Barcelona. You have three days accorded you in which to make your preparations."

"This explanation suffices. I will make no attempt to seek restitution from Spanish justice. I will go to France."

"A pleasant voyage to you," rejoined the officer of the court.

"You will at least," said Casanova, "notify me in writing of the order that you have given me?"

"That is useless. I am Emmanuel Badillo, Secretary of the Administration of Justice. Return to your hotel, and to-morrow your passport will be sent to you."

Arrived at his hotel, Casanova sent for the proprietor, in order to settle his accounts.

"All has been paid for," said that person, sententiously.

"Who paid you, pray?"

"You know well enough."

"Did my adventure excite any remark?"

"A great deal."

"What was said about it?"

"Well, sir—not to provoke you—people say that the pistol was fired by yourself, and that you killed a rabbit in order to get blood on your sword, since nobody, either dead or wounded, was found in the spot designated by you!"

"Indeed! And how about my hat?"

"An agent of the police found it in the street."

"Well, what reason is given for my imprisonment?"

"A thousand rumors were current. Some said that your passports were not in proper order; others, that you passed for the lover of the Dona Nina. Take my advice, sir, and refrain from visiting that lady."

"Rest easy, my good fellow," replied Casanova, significantly.

It was upon the last day of the year 1768 that Casanova took his departure from Barcelona, after a sojourn that had been far from agreeable. He traveled in the direction of Perpignan. Upon the day after his departure, his coachman asked him if he had not left some enemies behind in Barcelona.

"Why that question?" asked Casanova.

"Because, since yesterday, three individuals of a suspicious look have kept near us, and have never lost sight of us. They passed last night in the same inn in which we slept. These men avoid conversation with everybody, and they are evidently planning some evil blow."

"By what means can we avoid their attack?"

"They are at present three-quarters of an hour ahead of us. My advice is to start a little later, and to sleep in an inn distant from the usual stopping-place, where these brigands will not fail to be in waiting for us. If we should find them retracing their steps, there will be no doubt they have some evil designs upon you."

Casanova followed the coachman's advice, and descended from his carriage at the inn to which the latter had referred. The three strange men were not there. He commenced to believe that perhaps the coachman had been mistaken as to their purpose, when, chancing to cast his eyes into the yard below, he saw them at the gate of the stable! A cold chill crept through all his limbs; he deemed himself lost.

He ordered his servant to make no exhibition of defiance of these men, and to send the coachman to him as soon as the men should have fallen asleep. The coachman, however, did not wait to be called; he presented himself before Casanova, crying out that it was necessary to start at once from the inn. He said that he had managed to make the men drink, and from what they said while in their intoxicated condition, he was satisfied that they were seeking Casanova's life.

"Let us profit by their sleep to evade them," said the coachman. "We are close to the frontier, and I know a by-road that will take us there speedily."

No time was lost in following the coachman's advice. In six hours' time eleven leagues had been traveled, with the probability that the bandits were still sleeping when the French territory was reached by Casanova and his party.

Some weeks after the events described above, Casanova was in Marseilles, on his way to Italy. In that city he met the sister of Dona Nina, who, with her husband, had left Barcelona some days after Casanova's departure. From her he learned that he had killed one of the party who had set upon him as he was leaving the house of the señora, and that the three ruffians who had watched for an opportunity to take his life after leaving Barcelona, were believed to have been sent in pursuit of him by the jealous viceroy.

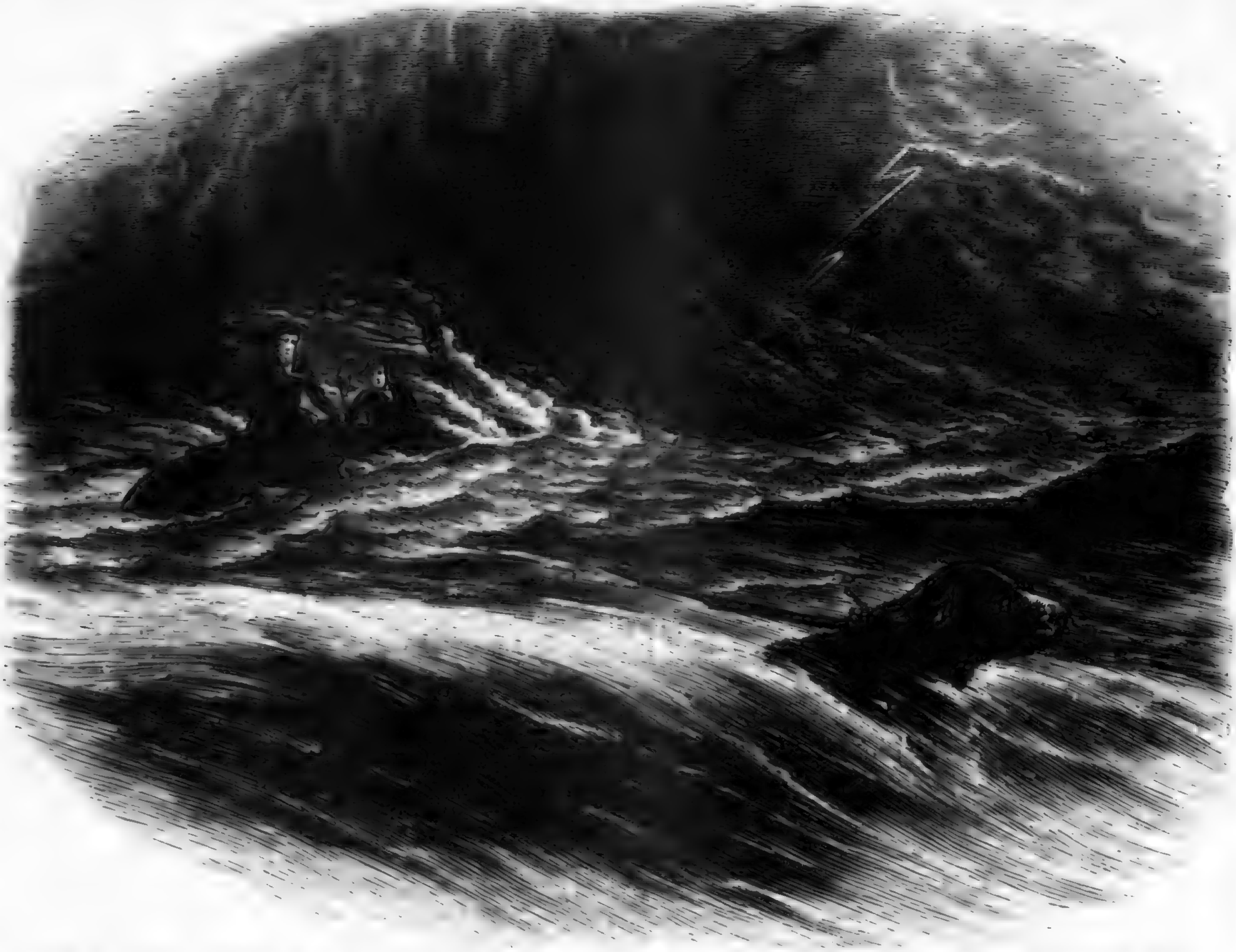
BEARS AT PLAY.

Bears, uncouth and clumsy as they are, indulge in gambols that show their sportive character, and sometimes may be seen throwing water at each other, like two playful youngsters in a bath.

The animal, in its sportive moments, abandons itself to a feeling in which its whole being seems to be concentrated in the performance of some one of its passions, whether of joy or mischief, defiance or fear. Erdl, who has bestowed great attention on the habits of the crustacea, says that he has seen the Cancer Mœnas play with little round stones, and empty shells, as cats do with a cork, or small ball. Dogs, particularly young ones, are carried away with the impulse, rolling over and chasing each other in circles, seizing and shaking objects, as if in anger, and enticing even their masters to join in their games.

Horses, in freedom, gallop hither and thither, snort and paw the air, advance to their groom, stop suddenly short, and again dash off at speed. A horse belonging to one of the large brewing establishments in London, at which a great number of pigs were kept, used frequently to scatter the grains on the ground with his mouth, and as soon as a pig came within his reach, he would seize it without injury and plunge it into the water-trough.

The hare will gambol round in circles, tumble over, and fly here and there. Brehn witnessed one which played the most singular antics with twelve others, coursing round them, feigning death, and again springing up, seemed to illustrate the old saying of "Mad as a March



SAVED BY A DOG.—"'THERE IS ONE CHANCE LEFT YET,' I CRIED, AS I HITCHED THE LIGHT ROPE TO THE HANDSOME ANIMAL'S COLLAR. THE NOBLE BRUTE SPRANG NIMBLY OVER THE SIDE, AND SWAM FOR THE SHORE."

hare." The same thing occurs with rabbits, and many others of the rodentia; and on warm days fish may be seen gamboling about in shoal water. Carp, in early morning, while the mist still hangs on the water, wallow in the shallows, exposing their broad backs above the surface. Whales, as described by Scoresby, are extremely frolicsome, and in their play leap twenty feet out of the water.

SAVED BY A DOG.

During the Autumn of last year, I was residing at Torquay, Devonshire, as the guest of a gentleman with whom I had become acquainted while traveling in Switzerland.

Mr. Fawcett was quite a wealthy man—the owner of a stately mansion, well-bred horses and dogs, and a fine yacht; but his choicest possessions were his three motherless daughters—tall, graceful, lady-like girls, between seventeen and twenty years of age.

"Amy and her sisters have persuaded me to arrange a yachting-trip to the Land's-End, Mr. Clinton. I suppose you will have no objection to accompany our party, which will comprise several men you already know, and a few of my daughters' friends," said my host, one morning, as he entered the library, where I was seated.

"By no means. I shall be delighted, I'm sure," I replied.

And, in truth, I felt considerably elated at the prospects of a cruise in his beautiful vessel, for I am partial to the sea, having spent happy hours on its bosom, in many sunny climes; and I knew that my host and his vivacious daughters perfectly understood how to correctly organize a pleasure-party.

The following morning, Mr. Fawcett's wagonet carried us down to the pier, where we embarked in the yacht's gig, and were conveyed aboard the *Psyche*, as my friend's vessel was named. The others of the party had arrived in advance of us, so Mr. Fawcett told his sailing-master—a rough old Devonian—to get under way, and stand out of Torbay at once.

The *Psyche*, like most English yachts, was a cutter-rigged vessel—a beautifully symmetrical craft, but better calculated for smooth-water sailing than breasting heavy waves; as, to my eye, she seemed rather over-sparred, and she carried canvas enough to make a vessel twice her size crank.

The weather was most auspicious; scarce a fleecy cloudlet flecked the clear, azure sky, while a welcome breeze rippled the sapphire sea that glittered iris colors, caught from the warm sunrays, as our yacht's sharp prow cleared the wavelets asunder. We were a merry crew, truly! Miss Fawcett, who knew the idiosyncrasies of her friends, had judiciously selected only those whose tastes assimilated, and no bickerings or petty jealousies, so generally the concomitants of yachting excursions, marred the harmony of the hours.

We passed Start Point as the shadows of night deepened around, and at early dawn, the following morning, were in close proximity to the famous Eddystone Light-house. We sighted the rough, jagged rocks, which constitute the promontory known as the Land's-End, during the afternoon, and so pleased were we all with the voyage that some of our host's most familiar friends proposed that it should be continued to Ilfracombe, on the northwest coast of Devon. But as the old skipper informed Mr. Fawcett that he thought bad weather was brewing, the *Psyche* was laid on the up-channel course.

The wind veered to the eastward, ere we reached Start Point, and we had to beat up dead against it. The night closed in, dark and gloomy; lowering cloud-banks hung over the weather horizon, emitting, now and then, silvery flashes of lightning; while the sea rose up in wild, angry waves, which, leaping on our decks in confused, foaming heaps, compelled us to seek shelter below.

The violent pitching of the little vessel caused many of those unaccustomed to the sea to fall victims to nausea; and I, who had weathered many a heavy gale, felt by no means comfortable, for the short, chopping sea created a quick motion with which I was not familiar; so I donned a heavy pea-jacket, and went on deck.

"We shall have nasty weather to-night, I'm afraid," I said to the sailing-master who stood by the wheel directing the helmsman.

"A child could tell that, sir!" replied the old salt, bluntly; "maybe we'll all have wet jackets 'fore morning shows. The white horses are riding over them rocks right roughly, and many a better craft than this here has foundered near by, or been driven on them, which comes to pretty much the same thing," he added, in hoarse, ravenlike accents, as he extended his hand toward a long, low reef inside Torbay, over which the turbulent sea rolled in cataracts.

Of course I knew we were in danger, as we were on a lee-shore, and the vessel, to my mind, did not stand well up to her canvas—she had only a close-reef mainsail and stormjib set; but I felt half vexed at our skipper, for taking such a gloomy view of affairs.

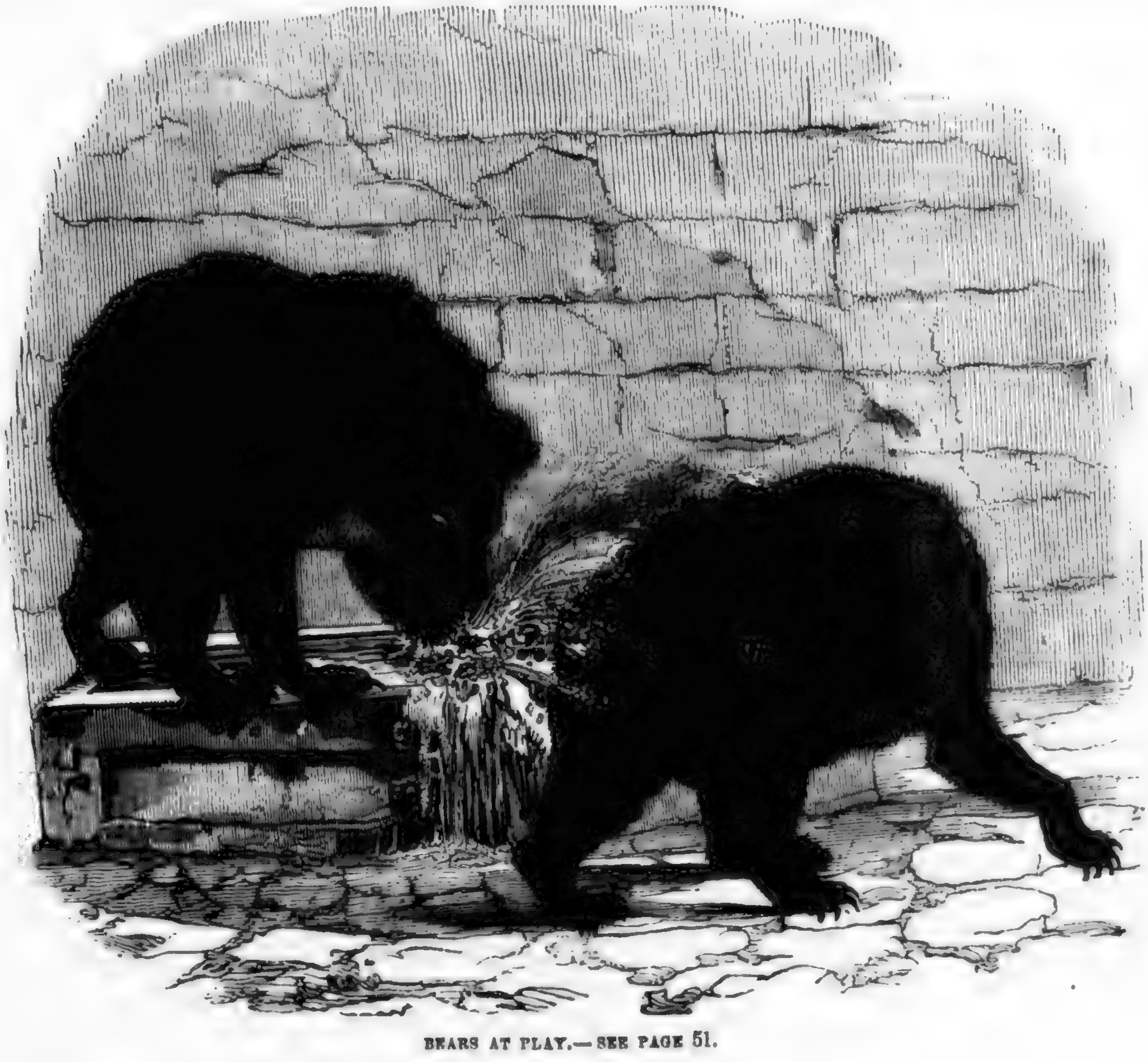
"He, of all men, ought to be hopeful," I thought.

So I turned away, and amused myself with a large Newfoundland dog, the property of Mr. Fawcett, that was registered on the *Psyche's* articles as watchman, and answered to the name of Diver.

The gale steadily increased as the night advanced, and the vessel sagged much to leeward, while the billows swept constantly across her deck, as if threatening to overwhelm her. Then the clouds opened, and the rain poured down in torrents, while vivid flashes of forked lightning played about our masthead, lighting up, for a moment, the wide waste of water, to be followed by still deeper gloom; and loud thunder-peals seemed to echo the roar of the surges that beat upon the long line of reefs toward which we were gradually drifting.

Then one blast, more violent than any which had preceded it, bowed down our vessel in the dark valley of waters, and, ere she rose again upon her keel, her mast snapped like a willow-wand, and the hapless craft, unmanageable and disabled, was tossed hither and thither by the giant waves—driven nearer and nearer the cruel reef, that lay like a coiled serpent waiting for its prey.

When the mast went by the board, and the yacht lay upon her beam-ends, a wild cry broke, and echoed high



BEARS AT PLAY.—SEE PAGE 51.

above the thunders of the raging storm. A cry to chill man's blood, and make the pulse stand still—the piteous cry of those surrendering life! A foaming wave had swept off half our crew; we were powerless to aid them, and they sank beneath the dark-green waves.

I had taken the precaution of passing the bight of a rope round my body, and, though the salt scud flew in a continuous, blinding sheet over me, I was able to maintain my position against the weather-bulwark. Presently, I felt some one grasp my arm, and, in the electric flash which that moment illumined the scene, I saw Mr. Fawcett standing near me, his gray hair floating in the wind, and an agonized expression on his anxious face.

"We shall be dashed to atoms so soon as she strikes. May God have mercy upon us, for no earthly power can save us now!" he hallooed in my ear.

A glance at his face, and a thought of the beautiful girls then in the cabin below, roused me to action. I rushed to the binnacle, withdrew two blue-lights that were kept therein, and fired them.

"Our perilous position will be noticed from the shore, and the lifeboat will put off to our rescue," I cried, as the torches threw a lurid glare across the seething waters.

"There is no lifeboat station nearer than Brixham; the sea will have devoured us ere it can come to our aid," replied Mr. Fawcett.

Scarcely had the words escaped his lips, when a huge roller uplifted the yacht upon its arching crest, bore her along for some distance, and then dashed her violently upon the sharp, jagged points of a reef that lay about five hundred yards from the shore. The frail vessel groaned and quivered as her timbers parted with the concussion, and the waves beat over us in icy torrents.

I saw our only chance lay in establishing communication with the shore; and as, by the light of a bonfire they had kindled, I could detect a crowd of people swarming upon the beach, I determined to at once essay the dangerous feat of swimming thither with a rope.

I knew where the ship's stores were kept, so I lost no time in dragging a coil of rattlin-line out of the boatswain's locker. Making a loop, called by sailors a standing bowline, at one end, I passed it under my armpits, and prepared to cast myself into the sea.

Mr. Fawcett saw my aim.

"It is madness to attempt to reach the shore encumbered with that line!" he cried, as he took hold of me to detain me.

All the passengers were now on deck, the cabin having filled, and one glance at the poor, terror-stricken ladies, who crowded under the shattered bulwarks, prompted me to delay no longer my effort for their salvation.

I shook Mr. Fawcett off.

"Pay out the line quickly, and do not draw me back unless I give three distinct tugs at it!" I cried, to the remnant of the crew. Then I sprang from the rail into the dark abyss beneath.

The salt foam gurgled in my throat as I sank into the boiling flood, but I struck bravely upward, and, when I gained the surface, headed for the shore. The leaping billows broke in cataracts upon my head, beating me down; but, with lips tight clinched, I battled hard to keep myself afloat. Alas! my efforts were of no avail; I could not stem the rolling tide; my strength failed utterly, and, in the last moment of despair, I gave the preconcerted signal, and, half-senseless from exhaustion, was hauled back aboard the yacht.

As I lay panting on the slippery deck, the dog Diver rubbed his curly coat against my face. Instantly a bright idea flashed through my mind, giving me a new lease of hope. I scrambled to my feet, and dragged the deep-sea-lead line from the locker.

"There is one chance left yet!" I cried, as I hitched the light rope to the handsome animal's collar. "Hi! Diver; over, old fellow!"

The noble brute uttered a suppressed bark, as if in answer to my words, and sprang nimbly over the side.

He was a magnificent swimmer, and rose buoyantly upon the crests of the waves which I had been unable to surmount; yet it was an anxious moment for us all, when he disappeared in the inky darkness that lay between us and the shore, and we knew not whether he had succumbed to the raging seas, or was still breasting the billows in our service.

"Hurrah!"

The cheer rose first in a wild murmur from the beach, and was borne upon the wings of the whistling wind out to us, who echoed it with grateful lips and brightened hearts, for we knew that the gallant dog had accomplished his mission, and that succor soon would come.

We knotted a strong coir-warp to the lead line, and the people on land hauled upon it until it formed a tight-rope from the yacht, which was now breaking up rapidly. Soon, in the crimson glow of the beach-fires, we saw a boat put off to our rescue. Onward she came, her bows ever and anon plunging deep into the treacherous surf that tried to overwhelm her; but her hardy crew, by using the rope as a "guess-warp," were able to keep her head to sea, and haul her close up under our lee quarter.

A wild cry of welcome from half-smothered lips greeted those brave hearts who had come to our rescue; a cheer that even the howling tempest could not drown.

We carefully lowered the ladies into the boat, and then took places ourselves. A hard struggle was yet before us, for the waves rose in dark-browed, beetling cliffs, and beat us repeatedly back, in their savage fury. But the Lord of all was on our side, the angry billows were baulked of their prey; safely, at last, the keel grated on the shingly strand; and, as the people there assembled ran the frail shallop high and dry, a ringing Hallelujah broke from all—a deep-toned pæan echoing to the skies:

"Huzzah! saved! Saved!"

IRON HAND AND ARM OF GOETZ VON BERLICHENGEN.

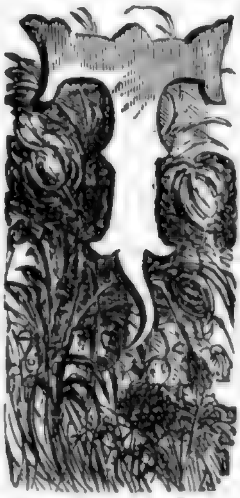
Goetz von Berlichengen was a German knight of the sixteenth century, who assumed rather a Quixotic way of redressing all wrongs. His manner of doing so was so anomalous, that higher authorities sometimes interfered; for Goetz did not adopt the modern plan of arresting a culprit, and handing him over to the judicial authorities. His way was prompt. In some of our misgoverned cities, such a man might do good. He would take a dozen robbers of the public treasury, and confine them on short rations till they disgorged, and apparently cared little for any writ in the nature of a *habeas corpus*.

Goethe—perhaps because his name resembles the knight's—modifies history so as to make him a Bayard of chivalry, but records show that our German ruler made the thing pay. In the castle of Jaxthausen, his descendants still show an iron hand and arm which this constant fighter wore for sixty years, to replace a right hand lost in besieging Landshut. It is a remarkable piece of work, as our sketches show. It was made by an armorer of Olnhausen, a village near the castle, and was elaborately described in an elegant volume published in 1816, and dedicated to three emperors.

By springs, like those in a gunlock, each finger, by pressing a knob, opened straight; but, without this, it grasped firmly anything around which the fingers bent. The thumb and wrists had peculiar work of their own.

If the number of movements was not great, the grasp on rein or sword was firm; and the hand was so well made that it enabled the fighting knight to carry on, for over half a century, the strange career to which he piously believed himself especially called by the Almighty—a sort of vigilance committee of one.

LIGHT AFTER DARKNESS.



THE school, at last, was dismissed, and the weary little schoolmistress stood in the doorway watching the children as they rushed pell-mell down the lane. As the last one disappeared around the corner, she turned, and, slowly gathering up her books, locked the little red door, dropped the key in her pocket, and, hat in hand, was soon wending her way down the street toward the residence of Jerusha Bobbett, the village milliner, and at present her landlady.

It was a quiet, dreamy afternoon in July, and nature seemed in reality to be slumbering, so still was the atmosphere and so quiet the town. Scarcely a sound was to be heard but the busy hum of insects and the gentle murmur of the breeze, as it stirred the leaves of the tall maples, and rustled among the glossy blades of Indian corn.

Bertha walked slowly away, thinking deeply. Two years ago to-day she possessed all that made life bright; but now—oh, how it was changed! At one blow she had been stripped of all—parents, home, and—— "Oh, John!"

The small head was bowed with grief, and a scalding tear dropped in the dusty road, and the dark eyes had a despairing look as she stopped before a small iron gate, opened it, and, entering the shop, passed through to her room at the back. It was very plainly furnished, and looked particularly dreary to Bertha, as she sat with her elbows on the little pine table in the corner, gazing across the room through the little window into the soft twilight.

The stars were beginning to come out, one by one, before Bertha left her room for the dark, dingy dining-room below the shop, where Jerusha sat grimly waiting for her.

The meal, as usual, was eaten in almost absolute silence; and at its conclusion Jerusha pushed back her chair, and, passing from the room, left Bertha to her hated task—that of clearing the small table of its few dishes, and preparing everything below-stairs for an early breakfast.

The low window was wide open to admit the soft breeze, which lifted the curtains with a light, swaying motion. The table was soon cleared, and each dish put away in its proper place. The kindlings were laid ready for the next morning, and Bertha, with a sigh of relief, leaned on the broad window-sash and looked out upon the clear Summer night. It was very still and calm, and as Bertha stood musing she heard, far up the village street, the sound of gay, rollicking mirth, and the heavy tread of horses' feet, and now and then a word or two faintly borne upon the breeze. They came nearer, and at length slowly passed the window.

It was a party of college students going to some night-revel, and Bertha watched them down through the long, maple lined street until their forms were lost in the darkness; and then, shutting the little window and blowing out the light, she climbed the stairs to her room, and the mysteries of cube root to be expounded to her "young hopefuls" on the morrow.

Meanwhile, let us follow the college students as they disappear from view down the green lane where the little red schoolhouse stands, grim and solitary.

There are not many of them, and they seem bent upon enjoying themselves. As they near the schoolhouse, one of them, whom the rest call "Harry," a mischievous, fun-loving fellow, suddenly proposes entering it, and having a lark with whatever they can find. It is eagerly acceded to, and, fastening their horses to some trees, the young men clamber in the window one by one, and, guided by the faint light of the rising moon, proceed to explore and turn upside down everything that is to be found.

Harry Vane, after drawing a hideous caricature on the little blackboard, designed to represent the unknown schoolmistress, vaults over the benches, and reaches the desk on the platform where Bertha sits day after day, busy at her weary task. There, neatly piled in one corner, are her books, and her pencils and paper, and her diary, which have been left behind.

Harry snatches up the little, well-worn book.

"Ah!" he cries; "here's some rare sport for next term, fellows. We'll read the schoolma'am's diary at one of our suppers."

The poor little book is mercilessly dropped in his coat-pocket.

They cannot do much more now, for the schoolroom is thrown in disorder such as has never before been witnessed by the old board walls, and the antiquated Yankee clock in the corner looks down with disgust imprinted upon its honest face.

The bright stars fade, and the rays of the moon become every moment fainter and fainter, as morning begins to dawn. The sky in the east is tinged with a soft, rosy light; and as Bertha drew aside the curtains and looked at the beautiful sunrise, a throb of thankfulness for all this beauty made her face grow brighter and her step more light, while she began her accustomed round of duties; and, having soon completed them, started earlier than usual for school.

Such a scene as she looked upon at her arrival there! Poor Bertha was completely discouraged; and when she saw that her precious diary had not been spared in the plunder, her indignation knew no bounds. To think that the record of half a lifetime—the burning desires and yearnings of a troubled heart, and the secrets sacred to two hearts only—were all laid bare before the gaze and jeers of thoughtless strangers! It was almost too much to be borne.

It was hard teaching that day, and what with the disordered room, the unmanageable children, and the intense heat, Bertha's patience well-nigh gave out.

And so the Summer passed away, leaving in some hearts only bright memories of past pleasures, and in others sad thoughts, and relief that the campaign was so nearly over.

One afternoon, in the early part of September, as Bertha sat in her room, busy with some needlework, a letter was handed her, postmarked "New York."

She hastily opened it, and read, with mingled surprise and astonishment, the following characteristic epistle:

"My own Dear Child: You must come to me at once. I'm your mother's aunt, and all alone in the world

"When your mother married Howard Arlington against my will, I vowed she should never see me again.

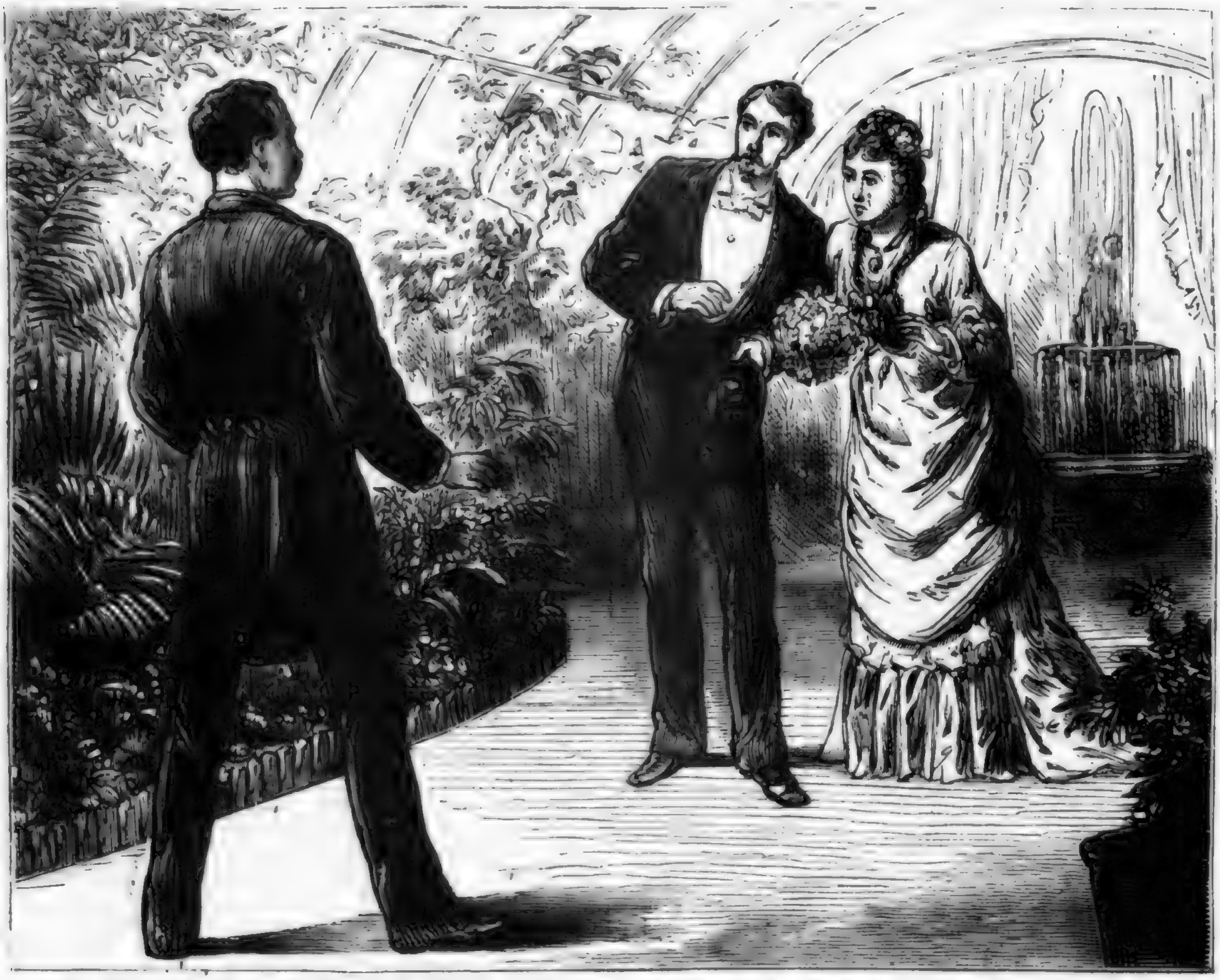
"My child, I now repent that hasty vow, and would give all I possess to undo the wrong done.

"Can you forgive it, and come to cheer the rest of my poor old days—for *her* sake?

"I've everything in the world but human love, and that I crave.

"Come to me, child! BERTHA VON RUYTER."

Bertha was wondrously stirred by this letter. What should she do? She had no one to consult with in regard to the matter, and was at first irresolute. After she had thought of it for two days, however, she decided to undertake the journey, and seek the unknown aunt.



LIGHT AFTER DARKNESS.—"'WHY, MY DEAR FELLOW, WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN HIDING YOURSELF? ALLOW ME—MISS ARLINGTON, MY CHUM, MR. EFFINGHAM——' 'BERTHA!' 'JOHN!'"—SEE PAGE 55.

Her preparations were soon made, and Bertha at last bade adieu to the quaint little town which had so long been her home. She could scarcely believe that, after her smooth, uneventful life of the past few years, she was really on her way to the great, busy metropolis, where the days of her childhood had been spent.

Her first object upon arriving there was, of course, to begin her search for her aunt's residence; and, as she had the address, that was soon accomplished. It was a large, sombre, brown-stone mansion, and as she stood on the stone steps waiting for her ring to be answered, it looked rather formidable.

The door was opened by a tall black servant in livery, who ushered her into the reception-room, and took her card.

Bertha looked around at the elegantly furnished rooms, and saw almost everywhere the coat-of-arms which had belonged to the Van Ruyter family for generations. Tall, stately mirrors were on all sides of the room, and the heavily embroidered chairs, the long, sweeping lace curtains, the beautiful paintings, and the soft, rich velvet carpet, were all evidences of taste and wealth.

Bertha started and turned at the sound of a step upon the marble floor of the hall, as her aunt entered the room and looked curiously for the occupant. She was very small, and, as Bertha thought at once, like the pictures we have seen of Queen Elizabeth in her long, rich dress and white ruff.

Bertha rose as the lady, with her quiet, dignified walk, came slowly down the long length of the room.

When she saw Bertha she stopped for a moment, and then, sinking upon a sofa, cried, delightedly:

"Just like your mother—the very picture! Come here, child!"

Bertha obeyed, and seated herself by her aunt's side.

And then followed a long, long talk; and as Bertha told her of the death of her father, the loss of his property, and then of her mother's deathbed, the old lady laid her head on Bertha's shoulder, and burst into a passionate flow of grief.

"Oh, I loved her, child; so much! so much!"

"But *I* can care for you, dear aunt?" cried Bertha, as she softly touched the gray curls and kissed the wrinkled old face.

"Yes, child. I've tried for years to find you, for I knew there was a daughter born to my darling; and after she died my heart smote me for my unkindness. But you are tired," as she looked at Bertha's pale face; "come to my own room and lie down, while I have some luncheon prepared for you, child."

She led the way up the wide oaken staircase to a dainty, cool, little room, and taking off Bertha's dusty hat and vail, made her lie down while she sat by her side and fanned her.

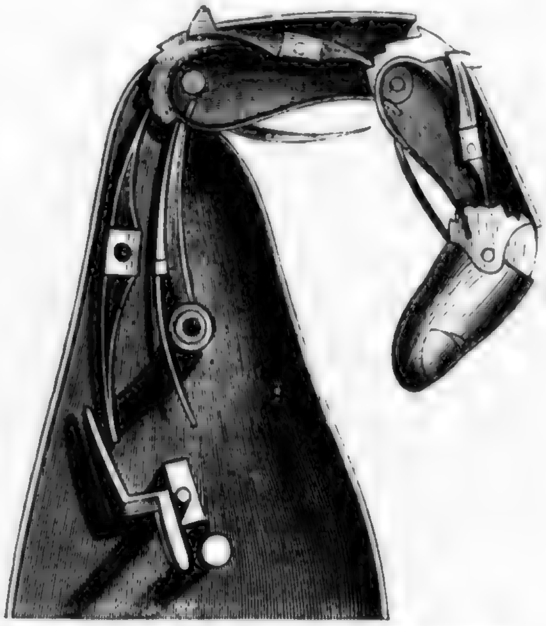
"I shall take you to the Catskills, child, and bring the roses back to your cheeks," she said, kindly; "you look worn out."

It was all a delicious dream to Bertha, this being cared for and loved so tenderly, when before she had been so completely alone in the world, with no one to give a thought to her comfort.

The Autumn flew by on wings, and after a month's sojourn among the hills, Bertha's pale cheeks were rounded into rosy health again.

Life seemed all rose-color—all but one trouble. *That* she could not tell her aunt; it had better remain buried in the past.

She did not mingle much in society—it brought back too keenly the memory of her broken love and of past years.



FINGER, SHOWING THE MECHANISM.—SEE PAGE 54.

But, reader, we shall have to glance back for a time to those wild youths who committed such depredations in the little red schoolhouse that July day, and follow them to college when it opened in the Fall.

It was not long after the beginning of the term that young Vane began to meditate a secret supper, to be held in his own sanctum, and accordingly invited all his neighboring schoolmates.

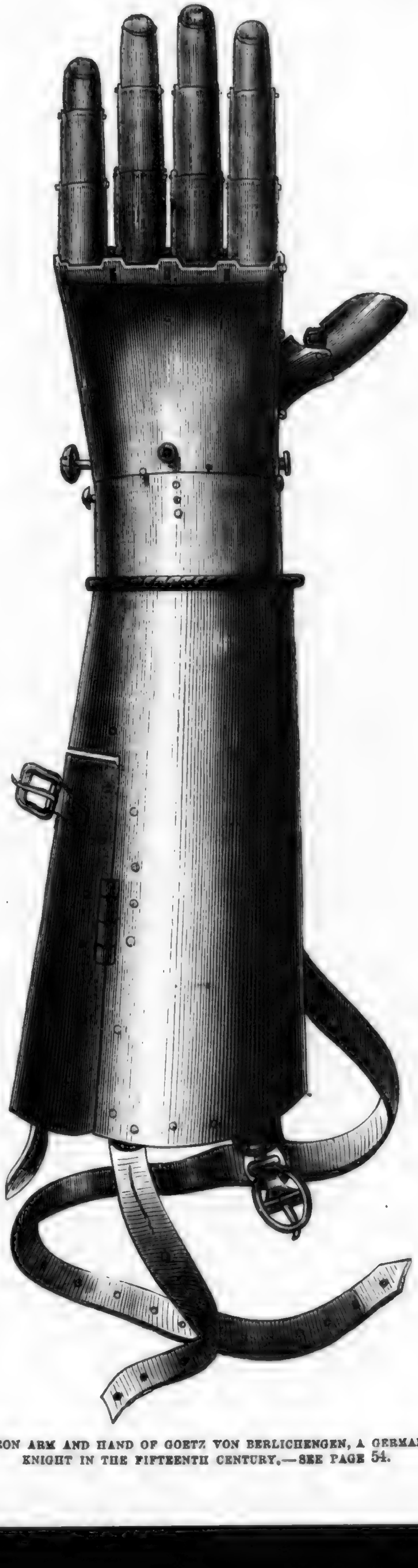
Just opposite him, on the other side of the hall, roomed a young man somewhat different from his set, whom Vane had taken a fancy to and invited to join his frolic. His friend, John Effingham, refused firmly, but politely, on the plea that his studies must not be neglected.

He was a tall, handsome fellow, and, though much reserved, a favorite with all who knew him.

As he sat busily studying that evening, the sounds of mirth, the clinking of glasses and loud voices reached him, and taking up his book, he decided to go downstairs where it was quiet, for the noise disturbed him.

As he passed out of his room, he could hear one voice in Vane's room loudly reading.

It was more quiet in there now, and every word fell



IRON ARM AND HAND OF GOETZ VON BERLICHENGEN, A GERMAN KNIGHT IN THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY.—SEE PAGE 54.

distinctly on Effingham's ear as he stopped a moment outside the door.

What were they reading? It sounded like a journal.

Suddenly Effingham started, and the quick blood mounted to his face as he eagerly listened, and heard, for the third time, his own name mentioned. Then the reading stopped, and Vane cried:

"I'll call Effingham himself, and show him the book!"

With a quick bound, he sprang across the room, and, opening the door, stood face to face with the object of his search.

"What *are* you reading, Vane?" And John caught the little book from his hand.

"Take it, old fellow. I found it last Summer in——"

But John had seen the name on the fly-leaf, "Bertha Arlington," and, with his face white as death, locked himself in his room.

It was *her* book—the very one he himself had given her so long ago!

John read, and, as he read, strong sobs shook his frame, for Bertha had *not* been faithless, after all; and the letter—that letter he had written with so many hopes and fears—she had never received! He had been cruelly mistaken; but, oh! where was Bertha?

He started to his feet, and, calling Vane, sternly drew from him the story of that Summer night.

The next day he was on his way to the little town which Bertha had so lately left.

Alas! the search proved entirely unavailable; still, there were hopes, for, as the milliner informed him, Bertha had "gone to York," but where in the great city she could be, John could not imagine.

He returned to college, weary and discouraged, yet resolving to continue the search at the first opportunity. The Christmas holidays soon came, and John had promised to spend them with Vane in the city.

With a great hope in his heart, he went to his friend's beautiful home on one of the great, wide avenues. There was to be a grand party there that night, in honor of their arrival, and young Vane was in a flutter of excitement.

The long parlors were one blaze of light, and the air was filled with the soft perfume of rare exotics.

The guests began to arrive, and, as they thronged the rooms, John eagerly scanned each fair face, in faint hopes of tracing some likeness to Bertha.

"But, of course," thought he, "I am an idiot to think of such a thing."

The hours flew by, and, tired of dancing, walking, and the idle talking of the hour, John sought the cool, quiet conservatory.

It was deliciously cooling to one's nerves, and the odor of the sweet jasmines and orange-blossoms at his elbow stole upon him with a subtle charm, and drove his gloomy feelings away.

But voices drew near, and, unwilling to be observed, John withdrew to the further corner of the conservatory.

It was Vane, with his partner of the German—a slender, graceful girl, in a fleecy cloud of white, and as they walked slowly along the bright tiers of plants, stopping every few moments to discuss the beauties of some particular one, they came nearer and nearer to John, who tried, but in vain, to escape observation.

"Why, my dear fellow, where have you been hiding yourself? Allow me—Miss Arlington, my chum, Mr. Effingham——"

"Bertha!"

"John!"

That was all, but enough (with what followed) to convince Vane that his presence was just then entirely unnecessary.

For John's strong arms were tenderly holding the drooping form, and his passionate kisses raining upon the pale, sweet face.

"Well," soliloquized Vane, as he prudently retreated, "I'm blessed if that isn't equal to the last novel out!"

FRED POWELL'S WIFE.

By Annie Thomas, Author of "Dennis Donne," etc., etc.

LEAVE off contention before it be meddled with."

I quoted this, one of my favorite proverbs, to Powell's wife a few weeks ago, when she had summoned me one morning hastily to consult me on "rather a delicate matter."

The expression with which I have begun this tale was hers, not mine. Nevertheless, when she explained it to me I fully agreed with her. It was "rather a delicate matter"—more than "rather" a delicate matter, indeed, and one with which I would have infinitely preferred having nothing at all to do. The case, as stated by Mrs. Powell, was a voluminous one; but Mrs. Powell was not endowed with that rare feminine grace, the power of condensation. As told by me, it shall only make a paragraph of fair proportions.

Briefly, then, it was this: A letter had come to hand, addressed to "Fred Powell, Esq.," which Fred Powell's wife had read, and it was an affectionate letter, unsigned, and in a female hand!

"Burn it—forget that you have read it, and bear the proverb in mind that I have just quoted to you," I repeated; and all the answer that I, a sensible, middle-aged medical practitioner, could get from Powell's wife was a fit of wild, waspish, womanly weeping. "Be reasonable, my dear lady," I kept on repeating, in an inane way, as if any woman—Powell's wife especially—could be expected to be "reasonable" under the circumstances. "Keep your own counsel; meet him with a smile when he comes home; and, trust me, you will be well repaid for your self-restraint. Remember, 'the beginning of strife is,' etc., etc., and remember also that he is the father of your children."

"Yes, and the father of somebody else's, it appears to me," the irascible matron replied. "It's all very well, Doctor Browne; but how would *you* feel if your wife were suddenly called upon to 'come and see the last of the mother of her child'? You wouldn't like it—you know you wouldn't."

"I certainly should not like it," I said, with sagacious precision, while I vainly attempted to tackle the problem she had put before me.

My wife suddenly called upon to "see the last of the mother of her child"! No; it was too much for me. The question was a vexed one enough, in all conscience; and here was Powell's wife endeavoring to introduce unnecessary complications into it.

"That letter came by yesterday morning's post, and Fred started an hour after the receipt of it," the poor lady went on. "Oh, doctor, why hadn't he the prudence to burn it? It was cruel of him to leave it about—cruel to me, and to her," she added, with a little touch of generosity that surprised me in Powell's wife.

"It was foolish of him—'cruel' is a word I couldn't think of applying to the case," I replied, with manly discretion. "Now, my dear lady, be advised by me. Behave, as you are always sure to behave, discreetly and—and—admirably, in fact, and never put Powell in the confoundedly unpleasant place of a found-out man. I will forget what you have told me, on condition that you seek no other confidant."

"He ought to be punished," she said, severely.

"Indeed, you are right," I argued, hesitatingly.

Powell was a good fellow—not very much worse than myself, in fact—and it was hard on her to expect me to apply the castigating lash to him.

"Take that letter away with you, doctor; never let me be tempted to use it against him—or her," she said, shuddering a little, and covering the pretty eyes that had lured Fred Powell to marry beneath him, some three years before.

I caught at the letter and the concession quickly enough.

"That is spoken like your own sweet self, my dear little lady!" I exclaimed, warmly, for I was shaken out of my habitual professional air of calm by the genuine pain and the genuine refinement and delicacy that Powell's wife was displaying under what I may now permit myself to call the exceptionally painful circumstances under which she consulted me for the first time as a friend.

It is time to tell the reader a little more about this lady, whose peculiar misfortune it was to be Powell's wife.

She had come among our little community at Rhydalynn three years before this epoch with which my story deals, and Rhydalynn—I confess it to my shame—had never looked kindly upon her. There had been a strong, if unconfessed, feeling among us all that Fred Powell ought to have married Gwendoline Harris; and when, instead of doing that, he brought home a stranger to reign at the Hall, his disappointed old friends revenged themselves upon him by looking doubtfully upon his wife.

She was a pretty little woman, of the plump, wild-rose order, and she accepted the situation of being unwelcome in Rhydalynn so very gently and quietly that I for one soon came to regard her quite kindly. But there was a powerful Harris faction in the place, and these never forgot that Mrs. Powell had innocently usurped Gwendoline's place, and that which they could not forget they could not forgive.

Powell himself bore their stern, silent condemnation coolly enough. From having been the most popular and the lightest-hearted fellow in the district, he became grave, reserved and unsocial. The Hall had been the head-centre of all the gayety in the neighborhood; but now that a young and pretty woman presided there, and the neighborhood might reasonably have expected greater things from Powell in the way of hospitality, he suddenly betrayed an aversion to society, and withdrew from it as much as possible.

"He has married beneath him, and is ashamed of his wife," was the nearly universal verdict, and there was but one dissentient voice to this. Strangely enough, this one dissentient voice was that of his old love, Gwendoline Harris.

"I doubt her being beneath him in any one single respect; and I am sure he is not ashamed of her," Gwendoline said to my wife, who was one of the very few who ventured to speak to Miss Harris on the subject.

"You stand up for him still, Gwenny," Mrs. Browne said in reply to this; and Gwenny answered:

"Yes; why shouldn't I, indeed? I always liked him better than the whole of the rest of Rhydalynn put together; and is he not the same as before he married?"

"He has fallen from his high estate in our estimation, at least, Gwenny," my wife said, intemperately.

And Gwendoline shook her head at this, and said:

"People were very unjust to Mr. Powell; there had been no reason, that she knew of, why he should not have married whom he pleased."

This was a sample of her invariable manner about him. Nothing would induce her to blame him, either directly or indirectly, and on the rare occasions of their meeting her manner to him supplied no food whatever for voracious village gossip to feed upon. She always met him with that bright, sweet smile of hers that had brought him openly to her feet years ago. Her little hand was always stretched out to him frankly and gladly. In fact, she behaved exactly as a young gentlewoman of birth and breeding should behave if she would avoid that pity from the world which is akin to contempt.

Why he had left her—why he had ceased to love her, and had suffered himself to drift into matrimony with a woman who, with all her good qualities, was conspicuously inferior to Gwendoline, were secrets which Rhydalynn sought in vain to unravel. She buried her dead very decently, in fact, and refrained from wearing unbecoming mourning.

But though she played her part so bravely and prettily, and though Mrs. Powell was utterly ignorant of the past passages in her husband's life which made Gwendoline and himself such interesting studies to Rhydalynn, it was curious to see how these two women seemed to repel one another. That Gwendoline, knowing everything, should shrink from Mrs. Powell, was natural enough; but that Mrs. Powell, who knew nothing, should shrink, half in hate and half in fear, from Gwendoline, was unaccountable, excepting on the ground of that mysterious and almighty sympathy about which so much is written and so little is understood.

At the date of the opening of this narrative, Powell had been married three years, and was the father of two children. As the medical attendant of the family, I had enjoyed opportunities of seeing more of the inner life at the Hall than was known to most of Rhydalynn; and I am prepared to say that it was a happy one, on the whole. The good-hearted, tame, unintellectual little woman was not much of a companion to him; but she was a good, loving wife and mother, and he recognized that she was such, and treated her with consideration and kindness, if not with the warmth of affection which he was capable of lavishing on a woman he loved.

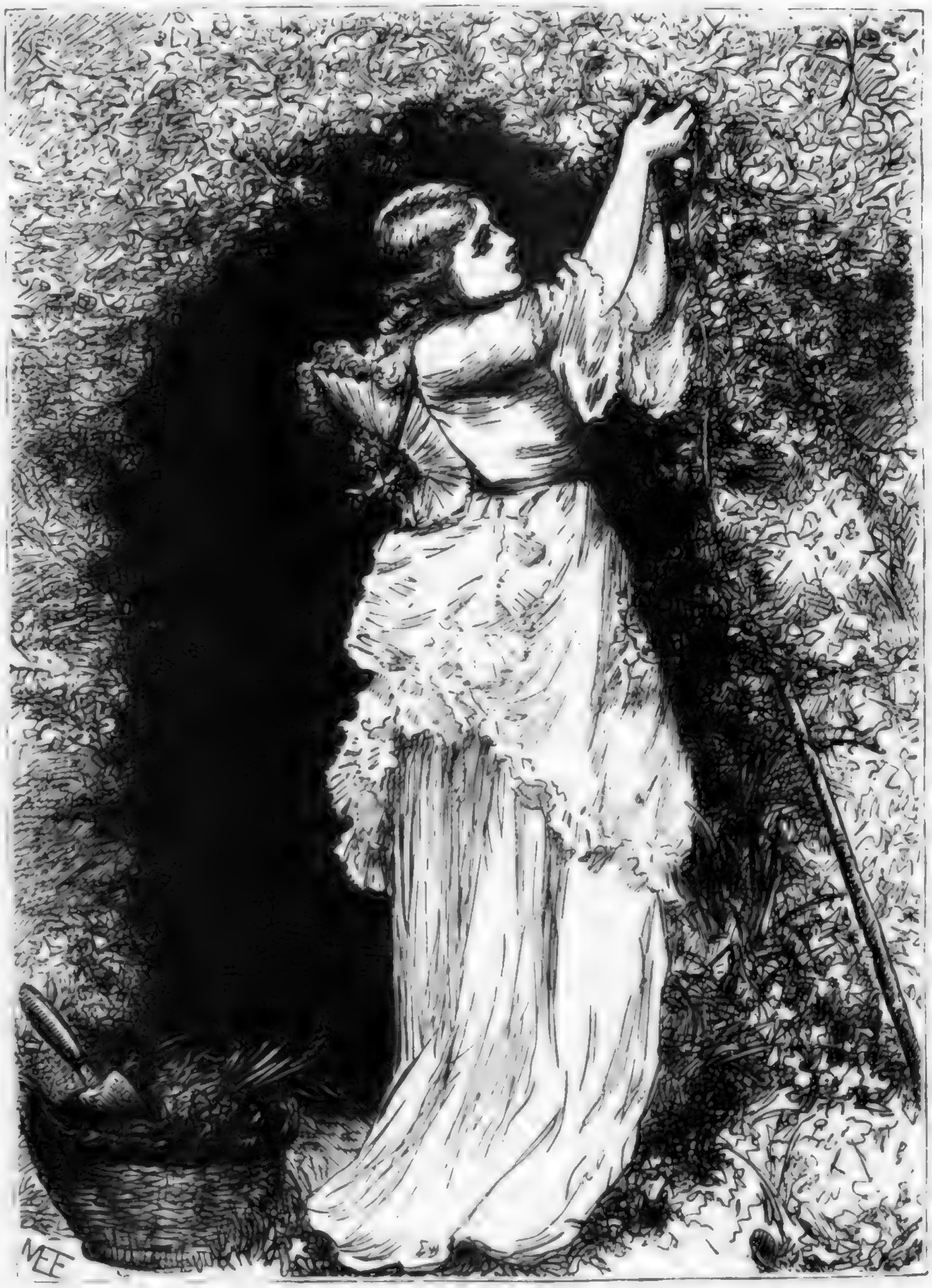
Meanwhile, Gwendoline remained unmarried, to the surprise and regret of all who knew her. Not that we were impatient to be rid of our beauty; but her remaining single looked like a tribute to Powell which he did not deserve; and her brother, whose house she had kept, had lately brought home a wife to supersede her in that sphere of usefulness; and, altogether, things were not as flourishing with our favorite as we could have desired. Lately, too, it seemed to me that she had been losing her looks a little; but my wife scoffed at me for saying this, and declared that "what Gwenny had lost in brilliancy she had gained in expression."

About three weeks before Mrs. Powell had sent for me to consult me about that unlucky letter, Gwendoline had told her she was going off to London to stay with an old schoolfellow, and to put herself under the care of a celebrated dentist for a time. "I am nearly worn out with toothache, doctor," she said to me, trying to smile according to her wont; but I saw that her eyes were full of

XUM

tears, and I was glad she was going to have a change, for it struck me that hers was toothache of the mind.

For some inexplicable reason, I could not help thinking a good deal of Gwendoline and her absence from home, as I walked back from the Hall with that wretched letter in my pocket. The vision of the girl as I had seen her on the day of her departure—pale, haggard, miserable-looking—kept on rising up and distracting my attention. Strange thoughts floated through my mind, and though I scouted myself for entertaining them, they made me very unhappy. In order to dispel them, I took a turn round by a trout-stream, and delayed going home until long past my usual luncheon-hour.



AMONG THE ROSES.

As I neared the gate, I saw my wife standing at it, with a telegram in her hand, and impatience on her brow.

"Where have you been, doctor?" she commenced. "Here this has been waiting for you ever since twelve o'clock, and I've sent all over the village in search of you. What *can* have happened to Gwendoline?"

I took it from her and read:

"To Doctor Browne, Rhydalynn, from Doctor Archer, London: Come the instant you receive this to Miss Gwendoline Harris, 44 Linden Road, St. John's Wood. She is dangerously ill."

"If a word of this gets abroad in the village, Gwendoline will be ruined!" I exclaimed, looking sternly at my wife, as if I did her the injustice of supposing that she was going out into the highways and byways to gabble.

"All the telegrams that ever come to Rhydalynn *do* get known about," she replied, hurriedly. "How can it hurt her for it to be known that she is ill, poor girl?"

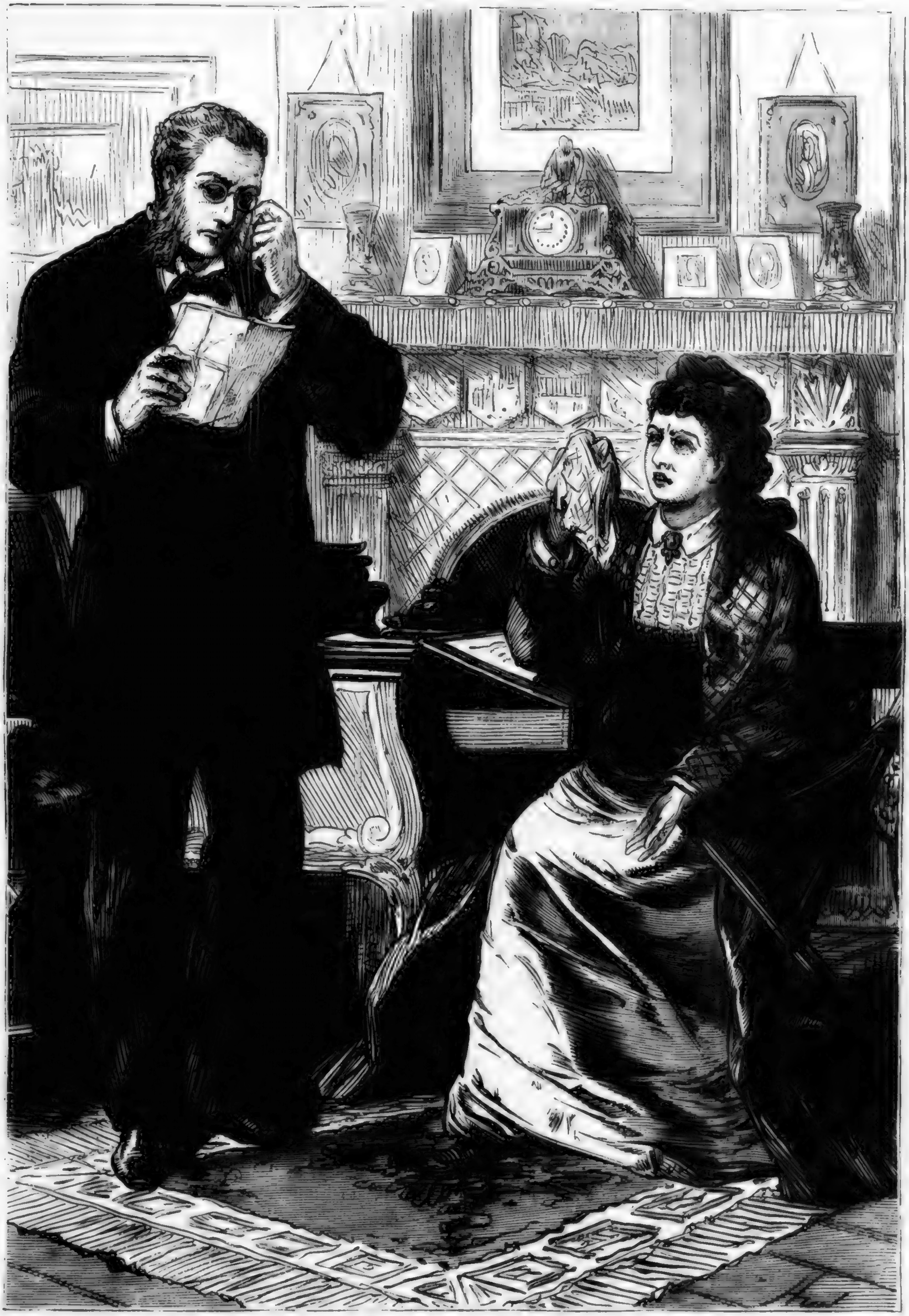
"I can't tell you how, but it will," I replied, with a most unusual amount of nervous irritability manifesting itself in my manner. "If any one speaks to you on the subject during my absence, be sure you treat it as a commonplace one," I continued, authoritatively; and my startled wife replied:

"Why, doctor, you're not thinking that I am going to begin tattling about your business—least of all about anything that concerns Gwendoline; but you must know as well as I do that all the telegrams that come to Rhydalynn get known all over the place in no time."

With an inward groan I admitted to myself that there was a terrible amount of truth in my wife's observation. Everything that it was desirable should not be known did get winded abroad with fell celerity at Rhydalynn. Gwendoline Harris had been the favorite and beauty of the place; but however brightly a star may have shone, there are always a certain number to be found who will "glory in its fall," and I had a premonition that Gwenny had forfeited her crown in some way or other.

I obeyed the telegram, and left Rhydalynn by the next train. It was late in the evening when I reached London, and I was nearly worn out with fatigue and anxiety for the girl for whose sake I had undertaken the hurried journey. Nevertheless, I would not lose a moment of time that might be of vital importance; and so, without waiting to recruit and refresh myself, I stepped into a hansom at once, and gave the address, "44 Linden Road, St. John's Wood—as fast as you can."

The road was sequestered, fresh and countrified in appearance, lined with a double row of the trees whose name it bore. The houses were of the detached-villa order,



FRED POWELL'S WIFE.—"AND ALL THE ANSWER THAT I, A SENSIBLE, MIDDLE-AGED PRACTITIONER, COULD GET FROM POWELL'S WIFE WAS A FIT OF WILD, WASPISH, WOMANLY WEEPING."—SEE PAGE 58.

XUM

flower-crowned, and well kept up. At the door of one of the prettiest of these my hansom pulled up; and as I jumped out and rang sharply, I remarked a four-wheeled cab standing at the servants' entrance, into which a man was getting who bore a startling resemblance to my neighbor and friend, Fred Powell.

In another minute I was standing by the bedside of the woman whom up to that moment I had believed to be the fresh, unsullied flower of Rhydalynn—Gwendoline Harris.

A grave, respectable, kindly-looking woman was standing by the pillow, and one glance at the patient told me what had happened. I did not need the corroborative evidence of the little, wailing infant that was lying on a couch at the other end of the room.

With a pang of anguish as keen as her brother could have experienced, I realized that the star of our little community was a fallen star indeed. At the same moment I realized, with an even keener pang, that the knowledge of how we should all love and cherish her still, in spite of all, would never be hers in this world.

"She has been insensible for hours, and she is sinking fast," the nurse explained, as I bent over the poor girl who was expiating her folly by the forfeiture of her life; "but the last thing she said was that you were to be sent for to protect her child and her memory. She could trust both to you, she said; and the gentleman who should be her husband," the woman continued, with an honest glow of indignation spreading over her face, "and who is just gone, said the same. He left this for you," she added, giving me a letter; and I took it over to the lamp and opened it, with a heart that misgave me horribly.

The first glance at the writing was enough for me. I did not need to look at the signature to know that Gwendoline's shame and death were offenses to be laid at Powell's door.

I will not transcribe that letter. It was a confession of mad, overwhelming, selfish passion on his part, and a revelation of wild, trusting, infatuated devotion on hers. He had written the letter in a paroxysm of remorse at finding that he had destroyed not only her honor, but her life; and in the bitterness of his grief he had felt himself to be unworthy even to see her die. This, at least, may be said in extenuation of his sin: his execration of himself was as deep and heartfelt as was his prayer that at any cost I would save her name from obloquy, her family from humiliation.

She died that night, without recognizing me; and, after placing the baby in charge of the nurse who had attended her, I carried my sad secret back to Rhydalynn, with the resolve in my heart to tell my tale so discreetly that none should guess that aught injurious to her remained untold.

A whisper of the word "fever" would suffice to set at rest all wonder as to her corpse not being brought over to the family vault. A certificate from Doctor Archer would carry the full assurance to her friends that there had been fair play, and a dignified silence when the curious plied me with questions would surely protect the good name both of the dead and the living.

Yes, I had even now a genuine desire, independent of my regard for poor lost Gwendoline, to guard the reputation of the man who had ruined her.

So I occupied myself on my return journey in arranging a series of neat sentences which should be at once baffling and truthful, and tried to school myself into a full knowledge of the demeanor which it would behoove me to adopt to Powell when the exigencies of our daily life compelled us to meet.

My task was a bewildering as well as a bitter one. Her relations let her dead body rest in peace, certainly, but they were perpetually, morally, exhuming her, and "wondering why" such and such a course had not been pursued with regard to her.

Her brother listened to my labored recital calmly enough, but he watched me with a sad, watchful gaze that told me some painful suspicion (one near akin to the truth probably) was rankling in his mind.

As for my own wife, *she* read the whole story straight off in my face the instant I mentioned our poor girl, and cried over it as only a good woman can cry over the downfall of one dear to her.

So several days passed laggingly over our heads, and during them I saw nothing of either Powell or his wife. I did not actually shrink from meeting him, though I avoided his customary haunts, for I knew that the time must come when we should be brought face to face with one another, and with that black blot on the past of which I was cognizant.

Nor, in spite of all I knew, could I bring myself to hate him and despise him as I ought to have done when I knew that through him poor Gwendoline was filling an unknown, unhonored, untimely grave.

As for his wife, the blood rushed tumultuously from my heart to my face whenever I thought of her. How could I in reason expect a woman so wronged and outraged to bear her wrongs in silence, should she ever come to a knowledge of them?

"It will be superhuman patience and sweetness if she does," I told myself; "and Powell's wife is not endowed with superhuman patience and sweetness."

You see I had a good memory, and I recollected how we had all stood aloof from, and looked askance at, Powell's wife when he first brought her home; and we had done these things on Gwendoline's account, because of our love for her.

As Fate would have it, the intervention of accident was not called in; design was resorted to in order to bring about a meeting between Powell's wife and myself.

I was riding home late one afternoon from a long hill-round, when I met her about a mile from Rhydalynn. I was trotting sharply at the moment when I caught sight of her, and I should have trotted sharply past her, with merely a neighborly bow and smile, if she had not held up her hand and arrested my purpose.

"Doctor," she began, wistfully, as I pulled up and she laid her hand on my horse's mane, "why have you avoided me ever since you came back from that sad mission of yours?"

She lowered her voice tenderly as she spoke the last words, and I felt—God bless her!—that she knew the whole story, and that there was no wrath in that big, soft, womanly heart of hers against poor, dead Gwendoline.

"I haven't actually avoided you," I began, apologetically; but she put my apologetic manner aside with that genuine air of hers that ought to have kept any man true to her, and said:

"But you haven't actually sought me, and, considering everything, you should have done that, doctor. I have come to meet you to-day to give you the first whisper of the news that all Rhydalynn will know in a few days. Fred and I are going away for a few years, and—I want that baby's address."

In my astonishment, I could only gaspingly repeat her words:

"That baby's address?"

"Yes; I want it, that I may claim my husband's child and be a mother to it, and bring it up away from here until its own mother's story is forgotten. You see, I know all about it, and not even you can grieve more for Gwendoline than I do."

"I can't answer you, Mrs. Powell."

"Of course you can't; you don't *understand* the case as I do. His parting from her in pique; his meeting her again with a firmer love than ever filling the heart that I had palled upon—how should you be able to answer me? You are not a woman, and so you don't know what it is to love Fred Powell as I love him. As far as the child is concerned, he shall have nothing to reproach himself with, and as for the mother, the hardest thing I can bring myself to feel about her is, that *she* was as weak for his sake as *I* would have been had I been in her place."

I wrote that baby's address down without further delay. I couldn't speak it, you see, and then I rode on, feeling that I wished that I dared let all Rhydalynn know what good stuff there was in Powell's wife.

THE PALMS OF MADAGASCAR.

On the continent of Africa and its adjacent islands, especially Madagascar, we find a great variety of palms, several of which are no less valuable than the cocoanut or the palmyra, either as affording food, or enriching by their produce the commerce of the world.

The date-tree, sung from time immemorial by the poets of the East, is as indispensable as the camel to the inhabitants of the wastes of North Africa and Arabia, and, next to the "Ship of the Desert," the devout Mussulman esteems it the chief gift of Allah. Few palms have a wider range, for it extends from the Persian Gulf to the borders of the Atlantic, and flourishes from the twelfth to the thirty-seventh degree of northern latitude.

Groves of dates adorn the coasts of Valencia in Spain; near Genoa its plantations afford leaves for the celebration of Palm Sunday; and in the gardens of southern France a date tree sometimes mixes among the oranges and olives But it never bears fruit on these northern limits of its empire, and thrives best in the oasis on the borders of the sandy desert. Here it is cultivated with the greatest care, and irrigated every morning; for though it will grow on an arid soil, it absolutely requires water to be fruitful.

The date-palm is propagated by shoots, and the female tree bears its first fruits after four or five years. It is said to attain an age of two centuries, but is rarely left standing longer than eighty years, when the trunk is tapped in Spring, producing a kind of toddy, which is consumed in great quantities in Biledulgerid, or the long line of oasis to the south of the Atlas, which has been pre-eminently called the "land of dates."

Like the cocoanut tree, the *Phœnix dactylifera* bears a crown of feathery fronds, though without equaling the "littoral palm" in beauty. It blooms in March or April, and its fecundity is such that it annually bears as much as two hundredweight of dates, which are plucked in October or November. The fresh fruits (*Tamr*) are the best, but they are mostly dried in the sun (*Bela*), and either eaten without any other preparation, or mixed with flour and baked into a kind of bread, which is very nutritious and of an agreeable taste. D'Escayrac de Lauture tells us that a fresh date, the kernel of which has been extracted and replaced by an almond or a piece of butter, is delicious.

There are at least sixty varieties of dates, and in the oases of Tozer and Nefta the chieftains told D'Escayrac the names of thirty-five different kinds, all cultivated there. The most esteemed varieties are the *Monakhir*, which is very rare, and exclusively reserved for the table of the Bey of Tunis, and the *Degleh*, which grows to the height of eighty feet, and produces from eight to ten clusters or large bunches of fruit, weighing each from twelve to twenty pounds. The common people scarcely ever taste this date, which is either exported, or consumed only by the wealthier classes, and must content themselves with the common *Halig*, which grows in abundance wherever the Phœnix can flourish.

It is not to be wondered at that the tribes of the deserts so highly value a tree which, by enabling a family to live on the produce of a small spot of ground, extends as it were the bounds of the green islands of the desert, and rarely disappoints the industry that has been bestowed upon its culture. It is considered criminal to fell it while still in its vigor, and both the Bible and the Koran forbid the warriors of the true God to apply the ax to the date trees of an enemy.

In Nubia, between Wadi Halfa and Khartum, there are at least a million date-palms, which yield the extortionary Government of the Pasha of Egypt a revenue of as many *piastres.* The date trees of Egypt and Nubia not only amply provide for home consumption, but furnish above 60,000 hundredweight for exportation to Syria and Turkey, besides a large quantity which the Nubian merchants sell in Sanaar, Kordofan, and Darfur. Here the Phœnix disappears, while the Doum (*Hyphœne thebaica*), distinguished from most other palms by its branching trunk, each branch being surmounted by a tuft of large, stiff, flabelliform leaves, assumes a conspicuous place in the landscape. Its fruits, which are of the size of a small apple, and covered with a tough, yellow, lustrous rind, have a sugary taste, and serve for the preparation of sherbet. The old leaf-stalks with their thorns and sheaths remain attached to the trunk, increase its dimensions in an extraordinary degree, and render the task of climbing it next to impossible. The chief seat of this beautiful palm are the banks of the Nile, in the region of the cataracts.

In Kordofan the Delebi palms form large clumps, with tamarinds, cassias, adansonias, and various mimosas. Straight as an arrow, and perfectly smooth-rinded, this magnificent tree rises to the height of a hundred feet, bearing large, fan-like leaves, attached to foot-stalks ten feet long, and armed with mighty thorns. From ten to twenty large bunches of nuts, as big as a man's head, hang beneath the fronds, but unfortunately these fine-looking fruits disappoint the taste.

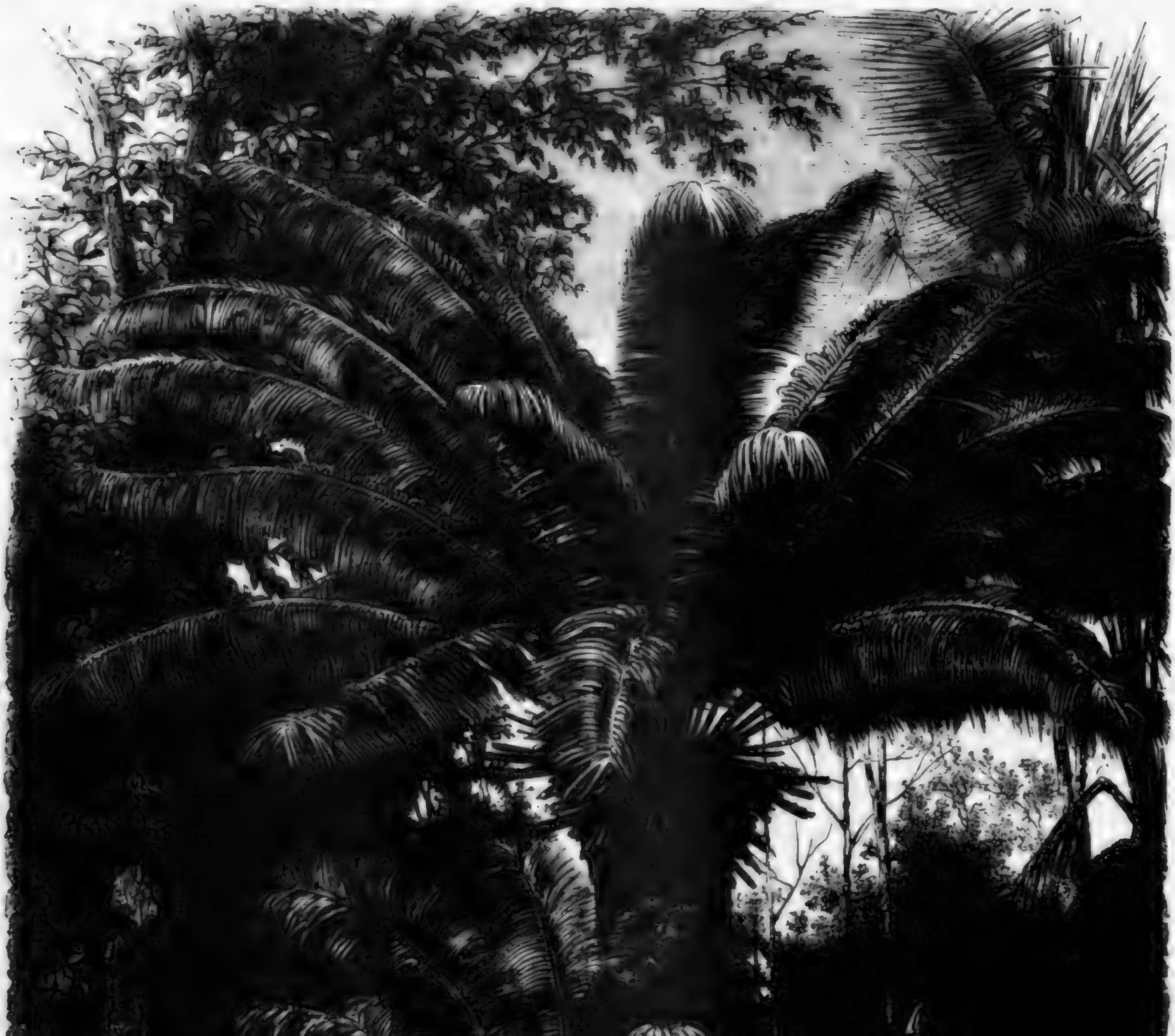
Thus various forms of palms flourish along the banks of the Nile, but in general, Africa and its islands have a less number of these trees to boast of than either Asia or America.

DEEP MINES.

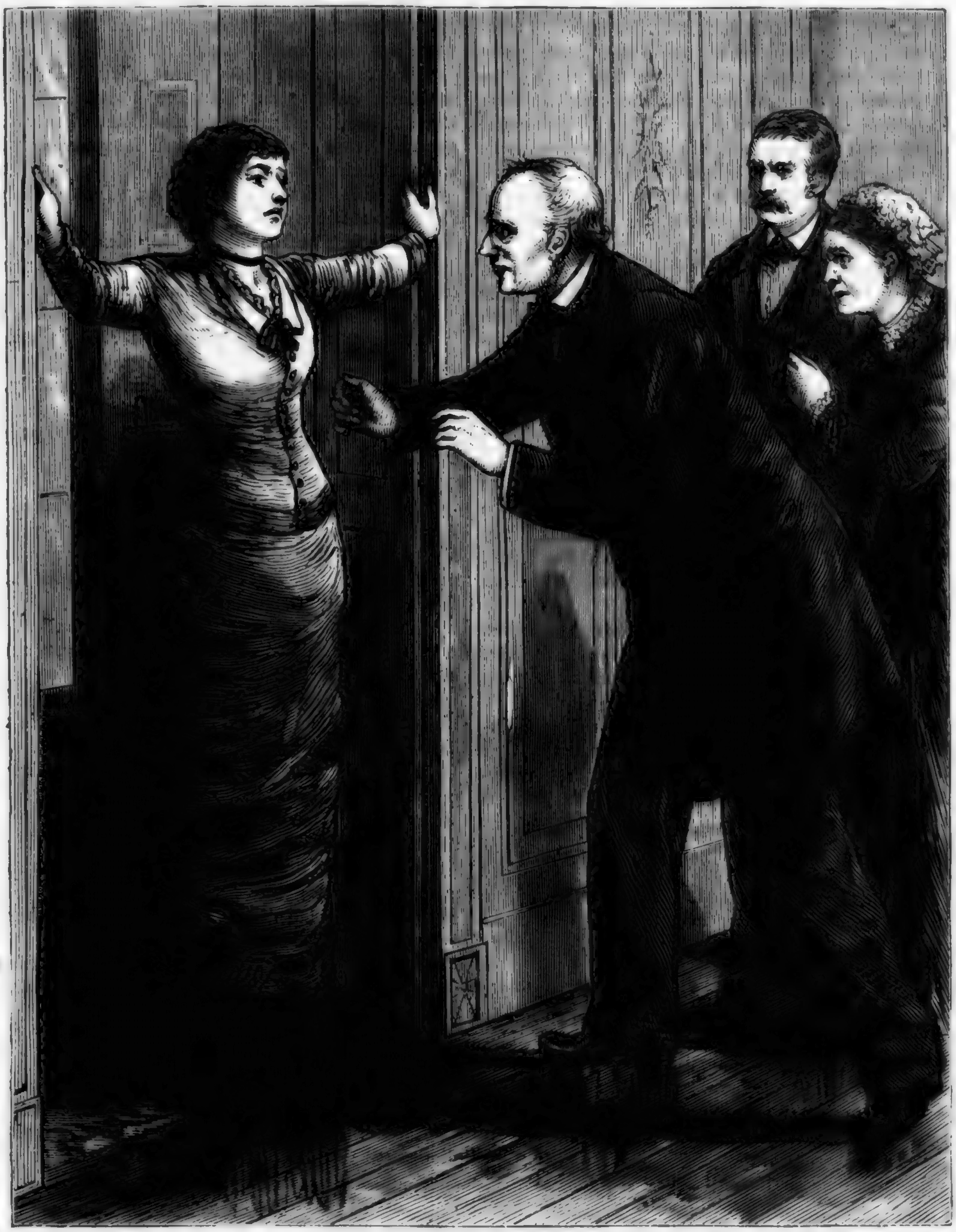
The deepest mine in the world now worked is said to be the Adalbert lead and silver mine in Austria, which is 3,280 feet deep. The next is the Viviers coal mine in Belgium, 2,837 feet. It was sunk to the depth of 3,586 feet, but, no coal having been found, the working is at the former level. The deepest coal mines in England are the Dunkirk Colliery in Lancashire, 2,824 feet, and the Rosebridge in the same locality, 2,458. The deepest mine in this country is the Yellow Jacket of the Comstock Lode. It is now 2,500 feet below the surface of the mouth of the main shaft, and 2,933 feet below the Gould & Curry croppings. The Savage stands second on the list, and the Imperial the third; both being nearly as deep as the Yellow Jacket.

Don't expect to be called a good fellow any longer than you consent to do as others wish.

XUM



THE PALMS OF MADAGASCAR.—SEE PAGE 63.



A GILDED PILL.—"'IS ANY ONE IN THAT ROOM?' THUNDERED DICK, AND JESSIE, SPREADING HER HANDS FROM POST TO POST, AS SHE TURNED HER BACK AGAINST THE DOOR, CRIED OUT, WILDLY: 'NO, FATHER, NO!'"

A GILDED PILL.

A Tale of a Little Mystery.

By Geo. Manville Fenn.

CHAPTER XI.

A LUNATIC.

"Mr. Thomas Shingle," said John, in a loud voice.

And, in a hasty, excited manner, Max Shingle's elder son entered the room, to look angrily at his brother, as he saw him seated there.

"You here?" he cried, sharply.

"Ya-as, I'm here, Tom," was the cool reply.

"Aunt—Jessie!" exclaimed Tom, advancing. "I, by chance, heard that my father had entered your doors; and, taking this as an augury that we were to be friends once more, I followed him; but I did not expect to find my brother here, and that I should be——"

"*De trop*," said Fred, with an irritating smile; "but you do."

Tom turned upon him sharply, but, mastering his passion, he crossed to where Jessie was seated, and held out his hand.

"Jessie," he said, in a low, choking voice, "you will shake hands with me? I forgive all the past now, and wish you every happiness."

At his first words a glad light had leaped into the poor girl's eyes, and she half raised her hand to take his; but as he finished his sentence, and she felt how he

XUM

misunderstood her, a stony rigidity stole over her, and she shrank back, letting her hand fall upon her lap.

It was too hard to bear, and she would have given worlds to have been able to rush from the room—anywhere, so as to be alone—and sob and wail aloud, to relieve her bursting heart. But it was impossible. She could not stir—only look up at Tom, as with knitted brows he stood there, evidently resenting her coldness.

Never once had her thoughts strayed from him; and yet he had misjudged her so cruelly, believing that she trifled with him, that she played with his heart, while she coquetted, behaved lightly, with his brother; and now, after these long, weary months—after what would soon be two years of misery—now that he had come, her heart had whispered, to tell her that he had been wrong, and misjudged her, while he asked her pardon for the past—a pardon that she would joy in according—she had to hear, first that he was engaged to another, and then read in his face that his doubts and misgivings were stronger than ever.

Poor Jessie's heart, that had been expanding fast, like the petals of a flower, to drink in the sunshine of hope and love and joy, seemed to contract and shrivel up, blighted and seared; and, cold and stony, she sat there, while, with a half-laugh of annoyance and contempt, Tom turned away.

"As you will, my fair cousin," he said, in a low, bitter voice. "I suppose I am to call you sister some day. How the world changes! Better poverty and truth than this."

He turned abruptly, and began speaking to Mrs. Shingle; while Fred, seizing the opportunity, took a seat beside Jessie on the couch, and began to talk to her rapidly about the various trifles of the day—chattering on, while she seemed to be listening to him, for she replied in monosyllables, though she was striving, with every nerve attent, to hear what was said by his brother.

Before many words had passed, though, voices were heard from without, increasing in loudness; and Mrs. Shingle started up, for it was very plain that Dick was in a towering rage.

In fact, as he came through the conservatory he struck a handsome *jardinière* a heavy blow with his open hand, shivering it upon the tessellated tiles of the floor.

"Hallo, here!" cried Dick, angrily, as he entered, followed by Max, "you are all here, are you! Why didn't you bring the wife and the servants, and take possession? It's all right—there's plenty of room. Here, you, sir, get off that sofa!"

The young men rose as he entered—Fred very slowly, and evidently amused; while Tom's face flushed with rage.

"Oh, father!" cried Jessie, whose face had become suffused from shame and annoyance.

"There, I know what I'm doing," he said. "Hold your tongue. You and your mother had better be off. You'll stop? Well, then, stop."

"Is your husband subject to a little—er—er—— You know, Mrs. Richard Shingle," said Max, tapping his forehead.

"No," said Dick, sharply, "he isn't. And now, may I ask, young fellows, how it is you condescend to be here?"

"They came unknown to me," said Max, hotly.

"I dessay they did," cried Dick; "but whether they did or not, they've come to the wrong place, and I forbid them, once for all, my house."

"Come, father," said Tom, sternly; while Fred took a step to Jessie's side, and whispered:

"Dear Jessie, for Heaven's sake let this make no difference to us."

She turned her eyes upon him for a moment, and Tom saw the glance, and, as she gazed at him, directed a look upon her of withering contempt.

"Don't be in too great a hurry," said Dick. "As you are here, we may as well have it out. We don't often meet. Now, Max, my most affectionate brother, have the goodness to say that again, and let your sons hear what sort of a man you are."

"No," said Max, "I leave now. I shall take my own steps about it."

"You will?" said Dick, looking startled.

"I shall, sir, I shall. I don't consider you are fit to be trusted. There are such cases as inquiries in lunacy."

"Bah!" said Dick, who looked startled all the same. "Well, if you don't say what you said to me, here out loud before them all, I shall say it myself."

"Then I will say it!" cried Max, desperately. "What I said, my sons, was this: As your uncle has hit upon some scheme for making a fortune, I have a right, as his own brother——"

"Very own, indeed," said Dick, quietly.

"To share with him in the secret," continued Max.

"And what I say to it is," cried Dick—"and you can all hear me—that what I invented with my own brains is my own property, and I won't be bullied out of it by all the brothers in Christendom."

"Then I shall follow out my own course."

"Follow it, then," said Dick, scornfully, "and let your boys come after you."

Tom turned upon him resentfully, but merely ground his teeth; while Fred winked, and tapped his teeth with his cane.

"I have not been idle during my interview with my poor afflicted brother," continued Max; "and I have seen enough from his wild behavior and language to know that the mental disease that has been threatening for years has now obtained such a hold that he is no longer fit to manage his own affairs."

"I say, hold hard there!" cried Dick, looking at him in a puzzled way.

"I shall, of course, make due arrangements for the proper carrying out of his business, and for protecting the interests of his wife and child."

"Father!" cried Tom, stepping forward, "this is atrocious; there are no grounds for what you say."

"Silence, sir!" roared Max; while Dick's countenance underwent a complete change.

"There!" cried Dick, angrily, as he appealed in turn to all present; "what did I always say? Max, you always were, and always will be, a 'umbug!"

"What?" cried Max.

"A 'umbug, sir. U-m, um, b-u-double-g, bug, 'umbug! That for you!" cried Dick, snapping his fingers in his brother's face.

"Ah!" said Max, with a heavy sigh; "all proof of what I say—the violence, the excitement, these strange outbursts. My poor brother!"

He took out his handkerchief, and applied it to his eyes.

Dick looked at him for a moment, then at his wife and child, and then his face grew longer, and his hand played nervously about his face.

"But, I say, Max," he cried, "you don't mean this? I'm as right in the upper story as you are."

Max wiped his eyes, and shook his head.

"My dear Richard," he said, "I'd give my right hand to know you were. This is dreadful."

"Dreadful! It's worse than dreadful," cried Mrs. Shingle, catching her husband's arm. "Dick, make him leave the house."

"My dear Mrs. Shingle," said Max, deprecatingly, "this is folly. You only excite him terribly."

"Excite him!" cried Mrs. Shingle.

"Yes, my dear," said Dick, wiping the perspiration from his face, "it do excite me a deal. I don't know that Max ain't right; but he won't be hard on me, Max won't. I have felt a little—little confused and upset, you know, about my business, sometimes."

"Father, it is not true," cried Jessie, going to his side. "Your mind is perfectly clear."

"I'm afraid it ain't, my dear," he said. "But your Uncle Max won't be hard on me. No sending to asylums or that sort of thing. Just a friendly visit from a doctor or two, and I should be soon put right."

"Whatever the cleverest medical man I could procure—a specialist on your particular ailment—said, I should go by," replied Max, sadly.

"There, mother—there, Jessie! what did I tell you?" cried Dick, brightening up. "Blood is thicker than water—I always said it was. Max will do what's right."

"With Heaven's help, I will," said Max, solemnly; while, unable to contain his disgust, Tom walked to the window.

"Of course he will!" cried Dick, who indulged in a kind of breakdown, ending with a stamp on the floor, as Mrs. Shingle and Jessie looked on in a horrified way. "And look here, Max, old man," he cried, panting with his exertions, "it'll be all made up now, and we shall be the best of friends, eh?"

"Yes, dear Richard, the best of friends," said Max, glancing at Mrs. Shingle, and then shrugging his shoulders and raising his eyes.

"But about my business," said Dick, uneasily. And he began to bite the bits of tough skin at the sides of his fingers.

"Richard, are you mad?" cried Mrs. Shingle, excitedly. "You shall not talk about it! You have kept it secret so long, even from your own wife and child, and you shall not talk about it to him!"

Dick smiled at her rather vacantly.

"Well, it do seem hard, mother, certainly; but it was sure to come out some day, and it's best for one's own brother to know of it—better than anybody else, because he'll do what's right and best for every one—you and Jessie too, of course; for if I get worse, as I may, you know, it would be sad, you know, for it all to go to ruin for want of a master mind, and no one left to take care of you—and—you come to ruin, and not even your poor husband to make boots and shoes for you again. Ha, ha, ha!"

He laughed hysterically, and Mrs. Shingle threw her arms round his neck.

"Oh, Dick! dear Dick! what has come to you?" she cried. Then, rousing herself, she turned angrily upon Max. "This is your doing!" she cried. "He was quite well till you came!"

Max shook his head sadly, and wiped his eyes, while Fred tried to take Jessie's hand; but she motioned him away sternly, and stood by her father, watching all present.

"Don't talk like that, my dear," said Dick, patting his wife's shoulder, "it hurts me and makes me worse. Max means well, and he'll see to things being carried out right for all of us; won't you, Max?"

"Indeed, I will," said Max, piously; and Tom still gazed from the window.

"But—but—but do you think, Max," said Dick, drawing his hands from his wife and child, and speaking in a desultory, wandering way, as if trying to collect his thoughts, "do you think that if you came in with me as you proposed, and saw to the management of the business, so as to relieve me and let me rest, it would be necessary for me to go anywhere away from home?"

"We would take advice over that," said Max; "the best to be had—medical."

"N—no," said Dick, shrewdly, "I shouldn't quite like that, Max; those very clever doctors are too clever sometimes, and they might want to lock me up. I should be better at home with mother, here, and Jessie. It would make me worse to go away."

"Oh, that could be managed, perhaps," said Max; "but you must have your business arrangements attended to—they are so important."

"Yes, yes, of course," said Dick, who trembled and looked horrified at the thought of having to go away; "but you'd make time for that. You could go halves, Max, and manage for me; and the business is growing fast—and you'd see, even if I got worse, that Jessie and mother, here, always had enough."

"I cannot bear this any longer!" cried Mrs. Shingle; while Jessie stood like stone.

"It's all right, mother—it's all right, mother. Max is a good fellow. When he used to row me it was to do me good. And you'll take all in hand, won't you, Max?"

"Dick, you shall not make any such arrangements," said Mrs. Shingle. "Will no one take our side?"

"I will, aunt!" cried Tom, fiercely; "for I will never stand by and see such a blackguardly wrong committed. Jessie," he cried, "you have treated me badly, and behaved with cruel treachery to the man who loved you very dearly—and that's all past now; but while I've hand to lift or voice to raise, I'll never see you or yours wronged by father—or brother," he added, fiercely, turning to Fred, while Jessie uttered a loud sigh, and buried her face on her mother's shoulder.

"Tom," whispered Max, catching him by the shoulder, "if you are not silent, I'll strike you down."

"Father, if you dare to touch me," roared Tom, "God forgive me, I shall forget that you gave me birth! I will not stand by and see my uncle wronged. If he is unfit to attend to his affairs, aunt, see some trustworthy lawyer; but you shall not be imposed upon like this."

"Fred, stop him!" cried Max, furiously. "Turn him out of the room; he's as mad as his uncle!"

Fred hesitated for a moment, and then stepping forward, he caught Tom by the arm.

"Here, come out!" he cried.

"Stand back!" cried Tom, huskily.

"No—out you go!" cried Fred, who gathered courage on seeing his brother did not resent his attack.

"Stand back, I say!" cried Tom, again.

"Out you go," repeated Fred—"you fool!"

Tom drew back for a moment, and then, as Jessie looked up, roused by a movement on her father's part, and a cry from her mother, she saw Tom's fist dart out from his shoulder, and then there was a dull sound, and Fred staggered back, tripped over a mat by the open window, and fell with a crash amongst the flower-pots in the conservatory, bringing down an avalanche in his fall.

As Tom turned, it was to see that a complete change had come over Dick, who had leaped at his brother's throat, catching him by shirt-front and white cravat, bringing him upon his knees, and shaking him with all his might.

"You damned scoundrel—you sanctified, hypocritical cheat!" shouted Dick, as he shook Max till he began to turn pale, and something white fell on the floor between his knees. "Mad, am I? Send me to an asylum, would you? Let me off if I give you half my income?"

"Help, help!" moaned Max, whose dark, smooth hair glided from his head on to the floor as Dick shook away.

"Didn't I—say—you were—a 'umbug?" cried Dick, panting, and throwing all his energies into a kick. "That was a good one for a poor wretch with softening of the brain, eh? There, now get up, and out of my house, and never darken the doors again. You ain't a brother to me, and never were. Being born of the same mother only half makes brothers. I'll never own you as mine—eh? Ah, I've done, Tom, now."

Dick made no resistance as Tom dragged him away from his father; and Max got up, looking very indecent about the head, as he hastily picked up and dragged on his wig.

"You—you—shall smart for this," he mumbled. "As for Tom, never enter my house——"

"Be off!" roared Dick, and he made at him again.

But Tom, with a look of bitter mortification in his face, restrained him; and Max, clinging to his son Fred, hurried out of the door, leaving Mrs. Shingle trembling in a chair, where she had sunk; while Jessie knelt beside her, white as ashes, and holding her hand.

It was an ignoble plight, made more absurd by Dick, who suddenly ran to the fireplace and took the tongs, with which he picked up something of ivory and gold, and ran to the door.

"Here, Saint Maximilian!" he shouted, "you've left your teeth;" and he threw the grinning set out with a crash into the hall.

"Take care!" cried a familiar voice; "I haven't done anything."

"What, Hopper, old man!" cried Dick, "you there?"

"Yes, I saw and heard it all—all I could," he added, stumping into the room.

Dick threw himself laughing into an easy-chair, as he heard the door bang; but started up directly, as he saw Tom standing, silent and mortified, in the middle of the room.

"Thanky, Tom Shingle!" he cried, as he held out his hand, which Tom took for a moment, and then dropped. "Ah, you're put out, of course; and I don't wonder. It's enough to rile any young fellow with stuff in him, and you've got that, and acted like a man."

Tom gazed at him in silence, but did not speak.

"He's ordered you out of his house, my lad," continued Dick. "Not pleasant between father and son. There, I ain't going to abuse him," he hastened to add, as Tom made a deprecating gesture; "but don't you mind that—you acted like a man, and your conscience would set you right. Now, good-by, my lad, and mind this: if you ever want a hundred pounds, or two hundred, or five hundred pounds, you've only got to say so to your uncle, Richard Shingle, and there it is."

"I thank you, uncle," said Tom, sadly; "but I shall not ask. Good-by—I shall not see you again."

"Good-by."

"Yes, I shall go abroad, and we may never meet again. I cannot stay here now—the disgrace would break my heart. Good-by, aunt—good-by, Jessie!" he said, passionately.

But she heard him not; for, as he hurried to the door, she sank, fainting, at her mother's knee, while Tom passed out, closely followed by Hopper, the last-comer on the scene.

CHAPTER XII.

HOPPER ON SUICIDE.

"HERE, hold hard, you sir—hold hard!" cried Hopper, hooking Tom at last by the arm with his great stick.

Tom turned upon him savagely; but the old man did not move a muscle.

"Where are you going?" he said, sternly.

"To the devil!" said Tom, bitterly. "To drown myself, I think."

"Hey! Drown yourself? Well, don't you try to do it on an empty stomach. I knew a man once who tried it, and he did nothing but float. Come home with me, and have a bit of dinner first."

Tom was just in the humor to be led by fate, and he could not help smiling at the old man's words. The next moment Hopper thrust his arm through the young man's, and began signaling with his stick to a passing cab, into which he thrust him.

"Get over further," said Hopper, poking at him with his stick; and then, following, he shouted to the man, "Clement's Inn."

Nothing was said during the journey; and, on reaching the gateway, Hopper got out first, and, literally taking Tom into custody, led him to a black-looking house, and up a dingy old staircase, to a door at the top, covered with iron bands and clamps, which he unlocked, and pushed Tom into a very old-fashioned-looking room, cumbered with pictures, curiosities, and odds and ends piled up amongst the antique furniture.

"There," said Hopper, stooping to caress a cat that came rubbing itself up against his left leg, and another that purred against his right, while a third and fourth leaped upon his back when he stooped, "this is my kennel—cat's kennel, if you like—I've got eight. That's their garden," he continued, throwing open a sliding window that looked upon a parapet; "they can run for miles along the roofs of the houses here. Good view here, Tom Shingle. Ah! the very thing," he added, catching the young man's sleeve; "look down there—eighty feet, and good, firm stones at the bottom. You say you want to go to the devil—jump down. I won't stop you."

Tom glanced down, and turned away with a shudder.

"Well, it would make a nasty mess on the stones, certainly," said Hopper, looking at him curiously, while the cats rubbed and purred about them; "but they'd soon sweep that away; and the dead-house is close by. I'll go as witness."

"For God's sake, hold your tongue!" cried Tom.

"Hey? Hold my tongue? Why? Better and quicker than jumping into the river, and struggling up and down, and wanting to get out; beside running the risk of floating up and down with the tide, and looking like swollen bagpipes."

"Be silent!" shouted Tom, gazing at him in horror.

"What for?" chuckled the old man. "You'd look so ugly, too, with your nose rubbed off. Tide always rubs their noses off against the barges, and ships, and piers of bridges. I know lots of people wouldn't drown themselves if they knew how ugly they'd look when they were dead. I've seen 'em dozens of times."

"Do you find any pleasure in tormenting me?" cried Tom, furiously.

"Torment you, hey? Not I," chuckled Hopper. "You said you were going to drown yourself—that takes nearly five minutes; and they may fish you out with a boathook and bring you to, which they say isn't pleasant. I only suggested a quicker way."

Tom turned from the window, and threw himself into a chair.

"Ah, you're better," said Hopper, poking the fire up brightly.

"Better!" groaned Tom.

"Yes, ever so much. You're not fretting about your father, but about Jessie—you're in love."

Tom was starting up, but the old man forced him back into his chair.

"Sit still, you young fool! You are in love, arn't you?"

"I suppose so," said Tom, bitterly.

"I'll give you a dose for the complaint," chuckled the old fellow; when there was a knock at the door, which he opened, and a neat-looking servant bustled in and spread the table with the snowiest of cloths and brightest of old-fashioned glass and silver, ending by placing the first portion of a capitally cooked dinner on the table, and sending all the cats out of the window into the gutter, where they sat down patiently in a row, to gaze solemnly through the panes of glass till the repast was at an end.

"Why, I thought you were very poor!" said Tom, gazing curiously at his shabbily dressed host, as he opened a massive carved oak cellaret, and took out a bottle of Burgundy that looked as old as the receptacle.

"Hey? Thought I was poor? More fool you! You're always thinking stupid things. You've gone about nearly two years thinking Jessie don't care for you."

Tom started as if he had been stung; but he sank back in his chair gazing wonderingly at the quaint, old fellow, as he opened a bottle to pour out a couple of large glasses of the fluid, and began wondering how much he knew.

"There, you handsome, young, long-eared donkey!" cried Hopper, placing one glass in the young man's fingers—"that's the finest Burgundy to be got for love or money. That'll give you strength of mind, and blood to sustain, and make you take a less bilious view of things than you do now. Catch hold! I'm an old-fashioned one, I am. Here's a toast. Are you ready?"

Tom took the glass, and nodded.

"Here's my darling little Jessie. God bless her! and may she soon be happy with the man of her choice!"

He looked maliciously at the young man as he spoke; but Tom set down his glass untasted.

"I can't drink that!" he said, sternly.

"Hey? Not drink it? Why not?"

"Because if she marries my brother she will never be a happy woman," said Tom, sadly.

"Bah! Idiot! Young fool!" chuckled Hopper. "She won't marry Fred Shingle. I'd sooner poison her. Drink. You care for her, don't you?"

"I do," said Tom, fervently.

"Then drink to her happiness, and don't be a selfish ass. If you can't have her, don't grudge the pretty little sweet bit of fruit to some one else. Drink!"

"Jessie!" said Tom, softly and reverently

Then he drained his glass.

"Ha, ha, ha! You're getting better," chuckled Hopper; "and I shall make you well before I've done."

Certainly, a great change did come over Tom Shingle as he partook of the excellent dinner brought in hot by the neat servant; the old fellow seeming to be far less hard of hearing than usual, and chuckling and laughing as he took his wine freely, opened a fresh bottle, and finally brought out pipes and cigars, as the dinner was replaced by dessert.

"Thought I was poor, did you, Tom, my boy?" he cried, slapping the other on the knee. "I'm not, you see; but that's my secret. I never bring anybody here scarcely. Your father has never been, nor your Uncle Dick neither. Lucky dog; he's made lots of money and goes on, too—and hang me if I know how."

"The same way as you, perhaps," said Tom, smiling.

"No, that he don't. I do a bit in the city, and speculate in a few bills occasionally. I've got paper with names on that would startle you, I'll be bound."

"I dare say," said Tom, sadly.

"There—there, man, fill another glass. You're coming out bad with your old complaint again—love-sick."

"Ah!" cried Tom, who had got into the confidential stage, like his host. "You don't know what it means."

"I don't know what it means!" cried the old fellow, rising, and leaning his hands on the table as he set down his pipe. "Look there, Tom Shingle—look there!" he cried, crossing to a drawer, unlocking it hastily, and taking out an old-fashioned miniature of a very beautiful woman.

"My grandmother!" said Tom, starting, as he held the portrait to the light.

"And my love," said the old fellow, in a softened, changed voice. "Yes, Tom, I loved her very dearly—as dearly as I hated the man who took her from me. Not that she ever cared for me. Tom, she was an angel. Your grandfather was a scoundrel, and the blood of the two has run its different courses. Women, somehow, like scoundrels," he said, as he reverently put away the miniature.

"They do," groaned Tom.

"But not all, Tom—not all. There, man, fill up and drink. Here's my little darling Jessie—your darling, if you're the man I take you for."

"If you talk like that I must go," said Tom.

"Hey? What, go? Stuff, man! Have a little faith. I don't say Jessie's perfect; but she's a better girl than you believe her. Try her again, man."

Tom shook his head.

"Fred is always there in my light."

"Turn him out of it, then. Bah! You weak boy! You imagine twice as much as you have any grounds for. Take my advice, or leave it—I don't care which. I only give you the hint for your own sake. Puss, puss, puss!"

He got up, opened the window, and the cats came trooping in, to leap upon him and show their delight, while he petted first one and then another as they thrust their heads into his hands; Tom sitting back and watching him curiously the while.

"Curious, isn't it?" said Hopper, chuckling. "But a man must have friends. I've got very few, so I take cats, and they are as faithful as truth. Capital things to keep, Tom, my lad. Ha, ha, ha! Only behave well to them, and it don't matter how great a scoundrel you are, they never find you out, nor believe what the world says—they stick to you to the end."

At last Tom took another glance round the quaint room, to see dozens of fresh objects at every look—old china, ancient weapons, curious watches, besides articles of *vertu* that must have been of great value, and the old fellow chuckled as he saw the direction of his glances.

"Queer place to live in, Tom, and queer things about. Look here, my lad—here's my will. I keep it here in this old canister, just where it can be found ready for my executors. What? Hey? Going? Well, good-by. Come again, Tom—often—I shall be glad to see you."

"Do you mean this?" said Tom.

"Hey?"

"I say, do you mean it?"

"Oh, yes! I heard. Mean it? Of course I do, man, or I shouldn't ask you. Only, I mean, come in a sensible guise, not in a ghostly form. None of your drowned ghosts, without their noses. I mean you in the flesh, not in the spirit."

"You need have no fear," said Tom, sadly. "My mad fit is past. I should not be guilty of such folly."

"I should think not!" said Hopper, laughing. "We make nearly all our own troubles, my boy, and then men are such cowards that they run away from them. Have another cigar. That's right—light up, Tom. Good-by, lad. I say, why don't you go round by your uncle's house, and have a peep at some one's window? There, be off; you're a poor coward of a lover, after all."

XUM

CHAPTER XIII.

PRIVATE INQUIRY.

A FEW weeks passed, and poor Jessie seemed to have received a serious shock from the encounter that took place at her father's house, and for days together she would be depressed, silent, and stand at the window watching, as if in expectation of some one coming. Then an interval of feverish gayety would set in, during which, with brightened eyes, she would chat and play and sing, evincing so much mirth that Dick would shake his head to his wife, and declare it was a bad sign.

"It's all fretting, mother," he would say. "She's thinking of that scamp, Fred Shingle."

Whereupon Mrs. Shingle would shake her head in turn, and declare, tartly, that he knew nothing at all about it, for she was sure it was Tom.

"You are very clever, no doubt, Dick, at keeping secrets, and hiding things away from your wife——"

"That's right," said Dick. "Go it! I wish I was poor again."

"But you know no more about that poor girl's feelings than you do of Chinese."

"Well, I don't know much about Chinese, mother, certainly," said Dick; "but I'm sure it ain't Tom. How can it be?"

"I don't know how it can be," said Mrs. Shingle, tartly, "or how it can't be; but fretting after Tom Shingle she is, and it's my belief he's very fond of her."

"There you go," said Dick, who was warming himself, with his back to the fire, waiting for the object of their solicitude to come down to dinner, for she had been lying down the greater part of the day—"there you go, mother, a-showing yourself up, and contradicting common sense. I say it's after Fred she's fretting."

"I know you do," said Mrs. Shingle, tightening her lips, and giving her head a shake, which plainly said, "I'll die before I'll give in."

"Let me have one word in, mother, if it's only edgewise," cried Dick.

"There, go on—I know what you are going to say."

"No, you don't, mother; so don't aggravate. I say it's Fred."

"I know you do."

"For this reason. He's forbid the house, and I won't have it; for I hear nothing but ill spoken of him, and I won't have him here. He ain't worthy of her. So he can't come, and she, poor girl, frets about it; and if she don't get better I shall have to give in. Now, you say it's Tom."

"Yes," said Mrs. Shingle, nodding her head.

"Well, then, why don't he come, or why don't she send for him and make it right? Can't you see that if it were as you say, all would be right directly, for he'd come."

Mrs. Shingle shook her head.

"That's right, mother; be obstinate, mother, when you know there's nothing to prevent his coming. Oh, here she is!"

Jessie came in directly, looking very pale and sweet in her sadness; her eyes were sunken with wakefulness, but she had a smile for father and mother, and an affectionate kiss before taking her place at the table; where, after kicking himself in his misery, Dick set to, pretending not to notice his child's depression, though he felt a bitter pang at his heart, as he was guilty of every bit of clowning in his efforts to bring a smile from the suffering girl's eyes.

At times, though, he was very absent, and his tongue went on talking at random—of the last thing, perhaps, that he had seen—while his mind was far away. In fact, had his brother been present, with witnesses, he would have had strong grounds for saying that Dick's brain was softening, at the very least.

He began with grace, standing up, and very reverently said the customary formula, ending "truly thankful. Amen. Pure pickles, sauces and jams," he continued, for his eye had lit upon the label on a bottle in the sauce stand.

He started the next moment, and looked round, with one hand in his breast, to see if the string of his dickey was all right, for he occasionally put on one of those delusive articles of linen attire when he dressed for dinner, and always went in torture for the rest of the evening, on account of the treacherous nature of the garment—one which invariably seeks to betray the weakness of a man's linen-closet by bursting off strings or creeping insidiously round under his arm. In fact, one of Richard Shingle's, on a certain evening, deposited the bottom of the well-starched plaits in his soup, by making a dive out from within his vest as he leaned down.

"Glass of wine, Jessie?" said Dick, as the dinner went on; and to oblige him the poor girl took a little, just as Mrs. Shingle exclaimed:

"Bless me, I have no handkerchief! Did you take my handkerchief, Jessie?"

"Lor'! mother, don't talk of your handkerchief as if it was a pill. You do roll 'em up pretty tight, but not quite so bad as that."

Union Jack, who was waiting at table, exploded in a burst of laughter, which he tried to hide by rattling the dish-covers together, and then turning uncomfortable, as his master gave him a severe frown.

"A good servant, John, never hears what takes place at his master's table."

"No, sir—yes, sir," said John; "but you do say such funny things."

And the dinner went on.

"What's the pudden, my dear," said Dick, at last.

"It's a new kind," said Mrs. Shingle. "You'll have some? I told the cook how to make it."

"That I will, and so will Jessie. I always like your puddens, mother, they make one feel so good while one's eating them—they're so innocent."

"You've not seen any more of your brother, I suppose?" said Mrs. Shingle, just then, inadvertently.

"Well, I have seen him," said Dick—"twice. He's up to some little game, mother."

"What do you mean?"

"Why, that he's got a man always watching me. He follows me like my shadow. Private detective, I should say. He wants to find out my secret, or else he's going to try on his little game again; but I'm not afraid. Jessie, my gal, what is it?"

"Nothing, father, nothing," she said, trying to smile, as she rose from the table. "The room is too hot. I think I'll go up-stairs."

"I'll go with you, my darling," exclaimed Mrs. Shingle; but Jessie insisted on her staying, and she had her own way, going up to sit at her window, as was her wont, to watch wistfully along the darkened road for the relief that seemed as if it would never come.

She had been there about an hour, when suddenly she started up, and gazed down excitedly into the garden, where she could plainly make out the figure of a man; and as she looked he raised his hands to her, and sharply beckoned her to come down.

"At last!" she cried, with a look of joy flashing from her eyes; and, going to the door, she listened for a few moments, hesitated, and then went down to the breakfast-room, which opened with French windows on to the garden, unfastened one, and in the dim light, a figure passed in rapidly, and closed the door behind him.

There were two men standing in the shadow of a gate on the other side, one of whom scribbled something quickly on a page of a note-book, and gave it to the other, with the words:

"Run—first cab! and lose not a moment!"

A quarter of an hour later, just as Dick and his wife were about to leave the dining-room, there was a sharp knock at the door, followed by the trampling of feet in the hall, and Union Jack's voice heard in protestation:

"I tell you he's at dinner, and won't be disturbed. Master always gives strict orders that——"

"Tell your master that Mr. Maximilian Shingle insists upon seeing him on business!"

"Does he?" said Dick, sharply.

And he stood at the door, looking at his brother, and flourishing his dinner-napkin about, as his eyes lit upon the two companions of Max; and a nervous feeling akin to alarm came upon him, as he saw that they were two well-dressed, keen-looking men.

"They're mad doctors—both of 'em," thought Dick, "they're going to listen to what I say, sign certificates, and have me dragged away. They'll have a tough job of it if they do, though. Yes, and there's the carriage just come up that's to take me off," he thought, as there was the noise of wheels stopping at the door. "Don't open that door, John!" he cried.

But he was too late; for the boy had opened it on the instant, and before he could shut it, old Hopper, closely followed by Tom, entered the hall.

"Oh, it's you, is it?" said Dick, feeling relieved.

"Hey? Yes, it's me," said Hopper, quietly. "We thought we'd just drop in."

"Well, then, Mr. Max Shingle, perhaps you'll be good enough to tell me what you want, disturbing me at my dinner?" said Dick, sharply.

"Well, the fact is," said Max, smiling maliciously, but rubbing his hands and trying to look smooth the while, "these gentlemen and I——"

"Let's see," said Dick, coolly; for he felt now that he was well backed up. "But, stop a moment. John, my lad, fetch a policeman."

"By all means," said Max, eagerly. "Get one, my boy."

Union Jack, who had been staring with open eyes, unfastened the door, to find one outside, beating his gloves together, probably attracted by the scent of something going on.

"Here's one outside, sir," cried the boy, eagerly.

"That's right," said Dick. "Here, you Number Something, come in. You're to see fair over this, my man."

He nodded to Tom and Hopper, who were both singularly silent, and then turned to Max, as the front door was closed, and Mrs. Shingle stood half in the dining-room, a wondering spectator of the strange proceedings.

"Now, Mr. Max, if you please," said Dick, quietly, "proceed. You say these gentlemen—who I know again; they've been watching me, I suppose, to make up a case, ever since that little brotherly quarrel of ours; and now, I suppose, they've found it all out."

"You shall hear what they've found out directly," said Max, rubbing his hands.

"My secret, I suppose," said Dick, laughing. "Well, I don't mind that."

"It will be a lesson to a disobedient son, too," said Max, turning and darting a withering look at Tom—"one who fortunately happens to be here."

"Well, when you've got through the introductory matter, or described the symptoms," said Dick, laughing, perhaps you'll administer the pill. Your friends are mad doctors, I suppose?"

Max laughed derisively, and the taller of the two men, a curious-looking fellow, whose ears stood out at either side of his head so that you could look into them, in a sharp, business-like way took out his pocket-book, and presented a card to Dick.

"That is my name and address, sir," he said—"Ed. Gilderoy, Private Inquiry Agent.' This is one of my assistants."

"Thanky," said Dick, smiling. "Now, then, let's have an inquiry in private."

Max hesitated for a moment, and then went on.

"The fact is, Mr. Richard Shingle, I have employed these gentleman to——"

"I know—watch me," said Dick, quietly. "There, you needn't shrink, Max, I was quite satisfied with the thrashing I gave you before, and if I want you turned out I shall set Number Something to work."

"I am accustomed to your insults," said Max, "so say what you like. I say, I employed these gentlemen in the interest of your wife and child as much as in that of the family, since you are so imbecile that you cannot take care of yourself."

"All right, go on," said Dick, coolly picking his teeth. "I don't care, say what you like—I deserve something for that kicking I gave you."

"And these gentlemen have reported to me that for many nights past your house has had a man lurking about it, evidently for no good purpose."

"One of these two, I suppose," said Dick, contemptuously.

"Your interruptions are most ungentlemanly," said Max.

"Besides us, sir," said Mr. Gilderoy, nodding at his assistant.

"Yes, sir, besides us," said that worthy.

"This evening the matter culminated in the man gaining entrance to your house," said Max, with a malignant look in his eyes.

"Nonsense!" cried Dick.

"Oh, no," said Max, with a half-laugh, "it's truth."

"I don't believe it!" cried Dick. "I'll question the servants."

"There is no need," said Max, maliciously; "you had better search the house, for he is here still."

"It's a lie—an invention!" cried Dick, indignantly.

"He, he, he! You'd better ask Miss Jessie if it is," said Max, laughing.

"Ask—ask Jessie!" cried Dick, looking from one to the other. "What do you mean? To dare to insult—— Oh, I won't have it! Who dares say anything of the kind?"

"Fact, sir," said the private inquirer, sharply. "Young lady, sitting at window on first floor; sits there every evening, watching along the road."

"Yes," said Dick, in a bewildered way. "She does, but——"

"To-night, at seven fifty-six, tall gent in dark coat came up, jumped the railing, crossed the flower-bed, and made signs."

There was a pause, and Tom sighed deeply.

"Dark gent, with big whiskers, something like this gent, sir," said the private inquirer, pointing to Tom.

"Was it you, Tom?" said Dick, with his old puzzled look growing more distinct upon his lined brow.

XUM

"No, uncle," said Tom, hoarsely; and then, to himself, "Would to God it had been!"

"Oh, no, sir; not this gent," said the private inquirer, referring to his note-book—"something like him, but not him. He signals to the lady at the window. Lady comes down. Lady opens breakfast-room window."

"How the devil do you know which is the breakfast-room?" cried Dick, savagely.

"My duty to know, sir," said the man, in the most unruffled way. "That's the breakfast-room door, sir. Gent goes in through window, shuts it after him; and he didn't come out."

"How do you know?" cried Dick.

"Men watching back and front, sir," said the private inquirer, imperturbably.

"Well, Max, and if some one did, what then?" said Dick. "Suppose a policeman or some one comes to see one of the maids?"

"He, he, he! You had better turn him out," said Max. "I should search the room."

"That's soon done," said Dick, throwing open the door. "Here, John—a lighter."

The boy lit a taper at the hall-lamp, and, a couple of the burners in the breakfast-room being lit, they entered.

"There!" said Dick, wiping the perspiration from his face, "you see there is no one here. I won't have any more of your poll-prying about. You pay men to see things, Max, and they see them."

"That's an aspersion on my word, sir," said the private inquirer, sharply.

"Serve you right!" cried Dick, fiercely. "What do you come watching for? No one else saw, I'll swear. You saw nobody come in, did you, Hopper?—nor you, Tom Shingle?"

Neither answered, and Dick grew more and more excited.

"I won't have it!" he cried. "I'll have the house cleared."

"Without clearing your daughter's name?" said Max.

"Clear my daughter's name! It wants no clearing," cried Dick, angrily; and now his nervous, weak manner was thrown off, and he stood up proud and defiant. "Here, stop—you, Tom Shingle, and you, Hopper. I won't have you go, if it comes to that."

"I would rather go," said Tom, sadly.

"But I say you shall not go."

"Uncle," said Tom, and he spoke in a low whisper, "let me go, for Heaven's sake—I cannot bear it."

"No," said Dick, sternly; "you shall not go till this has been set right. Do you, too, believe ill of my girl?"

"God forbid, uncle. I only wanted to know that my case was hopeless, and I have seen."

"Seen what?" whispered Dick.

"What you have heard," said Tom, bitterly.

"Do you dare to say——"

"I say nothing, uncle—only that what those men have said is true."

"Here!" cried Dick, furiously; "mother, quick—tell Jessie to come here. Oh, you are there," he cried, as, hearing a door close on the landing, he looked up, and saw Jessie standing there.

"Uncle, for Heaven's sake think of what you are doing!" cried Tom, catching his arm.

"I am thinking, sir, of clearing her name. My girl would not be guilty of——" He stopped short; for he recalled the little incident in the old home.

"I don't care!" he cried, passionately. "I'm driven to it, and it shall be sifted to the bottom."

As he spoke he ran up the stairs, closely followed by Max and his private inquirers.

"Mr. Hopper," cried Tom, passionately, "this is your doing, to bring me in here. I can't bear it. Come away. This is cruel to her."

"Hey? cruel? I don't care," said Hopper, sturdily. "I'll see it out; for, look here, Tom Shingle—and you, too, Mrs. Richard—I say, as I've said before, she'll come out of it clear as day. Now, come up."

He stumped hastily up-stairs, Tom feeling compelled to follow, but hating himself for the part he was playing—the result of hanging about the house evening after evening for the sake of catching a glimpse of Jessie, and then telling Hopper that evening what he had seen.

The old man had been astounded when, half frantic, Tom had met him on his way to Richard Shingle, and then insisted upon his coming to have the matter cleared up, vowing that there was a mistake; and the result was the encounter we have seen.

As the party reached the large landing, Jessie stood in front of the door of her room; the policeman, helmet on head, being the last to complete the half-circle that surrounded her. And then Dick spoke.

"Jessie, my darling," he said, tenderly, "I know this will upset you; but, my girl, when cruel conspiracies are hatched against us by scoundrels, we must meet them boldly."

"Yes, father," said Jessie, who did not shrink, but darted a reproachful look at Tom that went to his heart.

"Your uncle, to stab your fair fame, my gal, has brought these men to swear that they saw you let in some one to-night by the breakfast-room window; and they say he has not gone out. Speak out, my gal, and tell them it's a lie."

There was no reply, and Mrs. Shingle caught at her husband's arm; but he flushed up with passion, and shook her off.

"Jessie," he cried, in a choking voice, "speak out, quick—is any one in that room of yours?"

Jessie looked wildly from face to face, her glance resting longest on those of Max and his son Tom.

"I say, is any one in that room?" thundered Dick, catching her by the wrist, which she snatched away, and, spreading her hands from post to post, as she turned her back against the door, she cried out, wildly:

"No, father, no!"

As she spoke there was a sharp, creaking noise from within, as of a sash being thrown up; and Dick once more caught her by the wrist.

"No, no!" she cried, struggling with him frantically. "Tom, dear Tom, for pity's sake save me from this disgrace!"

Tom dashed forward and caught her in his arms, more in sorrow than in anger; for Dick had swung her round with a savage oath, throwing open the door and dashing in, with the private inquiry men, to return dragging out a man with a strong resemblance to Tom, till Gilderoy gave one of his whiskers a twitch, and pulled off both, revealing the sallow, frightened countenance of Fred.

CHAPTER XIV.

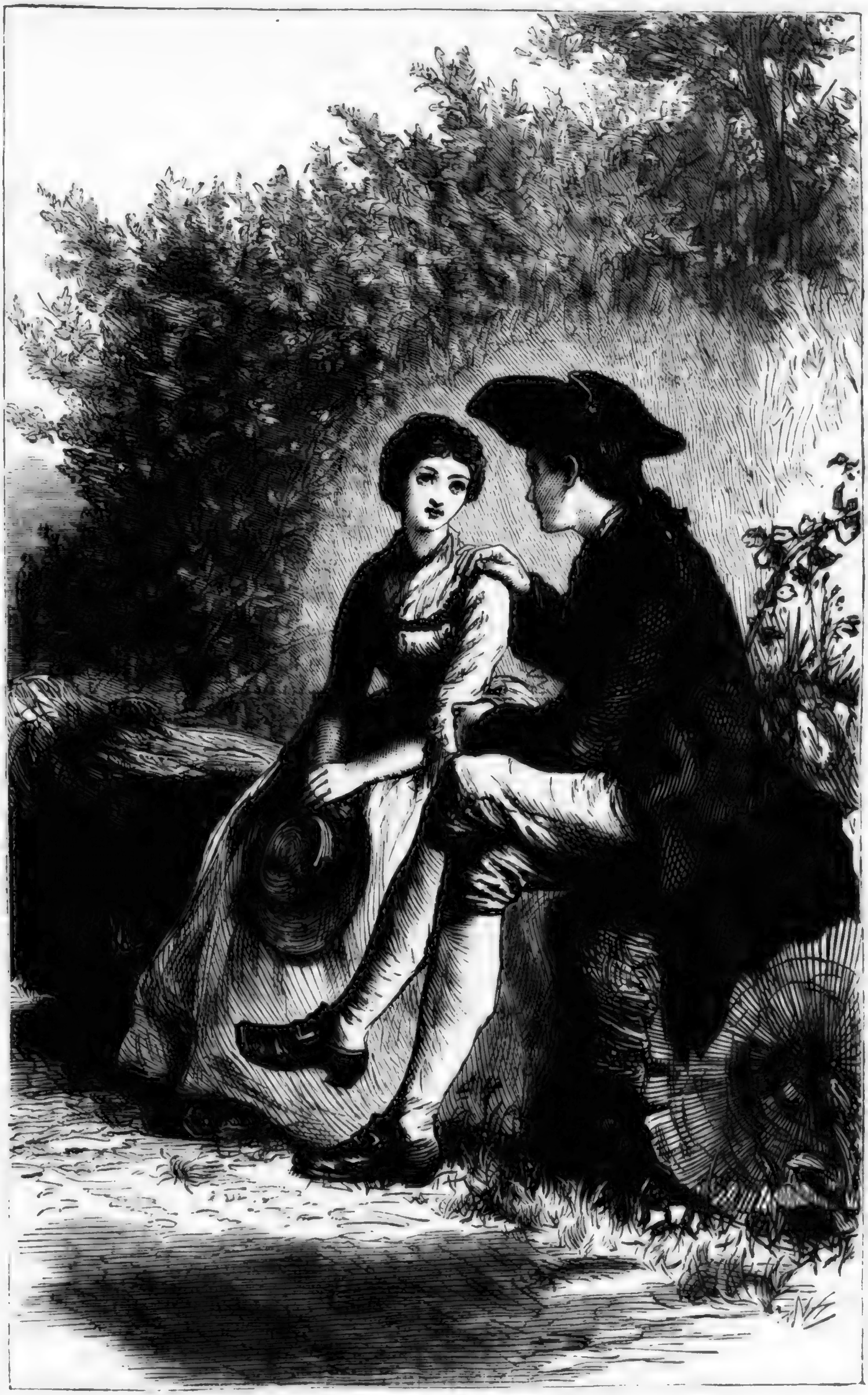
AFTER THE DISCOVERY.

"Fred!" cried his father, in alarm.

"Yes," said his son, savagely—"if you must blab it out!"

"Tom, Tom," whispered Jessie, going on her knees to him, "for your own sake save him—he is your brother."

Tom turned from her with a sigh, as he freed himself from her grasp, and placed her hands in those of her mother.



AN APPRECIATIVE LISTENER.

"And this is my child!" groaned Dick.

"Oh, father!" cried Jessie, "don't condemn me unheard. Frederick Shingle, speak out!"

"Not I," said he, cynically. "Why should I?"

"And this is my son!" exclaimed Max, who was terribly taken aback.

"There, don't cant, father," cried Fred, brutally. "I don't suppose you have always been so very particular."

"Fred!" exclaimed Tom, savagely, "it is enough that you have brought this disgrace upon your uncle, without insulting the poor girl you have injured."

"You mind your own business!" cried Fred.

"It will be my business to knock you down," cried Tom in a rage.

"Then I shall be off," said Fred, flippantly; and, as he spoke, he made for the head of the staircase, not noticing that a movement had been made in that direction by the private inquiry men, the principal speaking to the policeman, who nodded sapiently.

"Stop!" cried Max. "You shall not go without hearing a few words from me. I have no sons now; but you shall listen, as you are present, to advice that may——"

"Do them good," cried Dick, turning upon him savagely. "Give it them, then, in your own place, and not in mine. You coward—you pitiful miscreant! To revenge yourself on me you stoop to this low, beggarly watching; and when your tools warn you of your opportunity, you are such a high-toned, moral man that you come with your scoundrels to degrade and disgrace my poor gal before her father. I don't defend her—she did wrong; but I'm not a high-toned, moral man, I'm not, and I know what she has suffered; and I say to her, 'Come here, my poor darling, I'm only a weak fool, and I forgive you.'"

"Father!" cried Jessie, and she sprang to his breast.

"Yes—lie there, my darling," cried Dick, glancing round at all in turn. "Now let's see who dare say a word against you—or touch you! You're my gal, and always will be, come what may; for blood is thicker than water. I can't cast you off—not being a high-toned, moral man—and say I have no child; but—but, my darling, I'd sooner have been back, a poor man again, in Crowder's buildings, and bullied for my bit of rent, than this should have happened."

"Oh, hush, father—hush!" said Jessie—"wait till they're gone—wait till they're gone."

"No, my gal, I've nothing to be ashamed of," said Dick, "without it is of my brother and his sons. All the world may know that I was a poor man—a poor shoemaker, who made his fortune, but never lost his simple, ignorant ways."

"Uncle," cried Tom, "I have given you no cause to speak to me as you do."

"Well, perhaps not, my lad—perhaps not. I'd take it kindly of you and Hopper, then, if you'd clear the house and then go."

"I'll soon rid you of my company," said Fred. "Ta-ta, uncle. Good-by, little Jess."

Dick's fist clinched as the young man approached him, and Tom saw that Jessie shrank from him as if with loathing, though she watched his movements with a strange, keen interest.

He laughed lightly as he passed, and then started back in alarm, for the policeman placed his hands across from the balustrade to the wall.

"One moment, please, sir. This is your photograph, I think?"

He held up a card, and Fred pushed it down and tried to leap past; but the policeman caught him in his arms and forced him back.

"Oh, no, you don't, sir," said the constable, laughing. "E. Gilderoy, send your men down to keep the door. The fact is, Frederick Shingle, *alias* Captain Leroux, *alias* the Honorable Algernon Bracy, there's a warrant out against you, and two-fifty reward. We only knew this afternoon that you were F. Shingle, and you were to have been took this evening; but the job has fallen to us."

"Man, you are mad, or drunk!"

"I dare say I am," said the constable, laughing, "but Mr. Gilderoy and me means to have that two-fifty."

"Father—uncle—Tom—this is a lie—an imposition!" cried Fred, wildly glancing round for a means of escape, but seeing none.

"No, sir," said the constable, "it was them forged bills was lies and impositions."

"Constable, this is all nonsense—some trumped-up case!" cried Max. "An invention, perhaps, of the poor boy's uncle," he added, malignantly.

"Oh, no, it is not, sir; the game's been going on for close upon two years, only my gentleman here has been too clever to be caught. There's over two thou. been discounted. It's all right."

"Fred!" cried Max, "why don't you knock this lying scoundrel down?"

"Don't want to bruise my knuckles," said Fred, carelessly. "There, the game's up, and I'm sick of it."

"What?" cried Max.

"It's all right, father," said Fred, callously. "I had the cake, so I must pay for it."

"You lost reprobate!" cried Max, furiously; "do you dare to own to my face that this is true?"

"True enough," said Fred, taking out his cigar-case. "I can smoke, I suppose, constable?"

"Oh, yes, sir, and make much of it," said the man, grinning. "I don't suppose you'll get another—not *just* yet."

"Good heavens, that it should come to this!" cried Max, turning up his hands toward the ceiling. "Lost, depraved, reckless boy; you bring down your father's gray hairs with sorrow to the grave."

"What!" shrieked Fred, with a sneering laugh.

"After the Christian home in which you have been brought up! Oh, lost, lost, villainous prodigal!"

"Look here, father!" cried Fred, "slang me, if you like, for being an unlucky scoundrel; but, curse it, give me none of your sickly cant."

"Away with him, constable—his very presence makes me loathe the day when I became a father. Out of my sight, wretch. I disown and curse you!" cried Max.

"Take your curse back!" shrieked Fred, savagely. "Example—Christian home! What of the office? What has been done there? Where is Violante's money?"

Max stepped back, with his jaw fallen.

"Where is the five hundred pounds the old man in Australia sent for Uncle Dick? Example, indeed!"

"What?" cried Dick, starting forward. "Say that again!"

"Say it again!" shrieked Fred, who was now mad with rage. "I say two five hundreds were sent by an old relative in Australia, for you and him, and he kept them both!"

"It's a lie—a base lie!" cried Max, foaming at the mouth.

Oh, Max, Max, Max," said Dick, sadly, "and when I was close to starving!"

"It's a lie, I say!" cried Max.

"It's the truth, you pitiful scoundrel!" said old Hopper. "But I made you disgorge some of it again."

"What, you turn against me too!" cried Max, furiously. "I say it's a lie—a conspiracy! No money was sent; there was no uncle to send it."

"No?" said Hopper, quietly. "Well, I can prove it all; for I sent the money for the sake of Dick here, and to try you both."

"I tell you it's a lie!" shrieked Max, foaming at the mouth.

"You've got to prove it one," said Fred, carelessly.

"Come along, constable—let's be off. Here's my last half-crown. I'll go in a cab."

"Stop!" cried Dick, whose face was now puzzledom *in excelsis.* "I won't have it. I forgive Max. I forgive Fred here. I've plenty of money, constable. Can't it be arranged. I'll—I'll pay the reward."

"No, sir," said the constable; "not if you doubled it."

"But I will double it, constable," cried Dick.

"Hold hard, uncle," said Fred, smiling. "It's no go. The game's up. But you always were a trump—always. Thank you for it. Sorry I've disgraced you. Tom, old man, it's all right. Uncle, it's all right about your little girl here. I came to-night, and she admitted me, thinking it was Tom; and as soon as I was inside I told her the police were after me, unless she could help me to escape. There's the bag inside, with the purse and the pearls she gave me to sell, watch and chain, and the rest of it; for I was off across the herring-pond if I could get away. Fetch it out."

Tom ran into Jessie's room, and brought out a little traveling-bag which lay beneath the open window.

"I didn't like to jump it," said Fred, laughing—"it was too high. But I should try if I had another chance."

"Fred—brother!" cried Tom, passionately, as he held out his hand; and Fred seized it for a moment, and then flung it away.

"No, Tom; let me be. I've always been a bad one. As for you, little Jessie—God bless you! you were a little trump! I told her it would disgrace you all, and poor Tom, if I was taken; and she told a lie to save me. Good-by, little Jessie," he said, holding out his hand.

Jessie ran forward and took it, and he tried to speak in a light, cavalier manner; but his voice faltered.

"Good-by, Fred," said Tom, stepping before him, as if to shake hands. Then, forcing the little bag into his grasp, he whispered, "Run for it, Fred—the window. I'll cover you—Run!"

As he did so, he gave his brother a push into the bedroom, and then faced round with clinched fists.

For a moment the men were paralyzed, but the next they flung themselves on Tom.

Gilderoy was nearest, and a blow sent him rolling over; but the constable evaded a second blow, and closed with Tom in a fierce struggle, which, taking place at the doorway, prevented the next man from forcing his way through.

Mrs. Shingle shrieked; but Jessie stood firm, gazing with dilating eyes at her lover, as he wrestled bravely with the policeman, whom he kept between himself and the second man, still covering his brother's flight.

They were well matched, and victory might have been on the constable's side but for the action of Dick, who, seeing the second man about to leap on Tom, thrust out his foot, and laid him sprawling.

It was unfortunate for Tom, though. The man was so near that he tripped over him, and lay for the moment half stunned; while now all three rushed into the room and to the open window.

"Below there!" cried Gilderoy—"have you seen him?"

"No," was the reply. "He came down with a crash, though, into the shrubs, here, and I think he's hurt—he hasn't moved since. Come down, and bring a light."

Jessie's window looked down upon a great clump of lilacs, into which it seemed that Fred must have jumped; and, running back to the landing, the three men dashed down-stairs, through Dick's studio, into the conservatory, and thence to the inclosed back garden.

As they did so, Fred glided out from behind the hangings, placed his hand to his lips, and bounded down the staircase, almost into his brother's arms.

Tom saw the *ruse,* seized a coat and hat from the stand, and opened the front door.

"Cab-stand at the corner," he whispered. "Walk—don't run!"

Fred went leisurely out, and as Tom closed the door the private inquiry man came back, and placed himself as sentinel to guard that which had gone.

The search went on for a few moments outside, and then there was a shout.

"They've got him!" cried the sentry, eagerly. "Got him?" he shouted.

"No!" cried the constable, running into the hall, hot and panting. "He threw a great ottoman out of the window, and didn't jump. Keep that door; we must search the house."

The search began, and it was not until every nook and corner had been hunted over that the men stood looking at one another in the hall.

"A pretty mess you've made of this, Mr. Gilderoy!" cried the constable, at last.

"Two-fifty thrown into the gutter by your bad management," groaned the other.

"P'r'aps you'd better go and search all London now," said Hopper, with a quiet sneer, "for he can't be far off."

The men turned upon him, angrily.

"We haven't done yet," said the constable. "We must have some one for this. The law can't be resisted when its officials are at work."

"I'm ready to give up," said Tom, quietly.

"You'll do nothing of the kind!" cried Hopper, hastily pushing him away. "Here, you there; don't be fools. Come in here. The man's gone—off by the front door."

"I must have some one!" said the constable, surlily.

"Hey? Have some one?" cried Hopper. "Then have me?"

They followed the old fellow into the dining-room, where a little private inquiry went on; and the result was that soon after they left the house, evidently having forgotten to call Tom's behavior into question; while as for Max, he had not been seen to go, which Dick said was a blessing in disguise, as the meeting might have been painful.

CHAPTER XV.

JESSIE'S MALADY.

"I CANNOT forgive myself," wrote Tom to Dick—and the latter read the note aloud—"I feel, uncle, that I have wronged her twice in thought most bitterly, and that I dare not hope for her forgiveness till time has enabled me to prove myself more worthy of her——"

"Read more loudly, and don't mumble," said Hopper, who was present.

"Tell her, uncle, that I love her dearly—more dearly than ever; and some day, if she has not made another choice, I may come and ask you all, humbly, if you can forget the past, ignore the misfortunes of my family, and give me room to hope that there is a happy future where at present all looks black."

"I've read that ten times over," said Dick, "and hang me if I know what it means. It's too fine and sentimental for me. Why, if he was half the man I took him for, he'd come down here and say, 'Uncle, blood's thicker than water, shall we say wiped out to all that's gone by?—because, if so, 'ere's my 'art and 'ere's my 'and.'"

"Hey?"

"'Ere's my 'art and 'ere's my 'and," roared Dick.

XUM

"And what should you say to that?" chuckled Hopper.

"I should say, 'Tom, my lad, I don't want your 'art, and I don't want your 'and, for I've got a 'art as is, I hope, a warm one, and I've got a 'and to offer to the man I can believe in and trust. Take yours somewhere else, and offer 'em where they may be taken.'"

Dick winked at his friend, and jerked his thumb over his shoulder, where, seen dimly in the further room, were Jessie and Mrs. Shingle—Dick having taken a house at Hastings, and come down for change, he said, but really on account of the weak state of Jessie's health; and now he and his friend were having a pipe together.

"He's too proud," said Hopper; "he's as proud as Lucifer. He won't come and ask till he's made money, and can be independent."

"That's where he's such a fool," said Dick. "Of course I'm not going to say 'Come down and marry my gal,' who's dying to have him; but blood's thicker than water, and he can have her when he likes; and as to money, why, there's enough for them too."

"Tom won't want for money," said Hopper, blowing out a great cloud.

"Oh, won't he?" said Dick. "Well, a good job, too. What's become of Fred?"

"Married that violent girl, who was dead on him, and who joined him as soon as she knew he was in trouble."

"Did she, though?" said Dick. "Well, 'ang me if I ever liked her, with her twissened eyes, till now; but that was a good one. Hopper, Max spent all that poor gal's money, which was hard on her. Could you get to let her have a hundred pounds, if I give you a check? You can come those dodges of sending money on the sly most artfully."

"He, he, he!" chuckled Hopper, as Dick poked him in the side with his pipe-stem. "No, no, no, Dick. They are in America by now, and Fred will be better without money. Make him work."

He began to fill his pipe as he spoke.

"I never could make out how it was he got off so easily to America. The police wasn't half sharp; but it was a good job. How about the extra tradition, as they called it?"

"Hey? Extradition?" said Hopper. "Ha! there was a reason for that."

He opened his pocket-book, took out a slip of blue paper, folded it, and, striking a match, lit the paper, and held it to his pipe.

"I say," said Dick, "what's that you're burning?"

"An old bill," was the reply. "I'm using 'em up by degrees."

"An old bill?" said Dick.

"Yes," said Hopper; "I've done a deal in bills. This is one of ten—of Fred's. I bought 'em—for his grandmother's sake," he added, softly.

Dick stretched out his hand, grasped the other's, and then turned his chair to have a look at a ship in the offing, which seemed quite blurred.

"Dick! Dick!" cried Mrs. Shingle, in a loud voice.

"Yes, yes—what?" he cried, starting up and running in, to find Jessie lying white as ashes in her mother's arms.

"Quick!" cried Mrs. Shingle; "tell—tell the doctor—this is the second time to-day. Dick, Dick!" she cried, passionately, "she's dying!"

Old Hopper was the most active of the party. But long before the doctor could be brought, Jessie had revived, but only in a restless way, gazing out to sea; while when the medical man left, it was with a solemn shake of the head, which sent a chill to the hearts of Dick and his spouse.

They had been sitting by their child for about an hour, when old Hopper came in, and stood looking down at her in a quiet, unsympathizing way.

"I've come to say good-by," he said, roughly.

"Good-by!" said Dick. "Why, you only came yesterday."

"I know," he said; "but I'm no good here. Good-by, my girl. I wish you better."

She half raised her head to kiss him, and the old man bent down and pressed his lips to hers very tenderly, before leaving the room, closely followed by Dick.

"I know it's a dreary place to come to, Hopper," he said; "and we've only had one tune-up together; but when she's—better—Hopper, old man, if I wrote and asked Tom to come, would it be wrong?"

"Hey? Wrong? Yes. Don't do anything of the sort. Hey? What's that?"

"Only a letter for Max. I hear he's laid up. Don't let him know who sent it, that's all."

The old man nodded, and held out his hand.

"Do you know why I'm going in such a hurry?" he said.

"No," was the reply.

"I'll tell you," said Hopper. "If that girl's left like that, she'll die. I'm going to send her the best doctor in town."

CHAPTER XVI.

THE BEST DOCTOR IN LONDON.

TEN minutes after, Hopper was at the station, where he telegraphed one short message, climbed slowly into his seat, reached the terminus at Cannon Street in due time, and, on being driven to his chambers, found Tom waiting for him.

"How is she?" cried Tom, eagerly, as the cats crowded round their master.

"Dying," said Hopper, briefly.

"Dying!" cried Tom, in an agonized voice.

"Yes. I've come for the best doctor in London."

"And you sit still there!" cried Tom. "Have you sent him?"

"No," said Hopper, coolly. "Wait a minute. Tom, my lad, do you think you can throw away your pride to save her?"

"I'd throw away my life!" he cried, passionately.

"That wouldn't save hers. Here, take this, quick—there's a hundred pounds. Take it, you young fool! Go down at once to her, and throw away all nonsense. Tell her you love her; ask her to forgive you; and——"

"Yes, yes," cried Tom. "Go on."

"And marry her, you young idiot!" cried the old fellow.

"But a train?" cried Tom, despairingly. "It will be too late to-night."

"You have the money—if necessary, take a special," said the old man. "What's fifty or a hundred pounds to happiness, or life?"

Tom caught the old fellow's hand in his, and he retained it.

"Stop one moment, my lad," he said. "You feel some pride about your brother's disgrace. I was burning these by degrees. See—the last of the forged bills."

He took six from his pocket-book, and burned them.

"There," he said, "that disgrace is dead, and you can go with a happier heart. Perhaps I shall come down next week. Be off."

Tom bounded down the stairs, leaped into the first cab, and bade the man gallop to London-bridge Station.

The little door in the roof was slammed down, there was a flick of the long whip, and for about half a minute the horse broke into a short canter, one which subsided into a walk a few minutes later. A loud rattling at the top of the cab spurred the driver to fresh exertions, and once more the wretched horse cantered, but dropped again into a trot, and there was an end of it. Tom had to sit and fume, as at every turn he seemed to be hemmed in by other vehicles; and, no matter how the driver tried, there was always a huge, heavily laden van in front, blocking up the way.

"I think I'll take a short cut round by the side streets, sir," said the cabman. "The streets is werry full to-night."

"Anything to get there quickly!" exclaimed Tom.

And the driver turned out of the main thoroughfare, and began to dodge in and out of wretched streets, all of which seemed ill-lighted, and so strongly resembling the one the other, that Tom soon grew bewildered, and sat back thinking, and trying to arrange his thoughts.

"What have I done! what have I done!" he moaned, as he thought of the anguish that he must have inflicted upon the poor girl, who had slowly pined away, and was now dying—dying through his blindness and want of faith in her poor, sweet, gentle, loving heart.

He prayed mentally that she might be spared, that he might ask her forgiveness—forgiveness that he knew he should receive—and then covered his face with his hands, as a feeling of hope came upon him that he might yet be able to save her. He might, he thought, bring joy to her poor young heart even yet.

A sudden stoppage nearly threw him out of the cab, and looking up hastily, it was to find that a barrier was across the street, from which hung a red lantern.

The street was narrow, and he could see beyond, while the driver was sulkily backing and turning his horse, that the paving-stones were all up, and the inevitable long fosse and hill of earth lay by the side.

He sank back shuddering, for it looked as if a grave were yawning in the path: and, with a low moan of despair, he covered his face once more, and tried to reason with himself that this was merely a superstitious fancy.

But all in vain. There was the long, dark cutting fixed upon the retina of his eye; and he could see nothing else as the cab slowly went back back over much of the ground already traversed. What was more, his distempered fancy magnified and added to it, so that he could see trains of mourners, the clergyman, hear the solemn words of the burial service, and these the revolving wheels and the rattling cab kept repeating, till at last it settled itself down into a constant reiteration of the words, "In the midst of life we are in death," "In the midst of life we are in death," till he grew almost frantic, and stopped his ears in vain against the weird, funereal sound.

At last, after wearying himself by trying to bring reason to bear, the cab reached the comparative freedom of London Bridge, and then he began to think of the hour, and wondered whether there would be a train.

"Perhaps I shall be in time," he thought, as he sprang out of the cab, and, paying the fare, ran up to the doors, where a porter was standing.

"You should have gone to the other gate, sir," he said.

"No, no," he replied, hastily. "Main line. I want Hastings."

"Last train for there was at 8.43, sir."

"What time is it now?" he gasped.

"Ten fifty-five, sir," replied the man.

"But—but is there nothing more to-night—say, to take me part of the way?" he exclaimed.

"No main-line train to-night, sir. Nothing till six in the morning."

"How long would it take to get a special ready?" asked Tom.

"Oh, not very long, sir. I dessay they'd get you off in half an hour. Costs a deal, sir—'bout a pound a mile."

"Where is the superintendent?"

"This way, sir," said the man; and, following him, he was taken to the official's house, just in time to catch him before he retired for the night.

"I want a special train—engine and carriage—down to Hastings immediately," said Tom, scarcely able to speak for agitation.

The superintendent looked at him curiously, as if he doubted his sanity.

"It is only excitement—trouble," he said. "It is a case of life and death. A dear young friend."

"All right, sir," the superintendent said, quickly. "I see," and there was a look of sympathy in his eyes. "But I am only a servant of the company. The charge for a special train is high."

"If it is a thousand pounds, man," cried Tom, "I must have it!"

"It won't be that, sir," was the reply; "nor yet a hundred." Then naming a sum, Tom hastily placed it in his hand, and the superintendent left him.

He was back directly, and Tom accompanied him then to the telegraph office, where he gave certain instructions, and the clerk began clicking the instruments in his cabinet very forcibly.

"Sending word on for a clear line," said the superintendent. "Warning for the special."

"How long will they be?" asked Tom.

"What, with the special? Oh, not long. There was an engine with steam nearly up. But you had better take some refreshment before you go. The place is closed, but come to my room."

"I could not touch anything," said Tom.

"But you have no wrapper or rug," said the superintendent.

"No," he said. "I came in a great hurry."

"You must let me lend them to you," continued the superintendent; "and, excuse me, you have given me all your money. You had better keep the gold; you are sure to want some cash."

He handed him back the money, and Tom took it mechanically.

"I cannot thank you now," he said, in a choking voice. "Some day I may."

"I hope so, sir," the superintendent said, cheerily; "and that the young lady will come and thank me too."

"Heaven grant she may!" Tom said, with quivering lip, and he turned away to hide his emotion; while the superintendent turned back to his office, leaving Tom walking up and down the platform, where the lamps quivered in the night-breeze, and the whole place looked ghostly, dim and cold.

"There, sir—slip that on," said the pleasant voice of the superintendent. "Here's a rug, too, and my flask, with some brandy and biscuits in one of the pockets of the Ulster. You'll find it cold, and you'll turn faint when you get on your journey. Oh, here she comes!"

There was a sharp whistle, and Tom could see the lights of an engine passing out of a shed, to run a little distance down the line, then back on to another, and come smoothly along to where they stood—hissing, glowing and bright.

Tom saw at a glance that there was only an engine, tender, one carriage and the guard's break; and turning to the superintendent—

"Can't I ride on the engine with the driver?" he asked.

"No, sir," he replied, sharply. "In with you, sir."

The superintendent opened the door of the saloon carriage, and shut him in. Then Tom heard him give a few quick, decisive orders to the guard, there was another sharp whistle, he waved his hand from the window, and the superintendent leaped on to the step.

"Tell them to go as fast as possible," exclaimed Tom, as the train was gliding past the platform.

"I have," he said, quickly; "full express speed. Hope she'll be better. Good-night."

As he spoke, he leaped off at the end of the platform, and, shrieking and snorting, the little special went rather slowly along, past hissing goods engines and long, black-looking trains, such as might be the funeral procession of an army. Lights flashed here and there, and far to right and left shone the glow of great London; while the big, illuminated clock of the Parliament Houses loomed out of the darkness like a dull, fog-dimmed moon.

"They are crawling!" Tom exclaimed, as he started up to look out from the window. But as he did so the wind was already beginning to whistle more quickly by his ears; they were clear of obstructions, and speed was getting up rapidly. There was the quick, throbbing beat of the engine, a crash as they passed under bridge after bridge, and soon after, as the engine gave a weird scream, they seemed to skim through a long station, whose row of pendent lights ran together like closely-strung golden beads; and then, as Tom sank back in his seat, he felt the carriage begin to vibrate from side to side, as he knew that the telegraph had flashed its message that the line was clear, and that, ever-increasing in speed, they were off and away through the black darkness of the night—the best doctor in London speeding to the patient dying to hear his words.

CHAPTER XVII.

A RIDE BY NIGHT.

WITH the speed of the special train the excitement seemed to increase; but, for a time, Tom's attention was taken up by the stations they passed, and he tried hard to recall their names, referring at the same moment that they passed through to his watch, so as to endeavor to calculate the speed at which they ran.

But soon they were going so fast that he ceased to hold his watch up to the thick glass lamp in the roof, and he missed count of the stations, unable to tell one from the other; seeing merely a streak of light directly after the warning shriek of the engine which told of their coming. And now, as he threw himself back, and began to think once more of his dreadful trouble, the roar and beat of the engine resolved itself into the words that had troubled him before; and with feelings of anguish that he could not express, he sat listening to the reiteration.

"In the midst of life we are in death!"—"In the midst of life we are in death!" and, with a bitter groan of anguish, he bent down and wept like a child.

But for the relief those tears afforded his throbbing brain, he would soon have been suffering from incipient fever. The relief was but short, though, and he rose to gaze out of the window at the black darkness. Then, removing his hat, he lowered the glass and leaned out, letting the cold night air blow upon his heated face as the train rushed on.

All was black darkness, save the glow shed by the rushing train, and he could make out nothing but that they were dashing on at a frightful pace, seeming to tear up the very earth as they thundered along.

"Faster, faster," he began repeating to himself, as, in spite of his efforts to master the fancy, he kept hearing the words into which the noise of the train resolved itself, though, as he leaned out again, he felt a sensation of joy, for he was being borne nearer and nearer to where his darling lay.

Then he would walk to and fro in the narrow space that formed the saloon carriage, the difficulty of preserving his equilibrium taking up some of his attention, and relieving his mind from its dreadful strain. But it always came back to the throwing himself back on a seat, to sit and listen to those dreadful words; and at such times he was for ever seeing the open grave, the funeral procession, and, in a despair that was almost maddening, he told himself that by his folly he had dashed away the cup of happiness from his lips, and that if Jessie died he would be little better than a murderer.

"My poor darling—my poor darling!" he moaned, and then her sweet, pensive face seemed to look up in his, and he was once again with her in the days of their early love. "And are those times never to come back again?" he asked, aloud; to get back for answer the constant, dull repetition, "In the midst of life we are in death," "In the midst of life we are in death," till he groaned in the anguish of his heart.

Onward still, with a rush and a roar, through tunnels, with a quick, sharp crash, as if wood and brickwork had come into contact; and then on again. Over bridges, with a strange, quivering vibration, and a dull, metallic roar, and on once again through the black darkness, till the engine began to shriek once again, and the speed slackened, grew slower and slower, and ended by the little train gliding alongside a platform.

The guard was at the door as Tom let down the window, and met his question with—

"Tunbridge, sir. Take in water. Engine's been detached. Back directly."

"Don't lose a moment."

"No, sir. Like to get out, sir?"

"No."

Tom threw himself back in his seat, and waited impatiently what seemed an hour, but what was really only five minutes, when, just as he was rising to thrust his head from the window, there was a slight concussion, the rattle of chains, and he knew the engine was once more attached.

"Right away!" A whistle from the guard, an answering shriek from the engine, and they glided along the platform, where the night-porter on duty looked curiously at the carriage where the young man sat, after giving the signal to start, and in a few minutes, always gathering speed, away they went once more, faster and faster, into the darkness of the night.

It was refreshing to feel the wind blowing against his cheeks, even though at times he could scarcely get his breath; but as he gazed forward it was almost with a feeling of wonder that they had had no accident, so black was all ahead.

From time to time a goods-train or the mail dashed by them in the opposite direction, while as often they rushed by carriages which stood in sidings until those on an urgent way had passed. At last, after trying all he could to contain himself, and grow calm, and fit to see the poor sufferer whom he feared to encounter, he sat in despair, listening to the dreadful fancied utterances of the train.

With a prayer on his lips that it might not be too late, he lowered the window on the other side, and gazed out through the darkness in the direction that he believed to be the one where Jessie lay.

They seemed to be going at a tremendous speed; and, once more returning to his seat, he was in the act of taking out his watch, when the whistle began to pierce the black night air; and directly after there was a sharp crash, a stunning blow, the end of the saloon carriage seemed to come suddenly upon him, and he knew no more.

Tom's next recollection was of feeling drowsy, and being troubled by some one holding a lantern close to his face. There was a buzzing of voices about him, and, close by, the glare of a fire, which flared and crackled loudly. Men were moving about, and they would not leave him alone, so it seemed to him; ending by lifting him up, and placing him carefully upon cushions, which cushions they had laid upon a gate; and then he was carried some distance to a well-lighted room, where he seemed to go to sleep.

He must have lain some hours quite insensible, for it was broad daylight when he came thoroughly to himself, and found he was upon a mattress in the waiting-room of a little station.

"Where am I?" he said, wonderingly, as it seemed that the troubled journey must have been all a dream.

"At Broxton," was the reply, and a gentleman, whom he immediately set down to be a doctor, came forward.

"But how—what is it? I remember now!" he exclaimed, with a dull, aching pain in his head and arm—"there was an accident to the train."

"Yes," was the reply. "A couple of goods trucks that were being shunted ran back down the incline, and met the special train you were in, and wrecked it. You had a narrow escape, sir."

"The driver—stoker—guard?" he said, eagerly.

"A bit cut and shaken, but you are the great sufferer."

He lay still for a few minutes, trying to collect himself; and then all came clear once more.

"I see!" he cried. "Left arm broken—head contused—cut or two. Much loss of blood, doctor?"

"Not much," he said. "A fortnight's quiet. Well, I think——. My dear sir, are you mad?"

"I hope not," said Tom, sitting up. "There, don't touch me, doctor. I can judge by my feelings that my case is not serious. When is the next down train?"

"In half an hour, sir," said a fresh voice, and a man he had not seen came from behind the extemporized couch.

"Help me to put on my coat and waistcoat," he said. "Doctor, I'm much obliged for what you've done; but I was traveling special to a case of emergency. I must go on, if it kills me."

"I will not be answerable for the consequences if you do," the doctor said, tartly. "Fever is almost certain to supervene if you exert yourself, and then I would not give *that* for your life."

That was a snap of the fingers, evidently intended to get rid of some snuff.

"Make me a sling for this arm," he said; and one being extemporized with a handkerchief, he had to fight hard to master the deathly sick feeling that kept attacking him; but he persevered—had the bandages on his head replaced by strapping where his hair had been cut away on account of a couple of ghastly cuts; and finally had himself led to the platform, where he sat down, waiting.

Twice over the doctor persuaded him not to go; but he felt that he must, even at the risk of his life; and at last, on the morning-train coming up, he stepped in, feeling deathly sick and faint, and, leaning back, reached Hastings at last, scarcely able to crawl.

It was with a sense of dizziness that he could scarcely counteract that he stepped into a fly, and gave orders to the man to drive to Richard Shingle's house; and then once more he appeared to sink into a dreamy state, in which he seemed to be always hearing the words—"In the midst of life we are in death," and then came a long blank.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE GILDED PILL.

ONE morning, when the sun was making the sea shimmer and glisten like so much frosted silver in constant motion, Tom Shingle awoke, calm and placid, after a long, burning time of fever, to find the soft, pleasant face of Mrs. Shingle bending over him; and on seeing him awake, she stole gently away, when, while Tom lay wondering and trying to make out what it all meant, and whether it was a dream, the door once more opened, and he knew he was awake, for Jessie appeared, to run sobbing to his bedside and clasp him in her loving arms.

Invalids recover fast under such circumstances. In his character of the best doctor in London, sick and injured as he was, Tom's coming had effected Jessie's cure; and now, in turn, she nursed him back to health, ready to become his wife when he should ask her to crown his joy.

It was not long first; for at a meeting one day, old Hopper had proposed to Dick that they should put down so much apiece for the young folks, and this was done without their consent, the donors running a kind and generous race as to who should do the most.

Old Hopper beat, for he was very wealthy.

"Better in wealth than health," he said, as, back in town, they were walking one day by the great hoarding in the Strand. "Dick, my lad, we'll have a good tune-up to-night, and go through the old pieces; then I'm coming home here, and I'm going to take some of these. They say they're good."

As he spoke he pointed with his stick to a great placard, on which, in red letters, appeared the words:

"THE GILDED PILL!
FOR EVERY ILL."

"No, no," said Dick, with the puzzled look coming on his face. "I wouldn't do that."

"Hey? Not do it? why not? Speak up—this traffic makes such a noise!"

"Oh, take them if you like," said Dick, smiling. "They won't hurt you."

"How do you know?" cried Hopper, testily. "Everybody says they're good. Hey? How do you know?"

"That's my secret," said Dick, laughing.

"Your what? Look here, what do you mean, Dick?"

"I say take 'em if you like—hundreds of thousands do. Small boxes one and three-halfpence, large boxes two and nine, with the Government stamp."

"Bah! I know all about that," said Hopper, rattling the box close to his ear, and then opening it, to show a dozen boluses covered with gold foil. "Have one?"

"No, thanks," said Dick, smiling. "I know 'em by heart—compound rhubarb and a little new bread. That's my secret—my fortune, old lad."

"What?" cried Hopper. "Hey? what? You made your fortune with these?"

"Yes," said Dick; "the murder's out now. My bright idea was '*The Gilded Pill.*'"

THE END.

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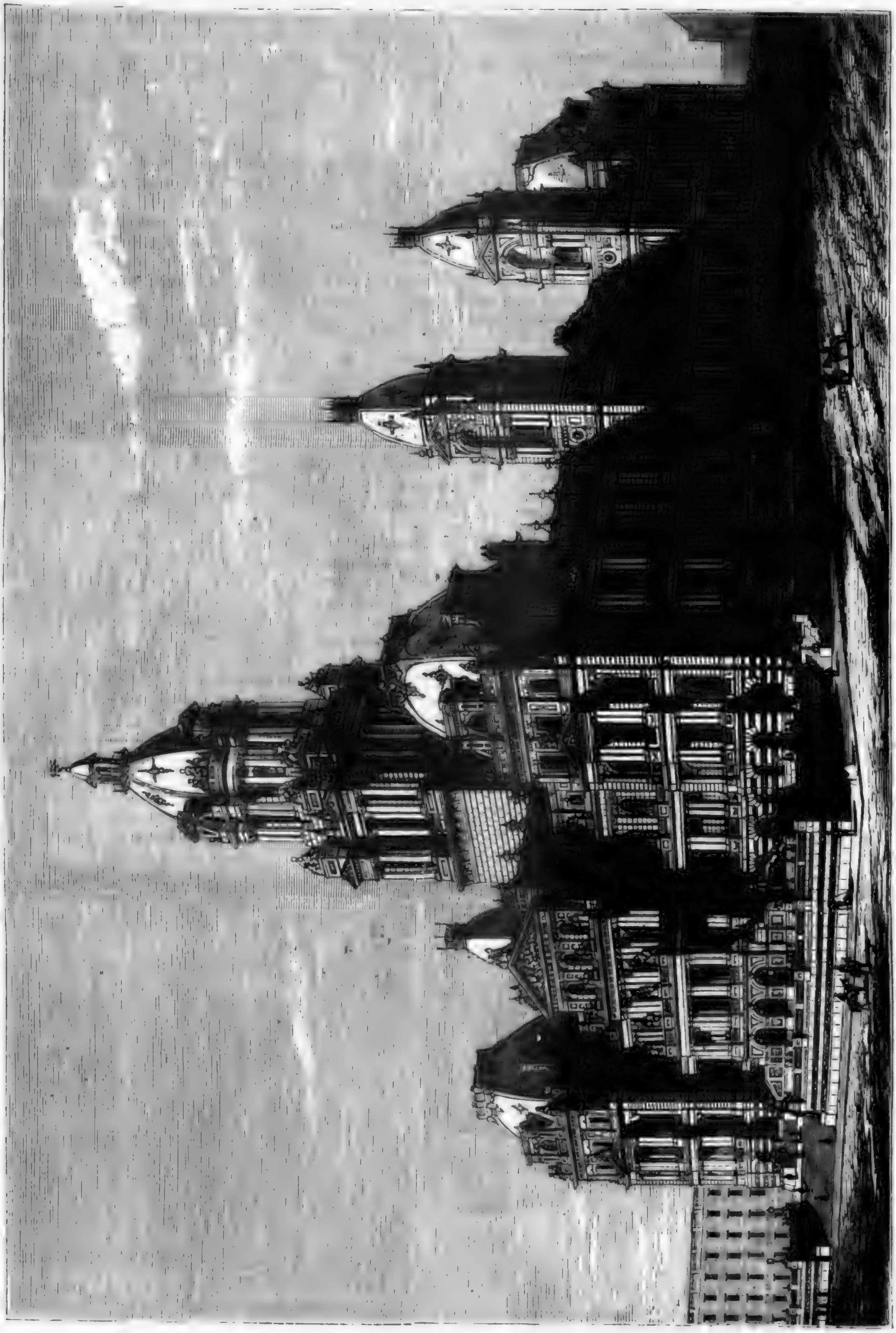
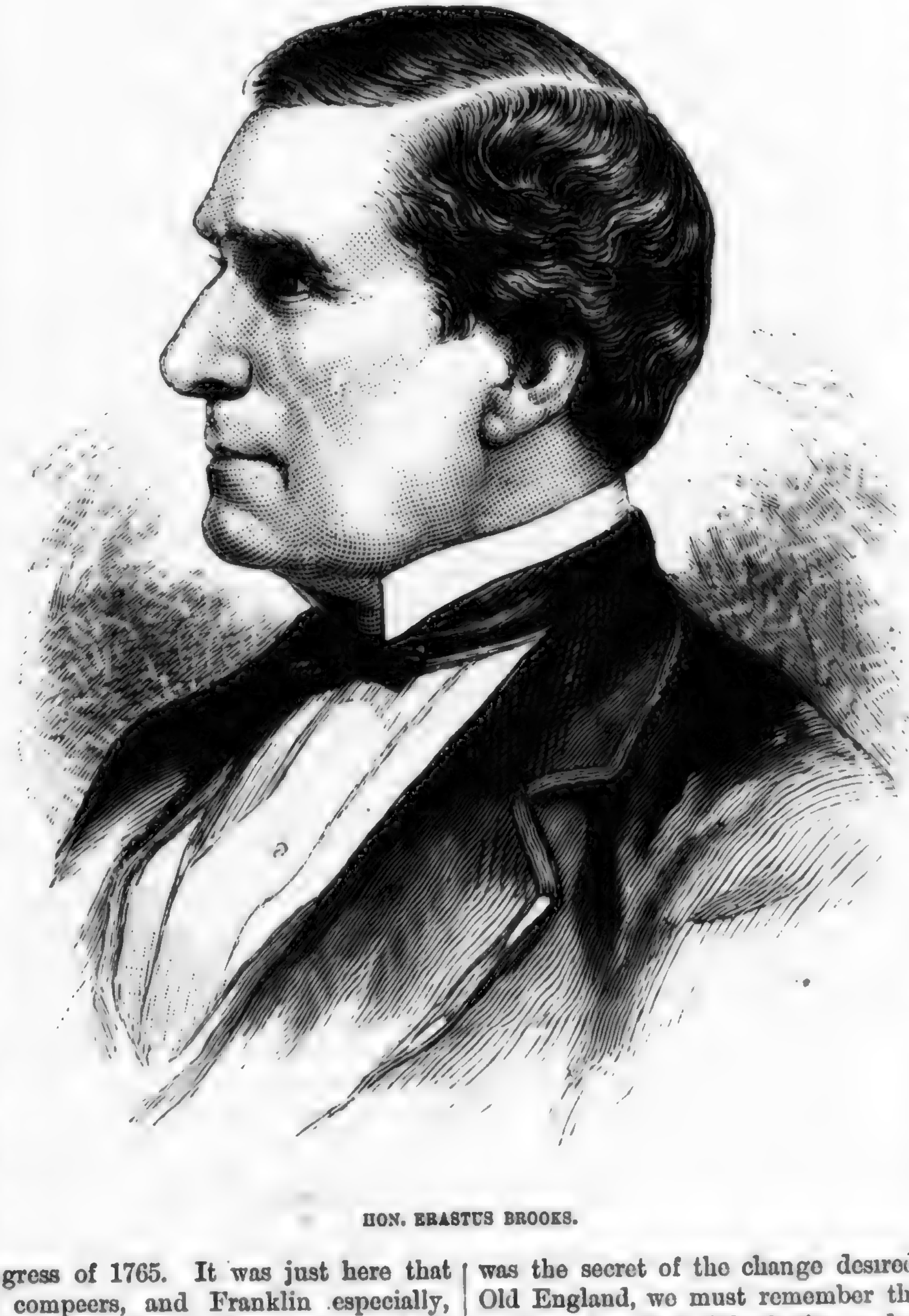


THE PROGRESS OF NEW YORK.—THE NEW STATE CAPITOL AT ALBANY.

THE PROGRESS OF NEW YORK.

By Hon. Erastus Brooks.

The opening of the State Capitol in the 102d year of the legislative history of the Commonwealth, so soon following the session which a year ago commenced the second century of its connected legislative record, demands some special notice. The age of the Old Capitol was just three-score and ten years, and some there are now living who remember the laying of the corner-stone, and who may survive its final removal. The probable age of the New need not enter into calculation; but our prayer is that the future may prove in all that is patriotic, wise, and prosperous, at least equal to the past. The New Capitol, like the Old, though not founded upon a rock, is set upon a hill, and built of granite—it is for all time. The Old has a history of events with scarcely a parallel in the history of the Republic, and the City of Albany, at one time called the colonial capital, eclipses all localities as the place where the union of the colonies was first inspired, if not consummated.



HON. ERASTUS BROOKS.

Albany was the seat of the real Union in the Congress of 1754, as New York City was the colonial centre in the Congress of 1765. It was just here that Franklin and his compeers, and Franklin especially, sowed the seeds of liberty which gradually ripened, in 1775, in the Declaration of Independence; but away back of this, in 1691, under William and Mary, the New York Colonial Assembly asserted, in manly spirit and noble words, the rights and privileges which belonged to the subjects of the Crown in the Province of New York, and from that year on, there was an annual Assembly. These early meetings were held in New York City, and from 1777-8, some of them in Kingston and Poughkeepsie.

In the years of the past, the States have grown from thirteen colonies to thirty-eight commonwealths. Our fathers found here, whatever their beginning, the best blood of the Indian race, of whose real origin we know so little, and the fathers came before the landing of the pilgrims at Plymouth, or of the Virginia colonists at Jamestown.

These Indians are known as the "Five Nations," and to name them is to prove their courage in battle, their eloquence in council, their wisdom in government, and this not less when they acted together in cases of emergency than when they acted as independent tribes. These tribes—the Mohawks, the Oneidas, the Onondagas, the Cayugas and the Senecas—were the Five Nations of the English and the Iroquois of the French. They formed a confederacy which was recognized from Nova Scotia to the Mississippi, and here, where we meet to-night, then called by the Iroquois "the ancient place of treaties," and then, as now, the oldest chartered town and city in the United States, they were oftener the friends of the feeble white and red men than their enemies; and, with all their faults, I venture to say, that but for their friendship with the Dutch, New York, in their day, would have been almost an unknown land, and the independence of the people a long-postponed event.

If the love of religious liberty was the secret of the change desired by the Pilgrims of Old England, we must remember that Holland was both the place of their debarkation and the land where they first found a welcome. The intended destination of the *Mayflower*, as she lifted her anchor at Delft-haven, South Hampton, and Old Plymouth, was the Bay of New York, but an overruling Providence directed the ship to the coast of Massachusetts. First Cape Cod was sighted and then Plymouth. So, also, the Virginia Colony—destined for North Carolina—was by a tempest driven into Chesapeake Bay.

Our present interest, however, is in New York, whose

XUM

colonization, like that of New England and Virginia, forms an epoch in the history of the world. We justly praise the Pilgrims, who left their homes and crossed the sea for freedom to worship God. The Dutch came, if need be, to repeat the story of the Netherlands, and that story means all of independence that belongs to the republic of that name. It begins, indeed, in the terrible reign of Philip II., aiming to crush out every trace of civil and religious liberty in Old Holland. It recalls the honored names of Egmont and Horn, of Barneveldt and Grotius, of Erasmus and Maurice, and in art the marvelous skill and taste of Rembrandt and Rubens.

Eleven years and two months before the embarkation of the Pilgrims, the *Half-Moon*, Henry Hudson, commander, entered Sandy Hook, just where the *Mayflower* was directed to sail. Hudson's employers, once London merchants, but now the East India Company, sent him in search of some nearer route to Asia than by the Cape of Good Hope, and his purpose was to reach China *via* some-to-be-discovered northwest passage. He believed he could pass through the waters dividing Spitzbergen from Nova Zembla. Icebergs, then, as since, presented eternal barriers through which no ship could pass. From Newfoundland *via* Cape Cod on to the mouth of the James River, thence to Delaware Bay, thence again to the high hills of the Navesink; stopping as he came by the coast of Maine to cut a foremast from the forest, was the work of but a few days; and the *Half-Moon*, a yacht of eighty tons, which started for China, picked up at James River on the 18th of August, and passed the Highlands of New Jersey on the 3d of September.

The river which bears Hudson's name he took to be an arm of the sea, leading, it might be, to the Pacific and on to the eastern shores of Asia; but the nearer discovery of land, whose uplands divided waters flowing both into the St. Lawrence and the Mississippi—the great water shed of the cold north and the warm south; the great-passage-way also in time from the lakes to the Hudson, and from the Hudson to the sea, was a discovery of vastly more importance to our own commerce, and to the trade and prosperity of the world, than all the wealth and honors which could have come from the fulfillment of his earliest and best expectations.

This is not the time nor place to compare what followed from the New York, the Jamestown and the Plymouth landings, nor the relative advantages and adventures of Captain John Smith, Sir Walter Raleigh and Henry Hudson. The bay of New York, and "the great river," as the Hudson was then called, charmed the eyes of the few beholders as they looked out for the first time, from their little vessel, as they have delighted the vision of many millions since. The great navigator, who had already traversed nearly all the known seas, and approached nearer the pole than any one born before him, as his vessel lay at anchor off the shore where is now the present town of Yonkers, wrote home, that "it was as fair a land as can be trodden by the foot of man."

But the greater beauty of the Hudson, then as now, was beyond the Highlands. Just what its charms are, we all know. The Danube has more of history, and the Rhine castles an older record, and our own great American rivers more commerce, and more vast proportions of length, breadth, and of great connecting waters inland to the wonderful West; but where in all our land or in any land, as a whole, is there a river of more real grandeur, or of such varied beauty, as the Hudson?

Contrast, too, the warm Indian welcome to the *Half-Moon* and Hudson by the River Indians, as they were called, 269 years ago, with the almost daily Indian strife and bloodshed of the past fifty years. The little vessel seemed to come from the Great Spirit, and with its sails spread to the breeze to wing its way as from some celestial sphere.

Say what we may of those we call North American savages (and the subject is important in the light of present discussion), there remains the fact, not to be blotted out, that Hudson, a stranger to the shores, and in pursuit of gain and fame for a foreign Power, was welcomed by the natives, with rare exceptions, all along the river which bears his name, from the Island of Manhattan to the Katskills, and beyond to the capital of the State. He found here a simple and happy race of beings, living upon maize, beans and fish, smoking their copper pipes with earthen bowls—a fact proving that there lived upon this continent a race of semi-civilized people, which makes the year 1609 comparatively a period of modern time. Indeed, Verrazani, nearly a hundred years before, had rounded the headlands of the Navesink and anchored in the same bay of New York, and lay there until the storm drove him seaward, to visit, as he did, 900 leagues of coast, or from Cape Fear to Newfoundland.

The river Indians were found eager for traffic, and, at least, were as fair at a bargain as those who came from the Old World to the New in pursuit of rewards and honors and wealth.

Near the now great city of the New World, but nearer the Jersey shore than our own—though belonging to the waters of New York by its earliest charter—the Indians presented themselves in the Autumn-time, clad in gay feathers and heavy furs won from the games and sports of their own forests. The Autumn foliage, in its grandeur of crimson and gold, green and purple, in itself a mass of beauty, made a picture which needed but the blue above and the blue below to be pronounced perfect, and with the active life of the Indians bartering on the water in their light canoes, the scene was almost one of enchantment.

Wherever the *Half-Moon* moved on the Hudson, she received a hospitable welcome. Reaching the shores of the Katskills, where is now Hudson City, this welcome became an ovation. The chief, whose years and honors gave him precedence, invited the master of the seas to his wigwam, and there all the hospitalities of the now despised race—most despised where most wronged—was bestowed upon Hudson and his companions. In return, just then, they received none of that fire-water which, at the hands of heartless Indian traders and other men of greed, has since killed so many natives of the forest, and so many pale-faces of both town and country, but rather a hospitality seen in the abundance of the last year's harvest, piled up in high stacks and pyramids within a vast circular building constructed of oak-bark. The beans and maize found here were enough to fill three ships; and while the elders received their visitors with the ease and grace which belonged to their chief and race, the young men were in the forest with their bows and arrows providing game for their guests.

The feast, when prepared, made a repast which even kings might desire and their subjects crave. The corn, or succotash, was served to their guests seated on mats, and nature's fingers, no doubt, were in part a substitute for our present steel carvers and silver knives and forks. But the tokens of good-will did not end here, and as the captain re-embarked for his ship, these (so-called) savages broke their arrows into pieces, as a pledge of perpetual peace.

"Of all the lands I have seen," the navigator wrote home, "this is the best for tillage;" and he would have added, if need be, "Of all the strange people I have met, these natives of the forest are, at least, as capable as the best of mankind for reciprocal hospitality and friendship." So, at least, the apostle Eliot found them in Massachusetts, Roger Williams in Rhode Island, John Smith in Virginia and William Penn in Pennsylvania.

It is worthy of remembrance, also, that twelve years after Hudson's visit to the Hudson River, a treaty of peace was made with the Indians which continued for more than fifty years, and which would have endured for a century or more, but for the interference of those vicious intermeddlers and numerous busybodies who are usually more successful in marring friendships than in maintaining peace and good-will among men.

This was true of the Five Nations of New York; and the Hollanders commenced an alliance which bade fair to continue for generations, but for the tyranny of the one bad man, Kieft, who first disturbed the common harmony, and then destroyed all hopes of peace. No Indian treaty or agreement was ever broken while the Dutch held power in the territory.

Alas! for the sad ending of the life of poor Hudson. His own people, only a year after his sail up and down the Hudson, were his murderers. On the coast of Greenland four of his own crew, all dying men, with his son, his companion also to the New World, were set adrift upon the merciless waters. While the distant North Sea became his place of burial, his best monument is the beautiful river flowing by the capital of our State. All we know of him in the end is that, with his eyes streaming with tears, he gave his last crust of bread to men so maddened by hunger that they banished their commander and best friend from their presence, and from all probable hopes of safety.

With Hudson it was as with the more renowned John and Sebastian Cabot, over one hundred years earlier, and with the brilliant Florentine, Verrazani. No man knows the sepulchre of either of these great navigators and New-World discoverers. The voyages of the Northmen, who visited New England far back in the pre-Columbian age; that of Biarne, in 986, sailing from Iceland to Greenland, and driven southward upon the American coast; of Leif, the son of Eric the Red, in the year 1000; of Karlsefne, who spent three years at Mount Hope, R. I., in 1007, and on, while matters of much speculation, are also facts of history, if we are to credit the past; but it is almost sad, after long research, to see how little we really know of the earliest men and earliest times in the discovery of America, and even of our own State. But, happily, there is much that is known and proved beyond all cavil.

The Dutch, five years after the first great navigator had left our shores, were established at Castle Island, on the Hudson, just south of Albany, where for years they were engaged in the profitable trade of furs and peltries with the Indians; and in 1628, two hundred and fifty years ago, the Dutch Reformed Church and school were planted in the City of New York.

In the meantime, the *Unrest*, Adrian Block in command, a little yacht of sixteen tons, passed up the East River, and found her way by Long Island Sound to Montauk Point, and so on to Rhode Island and Nahant.

Some of the most interesting revelations in the early civil history of New York may be traced to the Thirty Years' War in Germany; the Reformation inspired by Luther; the fierce strifes between conservative and radical Protestants; the burning of Servetus, and the harsh doctrines and dogmas of John Calvin. The whole Dutch system was, indeed, then Calvinistic throughout; but in the Colony of New York it was much more. Here, from the beginning, the maxim was, as it was later in the United Colonies: "In union there is strength." Even before the Revolution of 1688 by five years, and eight years before Massachusetts asserted the right of her citizens as free subjects of England, the New York Bill of Rights proclaimed that supreme legislative power should for ever be and reside in the Governor, Council and People in the General Assembly. Among these recited rights were trial by jury; freedom from taxation, except by their own consent; exemption from martial law, the quartering of soldiers upon citizens; and perfect toleration to all persons professing faith in Christ. Twenty years later, or in 1708, the New York General Assembly resolved, first, that every freeman in the Colony had perfect and entire property in his goods and estate; and second, that the imposing and levying of any moneys upon Her Majesty's subjects of this Colony, under any pretense or color whatsoever, without consent in General Assembly, is a grievance and a violation of the people's property.

If, in 1629, the States-General of Holland had been as wise as their English successors, they never would have granted, as in their Assembly XIX., and by State Commissioners appointed by the States-General, that exclusive charter of "privileges and exemptions" under which the feudalism of the Old World was transplanted to the New, and out of which grew the angry contests between the patroons or lords of the soil and their landed tenants, or between the owners and occupants of the ground, which for so many years created local discords and legal disputes in different parts of the State. A landed aristocracy, let me say, can never be in true harmony with a democratic government and a republican people.

These great historic events were the very stepping-stones to our earliest colonial life. There were Grotius and Barneveldt on the one side—one the great writer on International Law, the wisest, boldest and bravest thinker of his time, and an authority with statesmen and freemen everywhere and ever since. Grotius was one whom Ménage called "a monster of erudition"—and so he was but his erudition was alike read and heard in song and story, and in the profoundest learning of the schools, while Barneveldt's moral force and political influence, in a large sense, made him almost the founder of the Dutch Republic. In all history we find no man whose character commands more respect. He knew Charles V. and Philip II. as it were, by heart, and he knew them as the creators and promoters—sometimes, perhaps, for conscience's sake—of colossal crimes, and as the enemies of all true liberty. They believed, and Philip especially, not alone in the supreme empire of the Church over the State, but that Charles and Philip, by Divine right, were the real masters of the world. Spain, under them, was the realm of immense power, and it required the combined forces of France, England and the Dutch to hold her ambition in check.

Fortunately, the thirteen American Colonies, though largely Protestant, did not copy from the Dutch Republic the angry divisions among their Protestant people, for these quarrels were fiercer within the State than the wars without. The organized European league existed on the one side, and the great Protestant union on the other; but the latter possessed more enmities, if not more enemies, within its own ranks than existed among all opposing forces. It is almost incredible that the points of separation related to those sharp dogmas which from time to time seem to turn the world upside down. One of these was the doctrine of predestination, and whether, by election, one child was born to salvation, and another to damnation. In almost ludicrous contrast, some, and even a large party of the English Separatists, which met at

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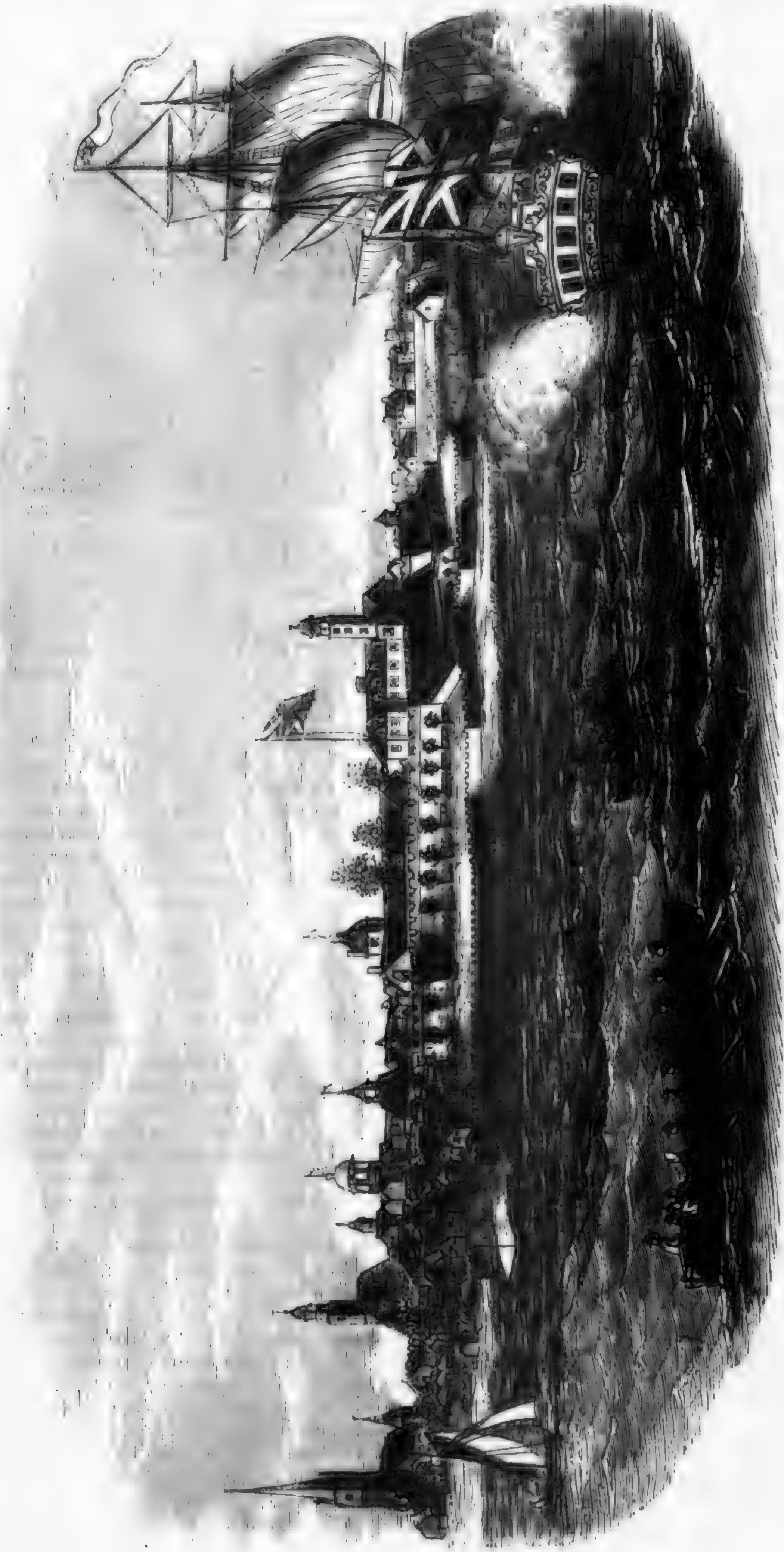


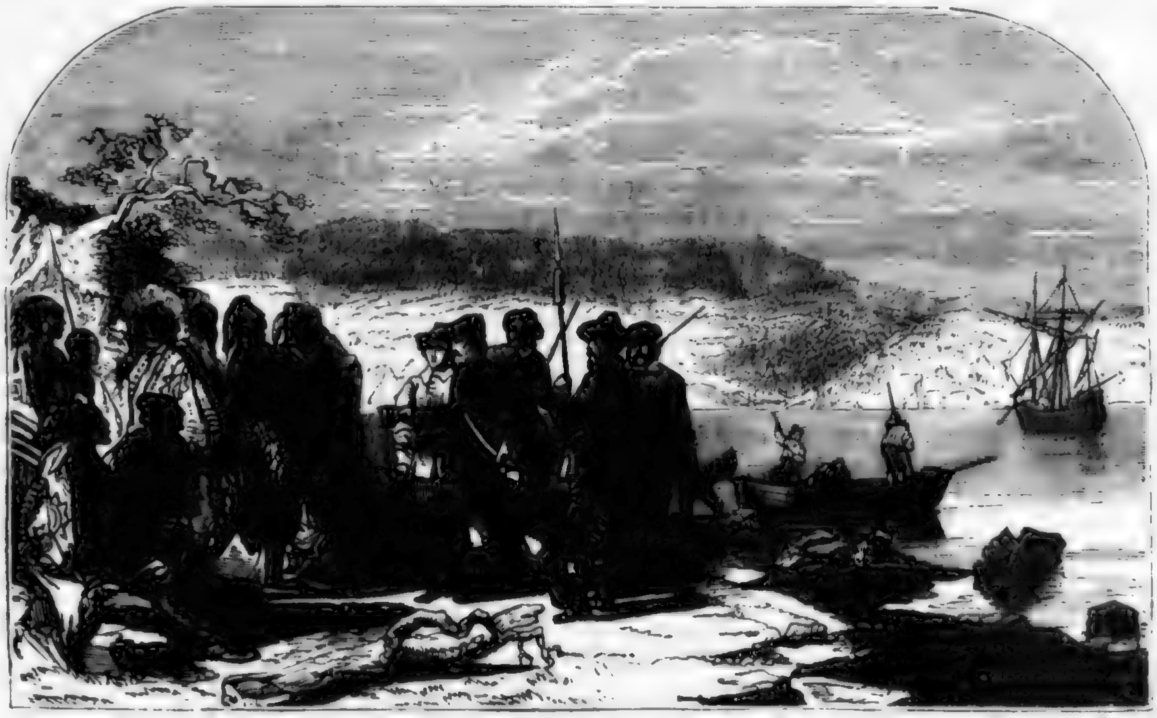
NEW YORK CITY IN 1752.

Amsterdam, became involved in a quarrel about the starched bands for men, and the right kind of apparel for women. Happily for the Pilgrims at Holland, all their residence there was during the twelve years of truce with Spain, after forty years of continuous war.

In some portions of this grand edifice I am reminded of the Spain of a thousand years ago; of Roman and Moorish splendor, as at Cordova; of decorations in the style of the Alhambra; of the blended Roman and Gothic, Moorish and Christian beauties of old Seville. We honor, however, only the glowing art of Andalusia, and not the follies of the old Andalusian age and people. The vaulted roof above us, sixty feet higher than the cornice, the massive corridors, decorated in blue and gold; walls tinted in olive, amber and maroon, and belted with gold and saffron; the allegories above us painted on stone—the one illustrating the "Flight by Night," followed by the coming day, and the other "The Discovery," with Fortune at the helm and Hope at the prow, pointing to the west, with Faith and Science surrounding all—are but the contributions of old-time genius to the demands of modern art.

While we copy from the past for the enjoyment of our present senses, we also stop with the eye, remembering the fate of cities and nations whose luxury and pride proved their ruin.

But to return. The

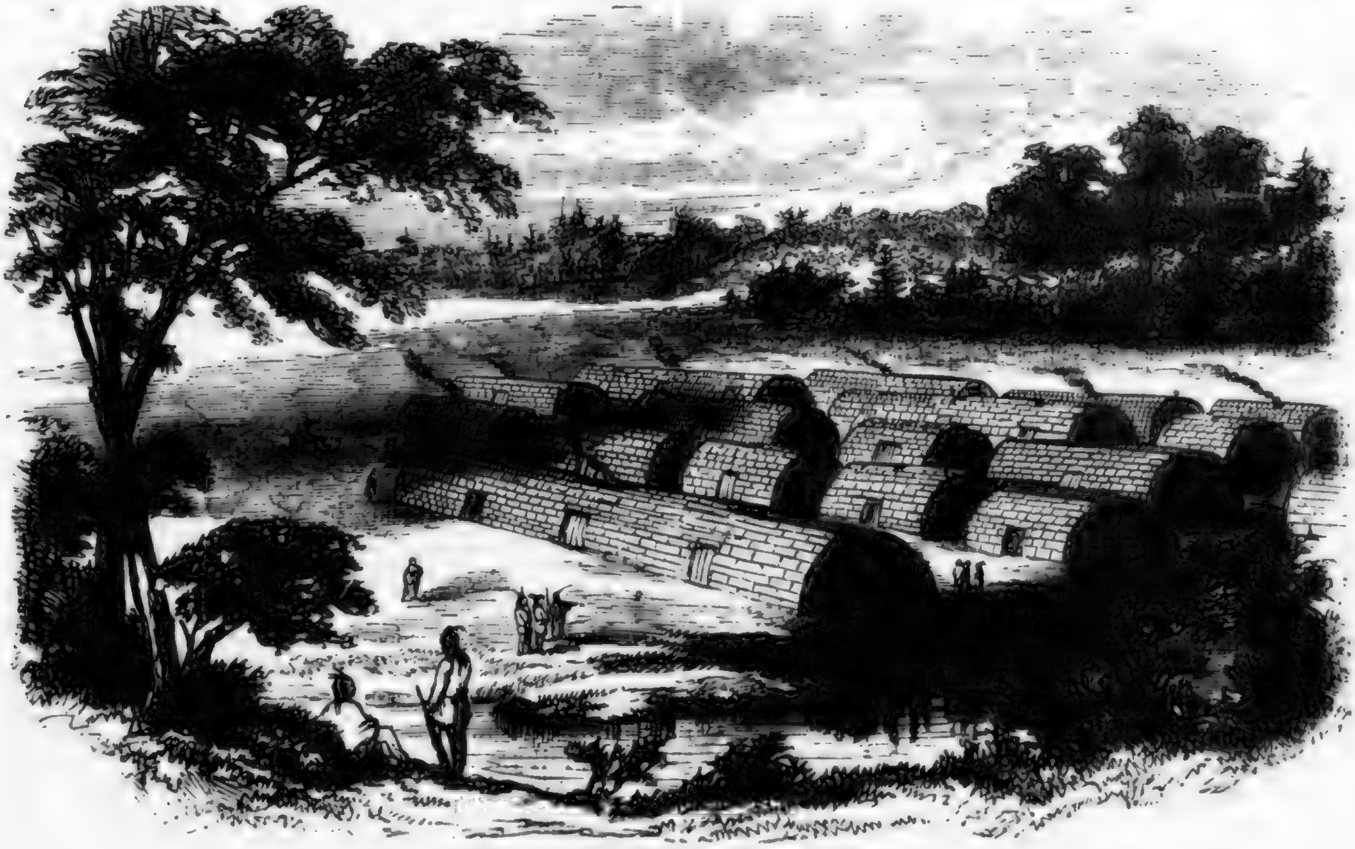


HENRY HUDSON'S FIRST INTERVIEW WITH THE NATIVES.

fault of Barneveldt—and this, perhaps, was a necessity of the times—was in asserting the supremacy of the political state over the minds and souls of men. Thankful to Almighty God should the people of the United States be for the inspiration of His word, the teachings of history, and especially of that Old-World history, which secured for us the separation of Church and State, with perfect freedom of conscience to worship God. Never in the United States of America, as so long in Holland, shall religious dissensions sever the bonds of the Republic, and never again can the dark spot of slavery, inherited in part from our Dutch ancestors, and largely from our English parents, and wholly from the Old World, but only too eagerly adopted in the New, prove the cause or effect of dissension by State separation.

I dwell upon such facts because it was amidst the throes of these European revolutions in the struggles for a freer thought that our American Colonies, and New York especially, were planted. There, amidst contending factions, Catholics, Lutherans, Baptists, Arminians, Calvinists and the innumerable throng of schismatics, the reformed religion, as was said by the author of the "Dutch Republic," found the chasm of its own grave.

Out of the Old World's strifes grew the New World's peace, embodied ninety years ago in the Federal Constitution, declaring that "Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof." Our State Constitution is even more explicit. The preamble reads, "We, the people of the State of New York, grateful to Almighty God for our



INDIAN VILLAGE ON NEW YORK ISLAND, 1609.

freedom, and in order to secure its blessings, do establish this Constitution." Then follows the declaration that "The free exercise and enjoyment of religious profession and worship, without discrimination or preference, shall for ever be allowed in this State to all mankind."

If our first Constitutions were the latest (both Colonial and State) finally adopted, they were the best, because they gathered wisdom from all the rest. John Adams, in a letter to John Jay, did not hesitate to pronounce the last excellent over all others.

We have but to recall John of Barneveldt, executed at the Hague in 1619 for his faith and independence, and Grotius, imprisoned for life for his fidelity to truth, but happily escaping from his prison-house by the skill of his loving wife, to see what fanaticism may do, even in a Republic. Those who may think that the Hague was singularly despotic and fanatical, will remember the like fate of Algernon Sydney and Lord William Russell half a century later, and of Sir Walter Raleigh only the year before. How true it is, and often how sad it is, that in matters of state and religion, history is always repeating itself.

The Dutch Republic won her independence in spite of the most despotic power of the Old World, but only to lose it after nearly forty years of war by her own internal, and these chiefly religious, dissensions; and as if these forty years of war were not sufficient, her later destiny was again foreshadowed in the thirty years' conflict soon to follow the twelve years' truce.

Grotius, for his own country, for our country, and for all lands, most truly said, "If the trees we plant do not shade us, they will yet serve for our descendants."

It was in the midst of this internal religious war in the United Provinces that the Puritans fled from England to Holland, with Robinson and Brewster for their leaders—men who have been christened as the Paul and Timothy of religious brotherhood, as "the Æneas and Ascanius of the Pilgrim epic," and who, only just before the embarkation on the *Mayflower*, had planted the tree of that free religious government at Amsterdam and Leyden, which was soon transplanted, with entire religious freedom, into democratic government at New Plymouth and New York.

The words written at Leyden, first to Old and then to New England, accompanied the Pilgrims, and, recalling the date of their utterance, seem almost inspired. "Whereas you are to become a body politic, using among yourselves civil government, and are not furnished with any persons of special eminence above the rest to be chosen by you into officers of government, let your wisdom and godliness appear, not only in choosing such persons as do entirely love and will promote the common good, but also in yielding to them all honor and obedience in their lawful administration; not beholding in them the ordinariness of their persons, but God's ordinance for your good."

Our forefathers, almost without exception, held that political bonds between Church and State made an incestuous union; and so they departed as far as possible from that dangerous, anti-democratic, anti-republican maxim, *cujus regio, ejus religio*, or, whoever governs you binds you to his religion. This was not a question so much of sects as of dogmas, and in time dogmas have burned thousands at the stake, or tortured great multitudes in dungeons, or hung them upon the gibbet. Almost just when Hudson and the Pilgrims set out for New York Bay by order of Philip III., a million of people, the most industrious of the realm, were banished from Spain because they were Moors, and from that day to the present Spain has ceased to be a prosperous nation. The cruel exile was the work first of the Archbishop of Valencia, backed by the primate of the kingdom, the Archbishop of Toledo; but the wiser Cardinal Richelieu, half-priest, half-soldier, and all statesmen, pronounced the act the most rash and barbarous of which the world makes mention.

It may be asked, what has prompted this interest of one not a native of this State, and in the first meeting of the Legislature in the New Capitol? I answer, and with more of State pride, I hope, than personal vanity, that it was impossible for a son of New England to have been forty-four years a citizen of this commonwealth without feeling the deepest regard in its past history and future welfare. For nearly all these years, and chiefly as a New York journalist, but with a divided official and unofficial residence at Albany, Washington, and the great metropolis, I have watched the growth of the State.

Nor could I forget the fact—which, considering subsequent events, as citizens of New York, will almost create a smile on your part—that not long after Governor Stuyvesant had surrendered all New York to the English, in that memorable year, 1688, this entire Colony, now the Empire State of the Union, was surrendered to New England, retaining only the privilege of possessing a Lieutenant-Governor. King Charles II. and his successors were, however, the real Governors of this Province up to the period of the American Revolution. No local representative government was permitted until 1683, and after three years the General Assembly was extinguished until 1691. From that time until the Revolution the Legislature made laws for the Colony, and the members increased in numbers from seventeen to thirty-one in the space of eighty-eight years, and the pay of members from 75 cents to $1.25 a day! The counties or districts, and not the Colony, paid the bills, and the same per diem for travel, which was also limited by law. The term of legislative service from 1691 was from two to ten years, and in 1743 the limitation was for seven years, unless sooner dissolved by the King or by the Governor upon his authority. From 1683 to 1776, it is due to the past to say that New York won the first victory both for civil and religious liberty, as it did in the Congress of the Colonies for our present American Union

Besides, the county of Richmond, from which I come, was the scene of almost greater interest through the Revolutionary period than almost any other part of the State. There was nearly the beginning of the real War of the Revolution. There, for six years, the islands Manhattan and Staten (the latter christened "the Island of the States" of Holland) were under British rule. Over both, for long periods of time, the Dutch and English alternately predominated. There were the early homes of the Walloons, the Waldenses, and Huguenots, all exiles from Old-World bigotry and oppression. King James, Queen Anne, and William and Mary, all figure in the local history of that county. Hessians and Highlanders there boasted, even after battle was over, that "they gave no quarter to rebels." There, almost contemporaneously with the meeting of the first Assembly of New York, came and anchored 267 sail of British vessels-of-war, with troops commanded by Lord Howe on the land, and the navy by his brother, the Admiral, on the sea. There 33,000 British and Hessians crossed the bay to Long Island to attack our feeble and scattered militia. There, 101 years ago on the 14th of last September, by an invitation from Lord Howe, sent through his prisoner, General Sullivan, and addressed to the Continental Congress, came Benjamin Franklin of Pennsylvania, John Adams of Massachusetts, and Edward Rutledge of South Carolina, to receive, but not to accept, offers of full pardon to "repentant rebels" who would lay down their arms and prove their allegiance.

In all the eventful incidents of the Revolution, I know of not one more impressive than that at Staten Island in

XUM

1777, where, surrounded by British grenadiers, in the room of a house still standing, then a barrack for British soldiers, Lord Howe offered a royal pardon to that triumvirate of patriots, Franklin, Adams and Rutledge, and through them to the then nearly three millions of American people, half a million of whom were slaves. Lord Howe was in manners every way a gentleman, as he was a soldier in courage; but with only pardon for men who had taken up arms for "independence now and independence for ever," there could be no reconciliation short of eternal separation from the mother country. When his lordship told the committee sent by Congress that he had a very great regard for Americans, and that their precipitancy was painful to him and perilous to themselves, Franklin answered: "The American people will endeavor to take good care of themselves, and thus relieve as much as possible the pain felt by his lordship for any service he might deem it his duty to adopt." And when Lord Howe repeated his regrets that he could not receive this committee as public characters, John Adams replied: "I should be willing to consider myself in any character agreeable to your lordship, except that of a British subject."

Later on in the war—such was the retributive justice of the times—Mr. Adams, who was made prominent enough to be singled out as one of the unpardoned and unpardonable rebels, had to be received by the King of England, in person, as the first Minister from the United States at the Court of St. James.

In later years, on Staten Island, also lived and died one who, seventy-seven years ago, was a leading member of the State Legislature, as was his father during the whole of the Revolutionary period. He was a Judge of the Supreme Court, State Chancellor, Governor of the State before the age of thirty-three; the first Governor who sat in the Old Capitol (elected in 1807, re-elected in 1810, 1813 and 1816), where sixteen other Governors have since filled the executive office; chosen Vice-President of the United States in 1817, and re-elected in 1821, after taking a soldier's and statesman's part in the war of 1812-15. As a financier, Robert Morris was scarcely more successful in the War of the Revolution than was Governor Tompkins in the second war with England. From New York City in 1801, from Richmond County in 1821, and from the latter made President of the Convention, Governor Tompkins was elected to revise and amend the State Constitution. Whatever he did, he did well, and this, whether as military commander or financier in war, or when, as in 1812, in his message to the Legislature at the commencement of the session, he asked that "the reproach of slavery be expunged from our statute book"; and in proroguing the same body, the same year—the only like executive act in the history of the State—declared that the banking system of that period had been increased and fostered by bribery and corruption which threatened irreparable evils to the community. His honest courage was met by the hottest of party anathemas; but, strong in his integrity and in a righteous public opinion, he secured the admiration of the people in all the States.

Our State abounds in many like honorable examples, which for the honored dead there is not time to mention, and still less for the living, whose fames and names will survive them. Here, of the now dead men of the past, sat also as Governors, and in more than regal state, the Clintons, Van Buren, Marcy, Wright, Seward, Lewis, Bouck and Yates; and in the halls of legislation, three candidates for President of the United States, one of whom was elected, and three of whom were chosen Vice-President. Nineteen of the citizens of New York have also filled the best places in the Cabinet at Washington.

There were also, in the past, in the halls of legislation, in Senate and Assembly, a long line of honored names, as the Livingstons, the Roots, the Grangers, the Youngs, the Spencers, the Tallmadges, the Verplancks, the Dickensons, the Beardsleys, the Tracys, the Cornings, the Cadys, the Williamses, the Wheatons, the Taylors, the Van Vechtens, the Butlers, the Bronsons, the Van Rensselaers, the Hoffmans, the Wendalls, the Ogdens, the Savages, the Oakleys, and a multitude of stars, only less in magnitude, whom no man can number, many of whom are examples for the present and for all time.

The century of our legislative history has witnessed, after the fiercest and costliest civil war on record, the growth and extirpation of slavery. The institution died out in the North by peaceful means, simply because it was unprofitable, and not alone because it was immoral. Slavery continued longest at the South because the negro was most at home in the tropics, and because, for half a century or more, it was thought—happily a mistaken thought—that cotton, sugar and tobacco could only be successfully cultivated by negro labor. Once, indeed, New York had more slaves than Virginia, and the old Holland Company agreed to furnish slaves just so long as they were profitable. On penalty of exile, no colonist could then weave an inch of cotton, woolen or linen cloth, and for any departure from this rule, to exile was added the eternal displeasure of the weavers of Holland, whose monopolies, however, let me say, were no worse than those of old England, also long enriched by the slave trade.

Just one hundred years before the close of the Revolution, Governor Dongan, directed by the Duke of York—later, James II.—and advised by William Penn, laid the foundation of a freer government in New York, where, in 1683, was legally called together the first Assembly of the people's representatives.

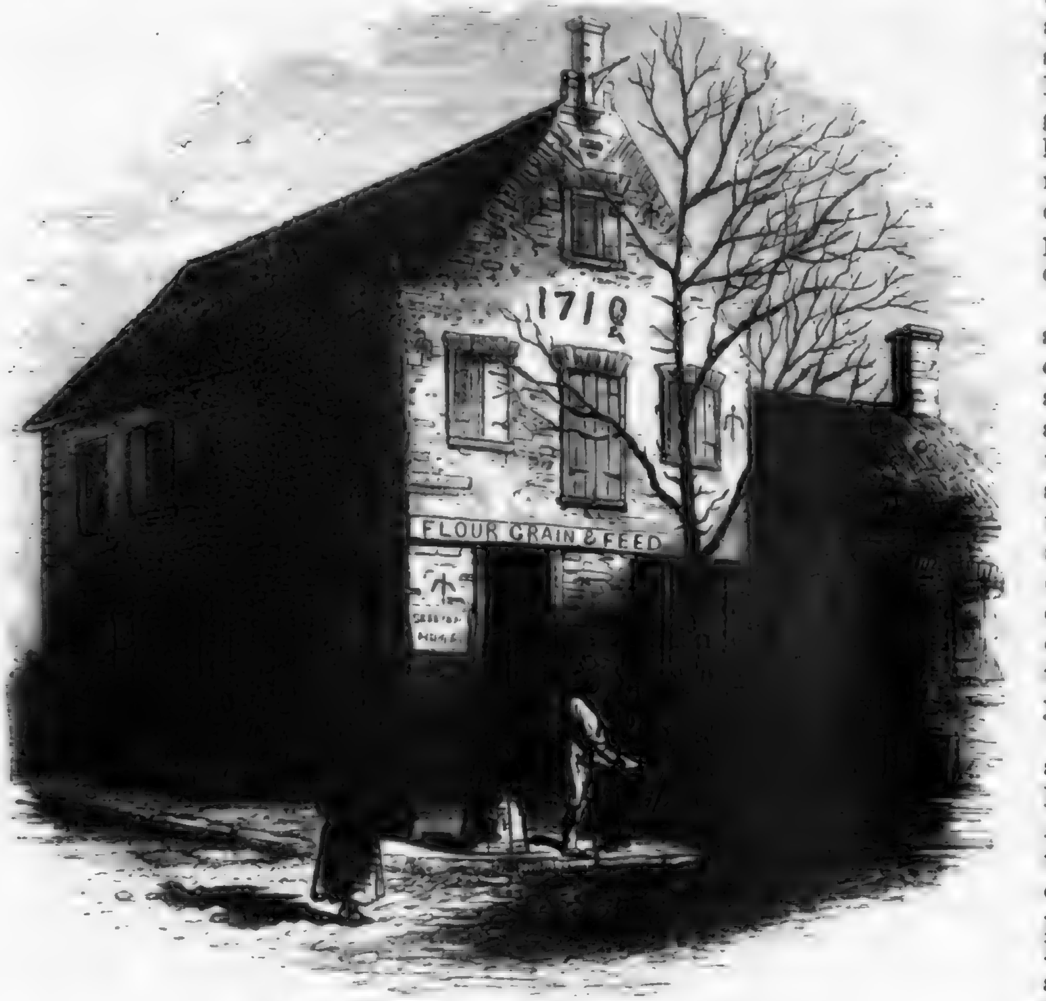
Passing over these nearly one hundred years, I see George Washington proposed by John Adams in the Continental Congress—John Hancock being its President—to be Commander-in-Chief of the American Army. As modest as he was brave, and as unselfish as he was wise, the office is accepted, with the desire and pledge that he may serve his country without personal reward. Ten days later he is received, in his uniform of blue, in New York City by great masses of people with an enthusiasm never surpassed. The Provincial Congress of New York shared in these honors, and bid God-speed to one whom, as with the great chief of Israel, Heaven seemed to inspire with wisdom, patience, and especial courage and endowments for command. All the way to old Cambridge was a scene of ovation and thanksgiving.

New England, with Washington in command, is soon free from British rule. Boston harbor and Boston town are no longer tenable for British troops or British ships; and Washington now moves unobstructed toward New York, from henceforth until the war closed, the stronghold of the enemy. The flag of a new Union now floated for the first time unmolested over New England, as did the British flag over the Island of Manhattan.

Boston and Philadelphia were then the largest cities. In time, Philadelphia was destined to share the fate of New York. The purpose of Sir Henry Clinton and of Guy Carleton was to cut off all communication between New England and New York; but Washington kept his eyes fixed upon the Hudson, and especially upon West Point, as the key to the North and the gateway to the South.

Soon and sadly, Long Island, New York, Fort Lee and Fort Washington were all surrendered. For forty-eight hours Washington was in the saddle, superintending the retreat of his few but brave troops from Long Island, and

XUM



THE LANSING HOUSE, THE OLDEST HOUSE IN ALBANY.

moving them all in safety, even when within gun-shot of the enemy; but later, losing his artillery and baggage in the uplands of the City of New York.

Thoughtful men have often paused to contemplate the possible fate of North America had Washington fallen during the retreat of his army from Long Island. The young nation wept at his disaster, but rejoiced that an overruling Providence preserved his life. Trenton and the Delaware alone turned the tide of battle, and Washington at Morristown, with 2,000 men, kept 25,000 at bay, and soon lifted the gloom which for a time seemed denser than Cimmerian darkness.

Later on, Burgoyne at the North, Howe at the South, an advance from New York by the Hudson, and an alliance with savage men, was the year's plan of campaign. All along our frontier the Ottawas, Wyandottes, Senecas, Delawares and Pottawatamies were in league with the scarcely less savage Hessians and Britons, led by Lord George Germain and Sir Guy Carleton.

For six months more the tide rolled like the billows of the sea against the Americans. La Corne St. Luk, the remorseless partisan, enraged by age and inspired by hate, pledged himself to Carleton that within sixty days he would bring his Indian followers to the very spot where the Legislature is now assembled.

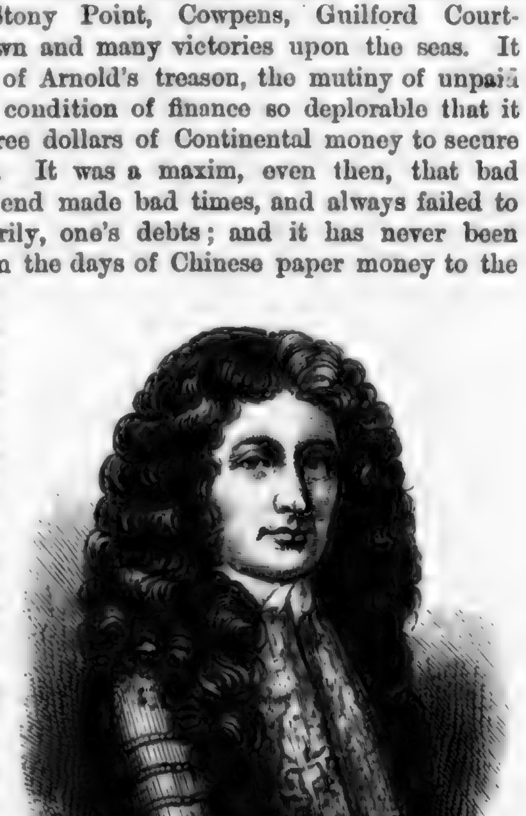
Indians, Tories, Hessians and Canadians moved for a time toward the Hudson, like so many torrents from the mountains, but long before they reached Albany they were met by one to whose ears the roar of cannon was as natural as the music of the spheres. General Stark and his New Hampshire and Green Mountain boys stood like a wall of fire between the assault and advance of the enemy, and soon drove back the latter, both defeated and dismayed.

Ere long, King, Ministry and Parliament tire of Indian allies and Indian massacres along the Mohawk and Hudson, at Forts Stanwix and Edward, and elsewhere. Burgoyne's surrender soon followed, with the loss of 10,000 men, thus relieving the now capital of the State, instead of placing it, in the promised sixty days, in the hands of the enemy.

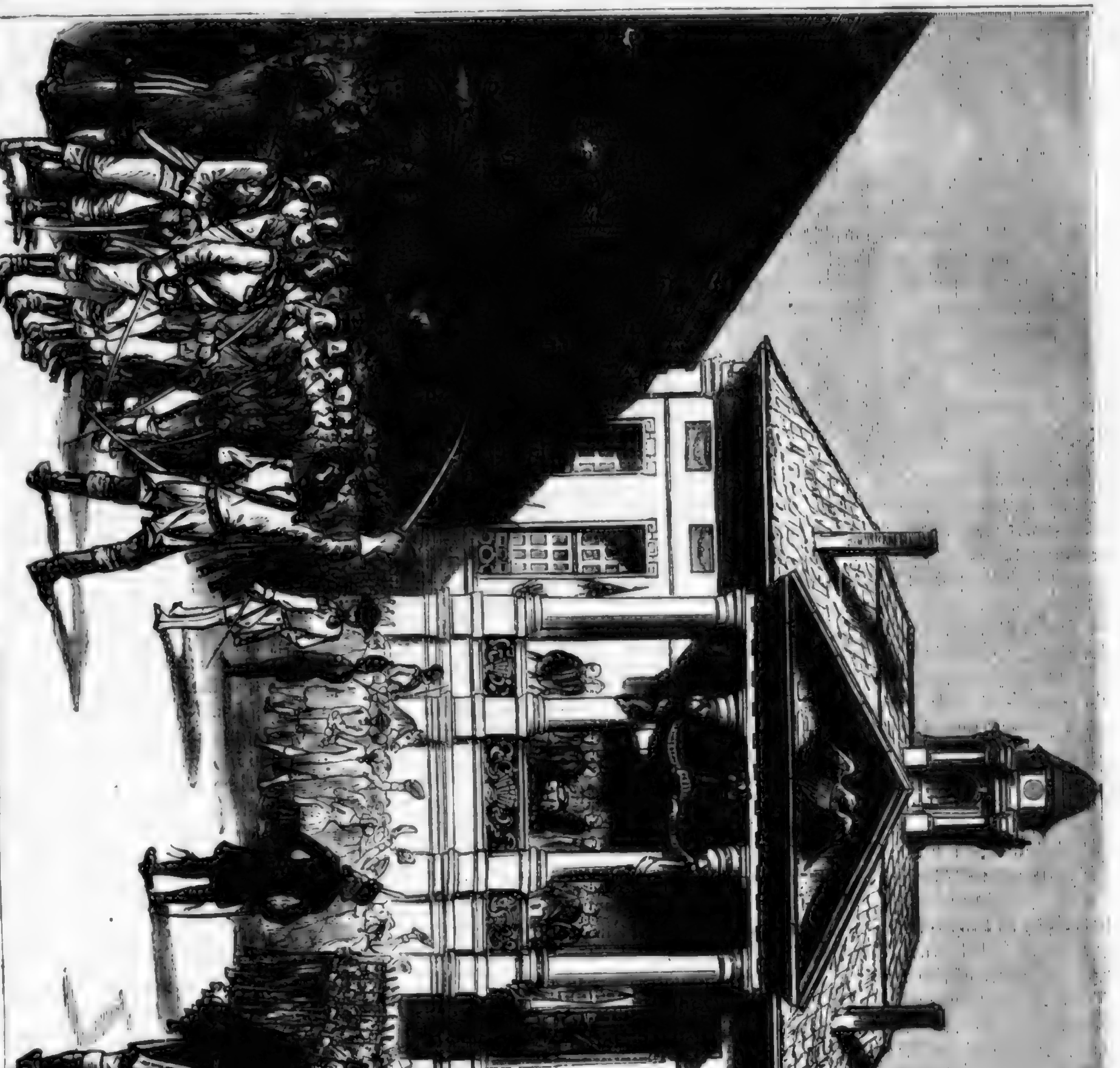
As the clouds rolled over and along the Hudson, the spirits of a long-despondent people also rose in the Colonies; but all through 1777, '78, '79, there was alternate sunshine and storm, disaster and victory, until at last, with France for our ally, the mother country became weary of hostility to her own offspring, in a war that often seemed as unnatural as the mother feeding upon its young.

The story of the Wallabout and of the prison ships, of Dartmouth prison, filled with American sailors, worse than the stories of the Bastile crowded with prisoners, was a part of the cruel and bloody history of one hundred years ago. The massacre at Wyoming was only more sudden and ferocious; but, thanks again to an overruling Providence, the end came, but only after Monmouth, Stony Point, Cowpens, Guilford Courthouse, Yorktown and many victories upon the seas. It came in spite of Arnold's treason, the mutiny of unpaid troops, and a condition of finance so deplorable that it took thirty-three dollars of Continental money to secure one in specie. It was a maxim, even then, that bad money in the end made bad times, and always failed to pay, satisfactorily, one's debts; and it has never been otherwise, from the days of Chinese paper money to the paper notes of John Law, the Mississippi bubble, the French assignats and the currency of the rebellion.

It was just eight years from the battle of Lexington to the proclamation of peace, and nearly nine to the evacuation of New York City, ninety-five years ago, where, upon a bright and frosty November afternoon,



SIR EDMUND ANDROS.



THE FIRST INAUGURATION OF PRESIDENT WASHINGTON, AT FEDERAL HALL, WALL STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

XUM

the last of the Britons took their leave of America, then and for ever! They left the British flag nailed and flying at masthead upon the Battery, but before they were out of sight upon the bay it was torn to tatters, and in place of it a noble sailor, whose descendant still lives to raise the stars and stripes every 25th of November, raised the Union flag, which soon floated in the breeze, and, with God's blessing, it will float there, "not one star polluted, not one stripe erased," to the end of time!

Governor George Clinton for the Colony of New York, seven times elected its Governor in Colony and State, with General Knox, in command of all the Colonial forces, at once occupied the town. Nine days later the ever-beloved commander-in-chief took leave of the army, in the presence of his officers, at Frazer's Tavern, Whitehall, near the present New York ferry, and a few days later tendered his resignation in person to the Continental Congress, at Annapolis, and returned to his home at Mount Vernon, which he had been permitted to visit but once in seven years.

Then came the old Confederacy, which, as you know, was a failure—like the new one of 1860–61, though for a different cause—and then the Constitution, which was, and is, the grandest work in the history of nations. Under its benign influence the first Congress assembled in our great metropolis, and there, April 30th, 1789, the great charter was received and inaugurated, John Adams, the first Vice-President, presenting to take the oath of office George Washington, the first President, to Chancellor Livingston of the State of New York. That oath was a pledge to preserve, protect and defend the Constitution of the United States. As it was obeyed by Washington and his successors, so let it be observed for all time, and not less in the spirit than in the letter.

What a Cabinet was the first one! the President, the central figure of all, and around him only four members; but of these secretaries were Jefferson, the senior of the four, at the age of forty-seven; Knox, at the age of forty; Randolph, at thirty-seven, and Hamilton not quite thirty-three—the last the ornament and pride of the State, the great organizer of the Federal Treasury, whose method of collecting, keeping and disbursing the public money has not been improved from that day to the present; the man who so framed the law that he could not draw his own small salary without the signatures of the Comptroller and Auditor, and of the Treasurer and Register—too much red tape, you may say, but better red tape by the mile than dishonest officials by the score, or even one.

The past is secure, and the future must be judged by the past. Men change for the better rather by the grace of God, than by individual instincts or human institutions. But free government is born of God, and nations rise, advance and fall as they establish and maintain, or neglect the right way; and men who love their homes and country watch its life and progress with an interest akin to their love of family. The truest patriotism rests only upon the solid foundation of private virtue and public purity.

With something of this feeling, I hope we have all watched the growth of New York. The population, only 340,000 in 1790, and only about 750,000 when the Old Capitol was completed; and under the census of 1835, at the close of the year, when I first knew our great city, it numbered 2,130,000 white, and 43,000 colored persons. Forty years later, the white population was 4,642,837, and the colored only 56,127. Only in two decades, since 1790, have the latter grown in numbers, and this increase altogether has been less than one per cent., while the white population, in the same period, increased 3.22 per cent.

The cities and city suburbs of the State, always the focus of growth, have advanced as 34-93 to 1-93 of the rural towns. Unfortunately for States and people, gravitation is ever chiefly toward the town. Of our whole population, 3,503,300 were native born; 1,195,658 foreign born, and only 301,240 were born in the other States.

Our State growth in agriculture and mechanical occupations has fairly kept pace with our increased population. If, as in the tillage of the soil, families and dwellings, work-shops and churches, with conjugal life, are the best signs of prosperity, New York deserves to be, as she is, the Empire State of the Union. Unfortunately, in some things our growth shows both our shame and our sorrow. Just as ill weeds grow apace, so public debts often increase, bringing with their burdens more self-denial than is agreeable, and more taxes than are bearable. In our city, town, village and corporate debts, I see the source of nearly all our woes. Debt is the hardest of masters, and her servants usually the worst of slaves.

The Federal and State debts are happily on the decline, but in 1875 the local debts, if the State Comptroller is correct, make the startling sum of $250,000,000, and the decrease is not large. Ten thousand millions is the estimated debt of the nation, and the estimated debt of the world three times as many billions. It is not an encouraging fact that in the City of New York alone, in 1878, the fifth year of the panic, there were 917 failures, and only $18,695,531 of assets for $63,958,403 of liabilities.

With all our present easement and brighter prospects, we must also take in the fact that in 1877, the town, county, and State tax summed up over fifty millions of dollars, with as much more imposed, directly and indirectly, upon the people by the Federal Goveanment. The people were drawn into this crime of debt, for it was nothing less, not so much by war alone, as by a false financial policy, and by a fiction called prosperity; but it was the prosperity of a man who thinks that delirium is happiness, and that profits from gambling are evidences of wealth. After the dinner, the wine and the debauch, comes repentance, but it comes too late.

In this and in other States, too many people, clothed in silks, broadcloths, and costly apparel, have been riding as it were upon the horns of the moon, and, as by its pale light, they beheld their lengthened shadows, they fancied indeed that the moon was really made of green cheese, and the cheese itself was both as yellow as gold, and quite as large as the orb of day. Pay-days have been coming, and coming for more than five years past, and they have not been like angels' visits, few and far between. When the debt is all paid, either by wholesale millions, as through the late Federal Bankrupt Law, or by means provided by State law, or, what is better, by the honest dollar for every honest debt, we shall once more stand upon solid ground.

But, as a contrast to this debt-picture, we have a right to contemplate our growth in political and scientific knowledge. When the first New York Assembly met, and for nearly half a century later, there were no telegraphs, no deep-sea cables putting a girdle around the earth in a wink of time, so that Valentia and Heart's Content are now twice spanned 3,700 miles over two cables in a second with the simple contents of a lady's thimble, and these contents composed only of acids, zinc, and copper. A battery of 20 cells has proved more potent than the aforetime one of 500. Our good home-spun forefathers and foremothers had no railroads, no illuminating gas, no electric lights, no friction matches, no iron stoves, no heating by steam, or steam motive power, no side-wheel or screw ocean steamers, no sewing machines, no American pottery, no heliographs nor photographs, nor phonographs nor telephones; no steam-plows, no balloons to survey armies as from the clouds, nor diving bells to collect treasures from the deep, no anæsthetics or chloroforms to produce deliverance from pain while limbs are being amputated, and the decayed tooth of old time removed for the brand-new porcelains of the dentiist and chemist of to-day. The Indian trail path, the saddle horse, and here and there the lumbering coach, the canoe, and by sail or on foot, were the only ways and means of conveyance. And now, in sixty days one can circumnavigate the earth. The brick and Dutch ovens were the bread and meat bakers, and pine-knots and tallow dips the chief sources of light, while about the only means of warmth were the stone hearth and the deep fire-place. Carpets and rugs and mats were almost unknown. Sanded floors and the tinder-box, with its flint and iron, were the substitutes for parlor and kitchen matches. The old oaken bucket and the deep-sunken wells took precedence of our Croton pipes and hydraulic rams.

All is changed now. Our State population increased 23 per cent. between 1865 and 1875; and, judging from the past, at the close of 1899, a period not far distant, the Empire State will have 6,136,000 inhabitants.

A fact also of public interest is the rather close relation of the sexes to the number of people, or, 2,378,780 females to 2,320,178 males—an excess of females of 58,602. Our foreign population is a trifle in excess of 25 per cent. of the grand total of 4,698,958, which does not include children born of foreign parents; but even these give to New York City only 57.337 of native population; to Kings County 65.24; and to Erie County 66.578. New York City has 19.198 per cent. of Irish, and 15.465 per cent. of Germans. All our sister States together have contributed only 6,411 to our whole people. The Empire State to-day has a population larger than any one of the South American States except Brazil, and more people than Holland or Denmark, Greece or Portugal, Saxony or Switzerland, and close on to the numbers in Bavaria, Belgium, or the whole of British North America, from Newfoundland to the Rocky Mountains. Of our 4,698,958 people, 1,141,462 were entitled to the ballot in 1876, after subtracting 126,060 aliens not entitled to vote, but including 394,182 naturalized citizens and 747,280 native-born citizens. Only in New York, Kings and Erie is there an excess of naturalized voters: 50,206 in New York, 5,610 in Kings, and 399 in Erie.

The charge of fraudulent voting in our two great cities, let us hope, is no longer true; for if the census be correct, New York City in 1875 had 232,152 legal voters, and polled 171,374 votes for President, or only 73.81 per cent., and Kings County but 84.43. Where 49 counties cast 90 per cent. of their legal votes, 26 of the more rural counties cast 95 per cent. Perhaps, however, it is a creditable fact to state, as a whole, that in 1876, 1,015,527 votes were polled of the 1,141,462 State voters, or 88 per cent. of the whole voting population.

The military capacity of the State is equally striking, with 956,874 males between the ages of eighteen and forty-five; and so with the schools, with (in 1877) 1,586,234 persons between the ages of five and twenty-one, which is the school period.

It is also creditable to the State that its families number 995,502, and its dwellings 728,688, or 6.45 per cent. to each dwelling, but only 4.72 to each family—a fact not so creditable to the people, and wholly in contrast to the examples of our good grandparents. The family is the only safe and sacred abiding-place of the State, and without it the sun would almost cease to shine in the heavens, and the earth prove but a living sepulchre, full of dead men's bones and all uncleanness. The true family means husband, wife, mother, father, children, grandparents and grandchildren—all, indeed, who are under the same roof. These are the household gods of the commonwealth, the mainstay of its power, and the very essence of its present strength and future life. The family of States is the union of States, and this means noble ancestry and lineage, the descent from a common stock and race, kindred people in life and thought; while the human family means, and by no stretch of imagination, the welfare of our country and of mankind all over the world.

It is agreeable to say that the value of our State dwellings alone is far in excess of our national debt, or $2,465,033,634; and nearly one-half of this value is taxed to the City of New York. Of $50,224,848 of taxes for all purposes levied by the State in 1877, New York and Kings Counties paid $35,653,834, and still more in 1878.

Next to the family, the glory of the commonwealth is its common schools, open to-day to 1,615,256 of our present children, not counting 7,000 students in our colleges and higher seminaries of learning, and most of all these soon to be the fathers and mothers of the State. Ninety-five years ago there was not one academy nor common school, and but one poor university, in the State. If knowledge is power, our schools, public and private, are the sources of our future greatness.

Kindred to the schools, and as the sources of Christian education, are 6,320 church edifices, with an enrolled membership of 1,146,537, and sittings for 2,537,470 people. The New York churches are valued at $117,597,150, with salaries in gross of $5,308,231, but making an average of less than $840 each. In their order, Methodist, Episcopal, Baptist and Presbyterian lead the way in church buildings. In membership, also in their order, the Roman Catholics, Methodists and Presbyterians take the lead. I can find *only* forty-four sects or denominations in the State; but it is to be hoped, and indeed it is true, that many of these divisions, like kindred drops of water from one great fountain, not only mingle into one, but have their source in one great Father, their life in one great brotherhood, and their final faith and destiny in the one great Creator and Saviour of the world.

If figures were not tiresome, and sometimes exhausting, one might remember with instruction, though not with satisfaction, for the numbers are far too few, the fact that less than one-tenth of our entire people are landed proprietors. Then comes the unwelcome fact, also, that the largest proprietors are gradually but certainly absorbing the land of the smallest. In 1875 there were 241,839 farms in the State, the whole having 25,659,266 acres, the value of which was $1,221,472,277, besides stock valued at $146,497,154. It is to be regretted that there were 2,018 less farms of ten and twenty acres each, 14,908 less of twenty and fifty, and 2,838 of fifty and one hundred acres each in 1875 than in 1870, while the net increase of farms from 1870 to 1875 was 25,586; and this difference will be more marked in the future than in the past. Capital, machinery and competition, with a constant tendency to centralization, are always powers of absorption, but against them you may place skill, industry, order, temperance and thrift—in one word, capacity, which, in man or woman, as a rule, are elements of sure success. Land and building incumbrances were the plague-spots of so-called prosperous times, and year by year, for over five years now, the money-lenders and capitalists have demanded the promised pound of flesh, in the form of surrendered acres, workshops, stores and dwellings.

The products of our farms, providing work for 351,638 people, present almost exciting results; the sales of 1876 returned $121,187,467, and the variety embraced everything belonging to the soil, the dairy, and to the raising of stock.

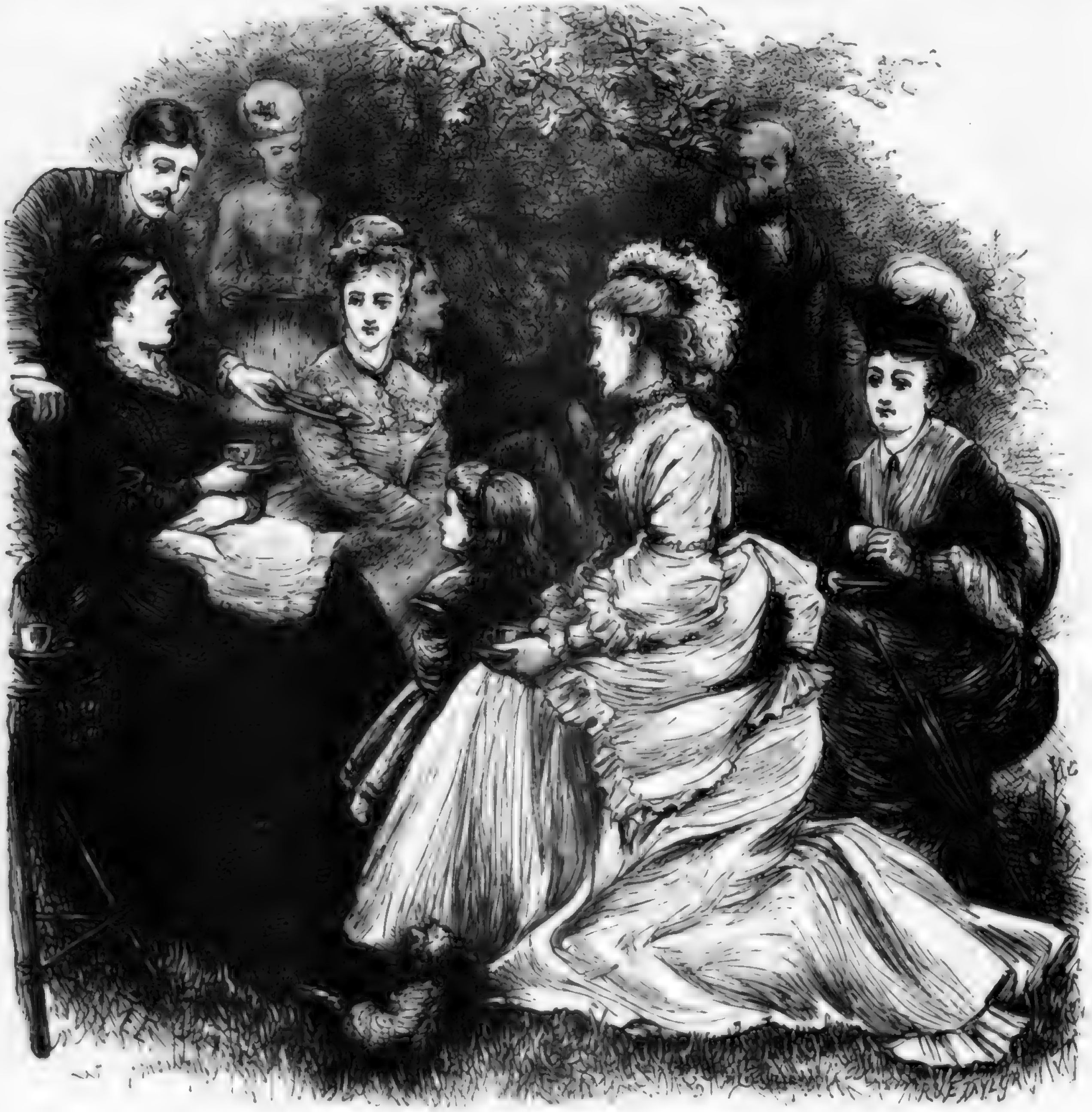
The population representing the productive industry of the State, in 1870, was 1,537,726; of whom 1,275,372 are males, and 262,354 females. Of these, 925,293 were natives, and 612,433 foreign born; and the females were only one-sixth of the whole force. One-half of the female contingent are domestic servants. Of the rest, 81,758 were engaged in trade, and 15,140 were teachers.

Let me say here, and upon the evidence of long observation, that skilled work, in man or woman—and especially is this true of woman—is sure to find both place and reward. Alexander Hamilton once prayed for diversity in the industries of the New World; and his prayer is heard.

In the United States' roll-call of 1875 are 6,000,000 of persons engaged in agriculture, 2,700,000 in mining and manufacturing, 1,200,000 in trade and transportation, 2,600,000 in professional life, of whom 40,000 were lawyers, 62,000 physicians and 43,000 clergymen.

The conclusion of all these figures and of the brief record of history I have recited is, in the words of Franklin before the Continental Congress: "That God governs in the affairs of men, and if a sparrow cannot fall to the ground without His notice, neither can a kingdom rise without His aid."

We write Excelsior upon our escutcheon, placing the scales of justice in the right hand of one figure, as symbolical of purity and truth, while the cap of liberty is held in the left of the fair Goddess of Freedom, the eagle ever watching with eager eyes and free wings these emblems of our State. Ships upon the sea, steam upon land, river and ocean, and industry and thrift all around, fill up the picture and become the evidence, under Providence, that God has always blessed our homes and our State.



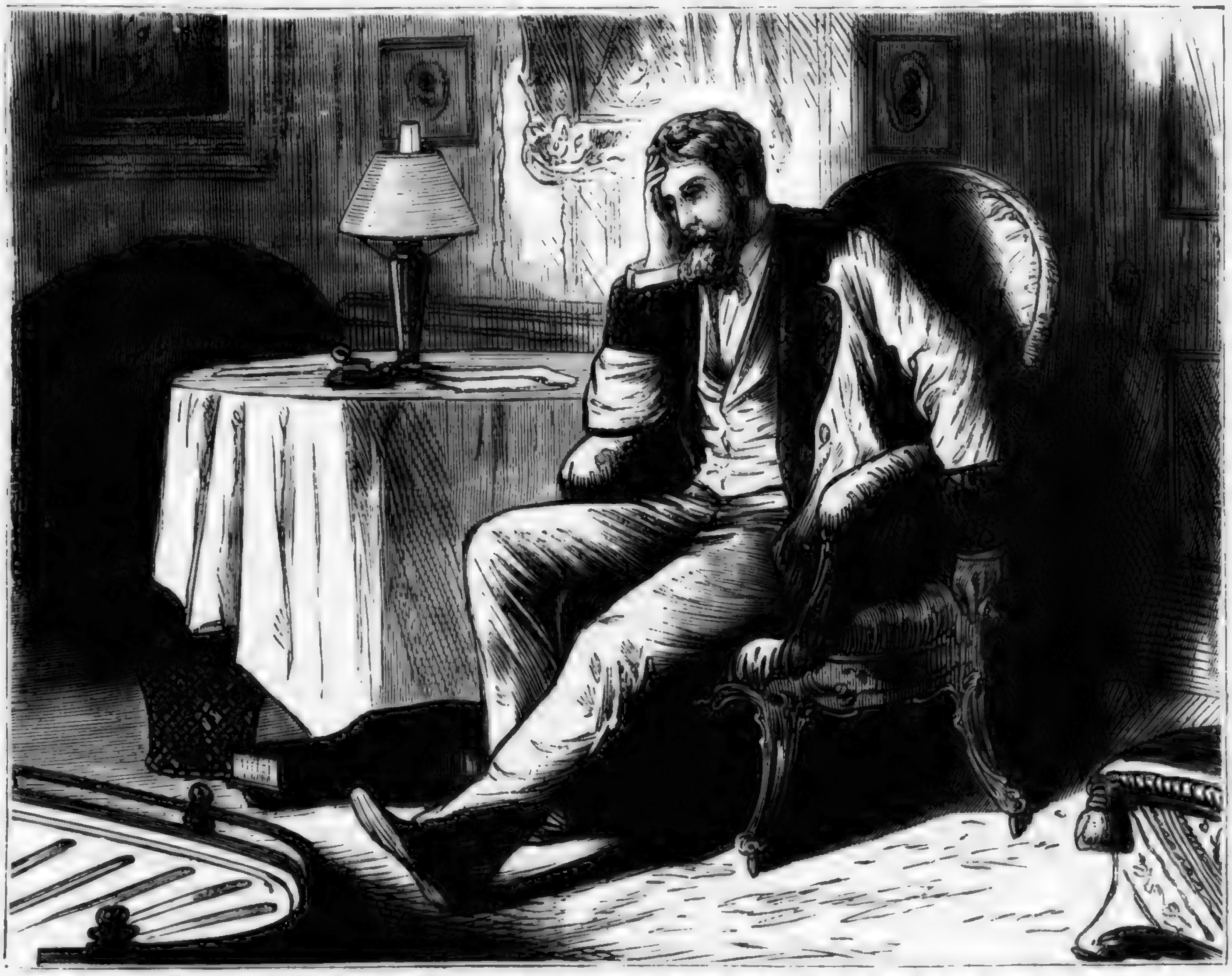
TEA IN THE COTTAGE GROUNDS.

MARK DAVENANT'S VISION.

By C. D. Beebe.

He was a bachelor, our hero, handsome and thirty-five. His father, an English tradesman, had educated his favorite son for a lawyer; but Mark did not take kindly to the law. He soon found he could spend money more readily than he could earn it; and his most impressive pleas were made before his sire, in his own behalf, his object not justice, but money.

He had an easy temper, however, and agreeable, *debonnaire* ways, which won him many friends, notwithstanding his general worthlessness.



MARK DAVENANT'S VISION.—"HE GREW INTO A FASHION OF DROPPING HIS PEN, OR HOLDING IT IDLY IN HIS FINGERS, AND PICTURING DREAMILY SKETCHES NOT WRITTEN OUT FOR MORTAL KEN, BUT ONLY FOR HIS HEART'S COMFORT."

But there came a day when the once thriving business of Mr. Davenant, the elder, grew very dull, and gradually continued to decline. Being an extremely cautious man, he began to close both his ears and his purse-strings to his son's demands, and Mark, highly offended in consequence, rushed away from home and took passage in a steamer bound for New York, without even pausing to bid his friends good-by.

He fully expected to make a princely fortune in the New World in a wonderfully short time; but, as he had little money in his possession when he arrived, and for the first few days found nothing to do, the ardor of his hopes was somewhat dampened.

But fortune sometimes favors the rash as well as the brave, and through a friend "on the other side," he obtained a situation as correspondent for a Dublin paper. His salary was variable, according to the amount of work he accomplished; but Mark had talent and pride; and, being thoroughly aroused, he worked with a will, obtaining sales for articles written for American journals also.

He soon found friends, and had little time or disposition to regret his hasty departure from home. An affectionate letter to his mother won her ready forgiveness, and he began to feel at peace with himself and all concerning him, if we except one little circumstance which I am about to mention.

Like Joseph of old, our Mark was given to dreaming; and his dreams, strange to relate, were never upon the subject of his surroundings, but had a trick of spiriting him three thousand miles away.

Prominent in the foreground of the visions that appeared to his sleeping imagination figured a fresh, rosy, English face; a strong-looking but ladylike English form glided gracefully about; a full, red-lipped mouth smiled upon him serenely, disclosing a set of pearly teeth that flashed with a distinctive character of their own, and "two eyes of English blue" opened widely, as if in slight surprise.

A pleasant picture; but a feeling strangely akin to loneliness crept into the heart of our dreamer when he opened his eyes to the daylight, and the vision vanished into thin air.

It was very strange, he told himself, that this girl's face, scarcely thought of in the day, should so haunt his dreaming hours. He liked her, true; but he had fancied other girls as well. And he had known other women far more beautiful than she would ever be.

But then this Isobel Gilmore had a wonderfully bright and graceful way of doing things. Whatever she did seemed the very thing she ought to do. She might not be as brilliant at a ball as other more beautiful belles, but she was never silly, never commonplace, never cross.

Of all the young ladies his acquaintance numbered, she had been his mother's favorite, and at times Isobel had spent weeks with Mrs. Davenant in her pleasant home.

Mark had not cared much for home in those days; but now, looking back to it over the sea, with eyes glamoured by the distance, or, possibly, grown clear-sighted from gazing constantly so far, it seemed the most restful and attractive spot on earth to him.

So, as the days passed, Mark came to spend his evenings in his room, instead of attending public places of amusement with his friends. He had so much work to do, he told them; but when seated at his table under the gas-light, and before the grate, he grew into a fashion of dropping his pen, or holding it idly in his fingers, and picturing dreamily sketches not written out for mortal ken, but only for his heart's comfort. However these pictures began, they always ended in a vision of a long, cheery parlor, with warm-looking, crimson hangings; a fire of cannel-coal casting a yellow and scarlet light over the carpets and pictures; a pale, grave woman sitting with folded hands and dreamy eyes; and another, much younger, moving staidly about in graceful, soft-colored draperies; and whatever she did or said, there was a little look of expectancy upon her face and in her matchless eyes, as though in her heart she was watching for some one to come who was far away.

Once, when he had been weaving these fancies, he turned to his window a moment, and looked out. It was only a little past the gloaming, but the opposite houses were nearly all illuminated.

"American eyes," he said, "unused to the long Summer twilight nights, or the twilight Winter days of England, are impatient of the darkness, and require artificial light to dispel the gloom as soon as the sun goes down."

One house alone seemed wrapped in darkness, but while he looked, a light flashed through the parlors, and—was he dreaming now?—a woman's hand put aside the curtains of the window, and a face looked out; a bright face, framed in braids of heavy, red-brown hair—an earnest face, with outlines strangely like——.

It vanished suddenly, and Mark rushed down the stairs, through the vestibule, and out of the doorway, never pausing until he stood directly under the window where the vision appeared; and there he waited until a sense of coldness called him back to himself and to the knowledge that he, who cared for nobody, had actually stood, for he knew not how long, under a strange woman's casement, in the dark, where she was, in all probability, taking her dinner unconcernedly in another part of the house; and all this because she bore a resemblance to a young lady he would never, in all probability, see again. Feeling very humble and very cold, he went slowly back to his room, and set to writing, as if his very life depended on finishing a certain article that night.

A few days afterward, while passing along the street, he observed a lady, on the opposite sidewalk, whose form seemed very familiar. He crossed over, meeting her face to face. He paused a trifle, waiting for her to recognize him, but, with a slight and seemingly indifferent glance, she passed on. He followed her, fully convinced, each moment, that it was Isobel Gilmore. She wore a thickly dotted, black lace vail over her face, but the figure, supple and erect, the thorough patrician air about her, the step, firm but light, the features, which he could see imperfectly through the vail, all were too like Isobel to be only her counterpart.

Raising his hat politely, at last, he stepped beside her.

"Miss Gilmore, I believe?" he said.

She paused, and the very blue eyes he had so often pictured looked up with the surprised expression in their depths, only they were too careless for Isobel's. The very voice, too, only it was colder than hers ever seemed, answered quietly:

"You are evidently mistaken in the person, sir."

"I beg your pardon, miss," in a tone which betrayed his disappointment; "but you are so like her, and—and she was my friend!"

The lady passed on with only a distant bow. Mark went home, feeling dissatisfied and disquieted, and wrote a long letter to his mother.

"I'm growing tired of America, mother," he said, "and think I will return home soon. I have demonstrated to my own satisfaction the fact that I am competent to take care of myself. Remember me to Miss Gilmore, and say to her I shall go home in the Spring."

Next day, it happened in a business way that Mark was introduced to an old gentleman whom he had known by reputation as a man of wealth and distinction. He had, through a mutual friend, heard Mr. Dale spoken of as a man of great shrewdness of character, though slightly eccentric. He was, therefore, disappointed to find him prosy and garrulous, and at times partly deaf.

"A young Englishman, are you, Mr. Davenant? My wife is English, and her niece, the same countrywoman, is now on a visit at our house."

Mark bowed and listened patiently.

"Indeed, Mr. Davenant," he said, at the close of half an hour's conversation, which he had mostly to himself, "I think I must invite you to call at my house some evening, sir. My wife is very fond of English friends, and my niece, sir, is considered very attractive."

"Ah," thought Mark, "she is probably an old maid, and has come here in the hope of marrying."

"My residence, as you may be aware, proceeded Mr. Dale, "is 54 Carleton Place."

Mark opened his eyes.

"Exactly opposite me, sir," he said; "for my number is 53."

"Ah!" prolonging the word; "a striking coincidence, Mr. Davenant, indeed!"

"Pardon me," interposed Mark. "Possibly I may be acquainted with your niece. What, did you tell me, is her name, please?"

"A remarkable coincidence," continued Mr. Dale, discreetly deaf. "Very convenient for you, sir, if you accept my invitation."

Mark was interested, and repeated his question.

"Not at all, sir!" exclaimed the old gentleman. "I shall be delighted to see you, sir, whenever you may make it convenient to call."

He seemed almost moved to tears with his earnestness, and Mark forbore to question him further. But he found, immediately after leaving Mr. Dale, that he had forgotten some important paper, and must go home and bring it at once; and, chancing to walk on the opposite side of the way, he discovered that the house where he saw a vision of a young lady a few nights previous and 54 were the same.

"She was very like Miss Gilmore," he said; "and the lady I chanced to meet in the street was like her too. A young English lady is visiting at 54, and her uncle becomes suddenly deaf when I ask her name. Two and two make four, certainly; but why?"

Mark did not believe in bottling up happiness for future need, if he could make any sort of use of it in the present. So he determined to soon find out the reason why. He did not wish to appear in too hot haste, however, and, besides, he really had an unusual amount of work on hand that week. He watched No. 54 as closely as possible, and made moderate progress with his work.

By the time he was ready to call, he had worked himself up to quite a pitch of excitement. Carefully making an elaborate toilet, he set out, determined to end his suspense at once. Vain resolve! He succeeded in finding Mr. Dale at home; but his wife and niece had set out that very morning for a Western city, and would not return for a month.

Mark gave himself up to despair, figuratively speaking, and listened resignedly to Mr. Dale's conversation, making all manner of absent replies. One tidbit he grasped eagerly, however. The old gentleman spoke of his niece, calling her Beatrix. Very unlike Isobel, certainly; but when Mark came to think the matter over quietly in his own room, he was very decided in the opinion that it was only done for a blind.

Isobel was, without doubt, piqued because he had left home so unceremoniously, forgetting to leave her one word of farewell. Of course she had a right to be offended, for he had really been more intimately acquainted with her than with any other lady friend, excepting his mother, for he had no sister.

She had doubtless followed him to New York, and succeeded in finding him, just making herself known, and then tantalizing him with her flittings to and fro. And he confessed to himself, as he sat solitary over his papers, that, if she had resolved upon punishing him, she had succeeded only too well.

The next revelation came in a letter from his mother. Miss Gilmore had received his message graciously, and sent him a courteous one in return. Every day he became more and more convinced that there was a plot against him, and it hurt him a little to think his mother was implicated in it. He worked hard, trying to keep unpleasant thoughts away, and still every night the vision appeared to him—a pure, womanly face, and eyes in which there seemed no shadow of guile.

Spring was coming, and whenever he caught sight of the ships on the river, he had a childish longing to leave everything, as he had left England before, and go back to the home that seemed so inviting to him now. He only waited for the return of Mr. Dale's niece, and at last his patient watching was rewarded.

It was just at nightfall. Fifty-four was illuminated early. The housemaid was watching from an upper window, the cook from below.

Mark watched both, with occasional glances up and down the street. A carriage with two trunks strapped on behind appeared in sight, and stopped at Fifty-four.

Somebody emerged from the opposite door. Was it Isobel at last? No; a tall gentleman, with a stylish Spring overcoat and the smoothest of shining beavers, seeming, from his bland smile, to be in a particularly happy frame of mind. Then came an elderly lady, doubtless Mrs. Dale; and lastly, but not leastly, Isobel, or Beatrix—which?

It didn't matter which to Mark, after the space of a moment. The gentleman offered her his arm, and assisted her up the steps as carefully as though she had been both lame and blind; and Mr. Dale, appearing at the door at that moment, caught a hand of each in his own, and congratulated them so loudly that Mark heard nearly every word, while Mrs. Dale stood quietly by, altogether forgotten by her lord and master.

Mark closed his blinds, lighted his gas, and packed his trunks. Unfortunately for his haste, it was Thursday evening, and no steamer left till Saturday; so he had ample time to make all necessary adieus. New York was an abominable city to live in, he told both himself and his friends. He greatly preferred London.

Nevertheless, when he had reached London and taken a cab for Weymouth Terrace, a desolate feeling crept over him, and he closed his eyes tightly to shut out the picture of home without Isobel. The city was enveloped in clouds of smoke and fog; everything looked dreary and forlorn.

Here the cab stopped, and he alighted, and a moment after was standing in a dim hall, his hand upon the knob of the door leading to the room he had pictured so often, eager, yet fearing to enter.

"If it would only dispel the vision!" he said, between his teeth, as he set them hard together. "But it cannot. I loved her, and I love her still. I shall love her always, even though she can never be mine."

He turned the knob desperately, and stepped quickly into the room, without waiting for his sudden courage to fail him.

A bright fire softened with its scarlet light the gloom of the twilight afternoon, and before it sat his mother, in the waiting attitude of his vision.

"Said he, 'Wake me by no gesture, sound of breath, or stir of vesture;
Let the blessed apparition melt not yet to its divine!
No approaching—hush, no breathing! or my heart must swoon to death in
The too utter life thou bringest, oh, thou dream of Geraldine!"

For there, as he had pictured her, only brighter and far more beautiful, stood Isobel.

Mrs. Davenant looked up suddenly.

"Mark! my dear boy!"

"Mother!" and his arms were around her, the lips which stooped to touch hers almost as unsteady as her own. "Mother, darling, I'm so glad to be home again! I learned its value while I was away."

Miss Gilmore drew back, half in the shadow, resting her white, slender hand upon the back of a heavy armchair, as though for support, her eyes opened widely—not, this time, in surprise, but to keep the tears from falling over her cheeks.

"Isobel!" he called, softly, releasing his mother at last.

She came slowly forward, and put out both hands, in a blind, uncertain way.

"Have you no welcome for me?" his lips very near hers as he asked the question.

"Yes"—smothering a half-sob on his shoulder as he held her fast. "You were gone so long, Mark, and I—we waited and watched——"

"Did you, dear? I'm so glad, if you watched for me. I dreamed you did."

"You dreamed——"

"Of you, certainly, my love. But, Isobel!"

"Well, Mark?"

"You never went to America to see your uncle, Mr. Dale?"

"Never!"—in deep surprise.

"And you didn't walk the streets in a brown dress and thickly dotted vail, and then run away to Chicago and marry a tall man with a long red beard and a blue nose?"

"No, Mark. Did you think I did?"

"My darling, I never dreamed of such a thing. But I'm so delighted to be home again, and to find you unchanged—except that you have grown lovelier—I'm almost bereft of what small stock of common sense I ever had. And, Isobel, if you'll consent to marry me, I'll be content to settle quietly down in London for the remainder of my natural life, and devote myself to business and you."

Isobel consented; and Mark, after pondering upon the subject deeply, came to the conclusion that any man who could, from very slight premises, argue himself into the belief that such an improbable plot had been laid against him, was undoubtedly fitted to adorn the profession of the law; and, accordingly, he set to work with a will, and succeeded beyond the expectations of himself and his friends. And he had the satisfaction, also, of seeing in reality, each evening when he came to his home, the fair vision which had often visited his longing eyes in dreams.

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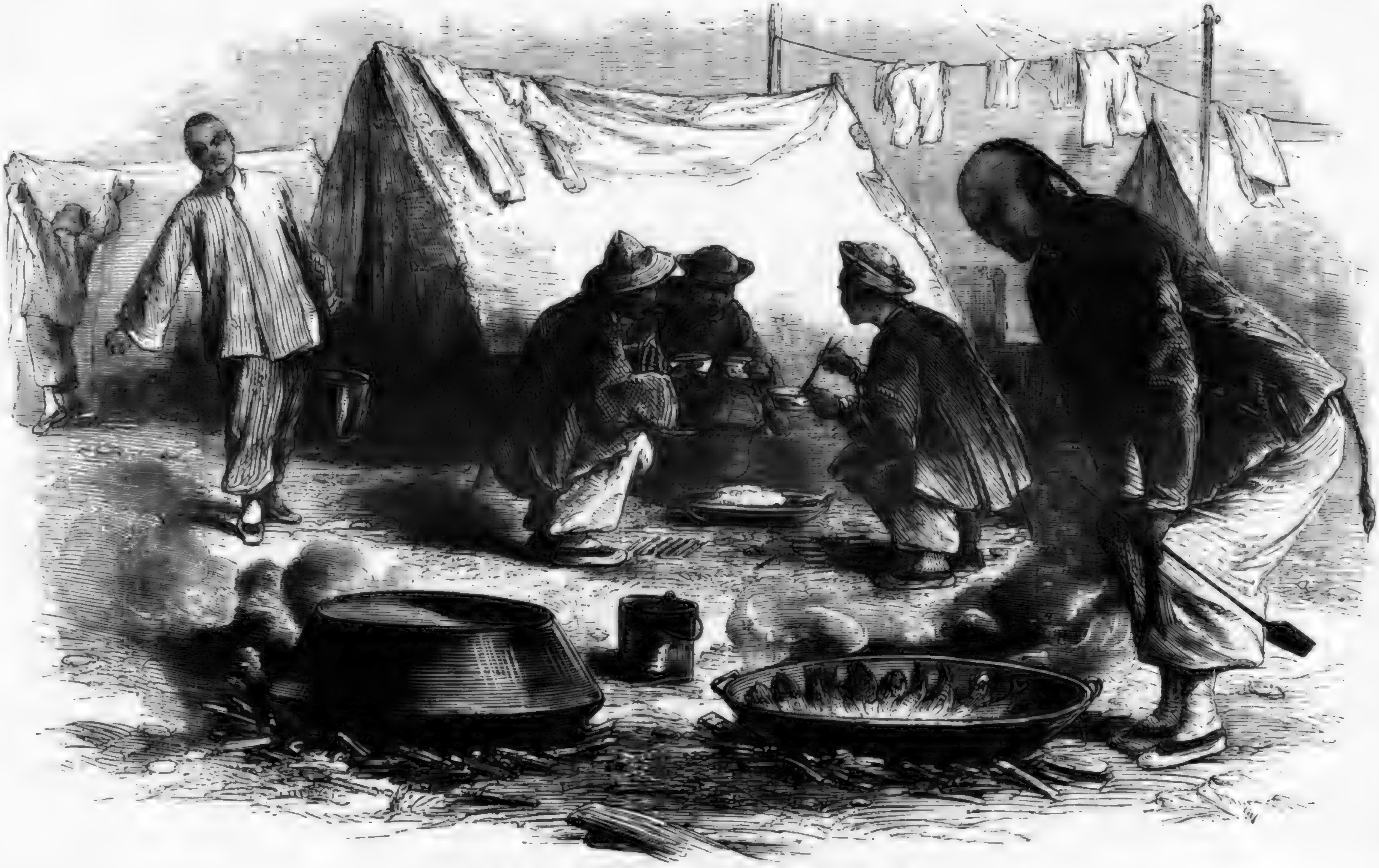


LABOR, PAST AND PRESENT,—A CHINESE LABORER'S CAMP-SCENE.

LABOR, PAST AND PRESENT.

By Frank H. Norton.

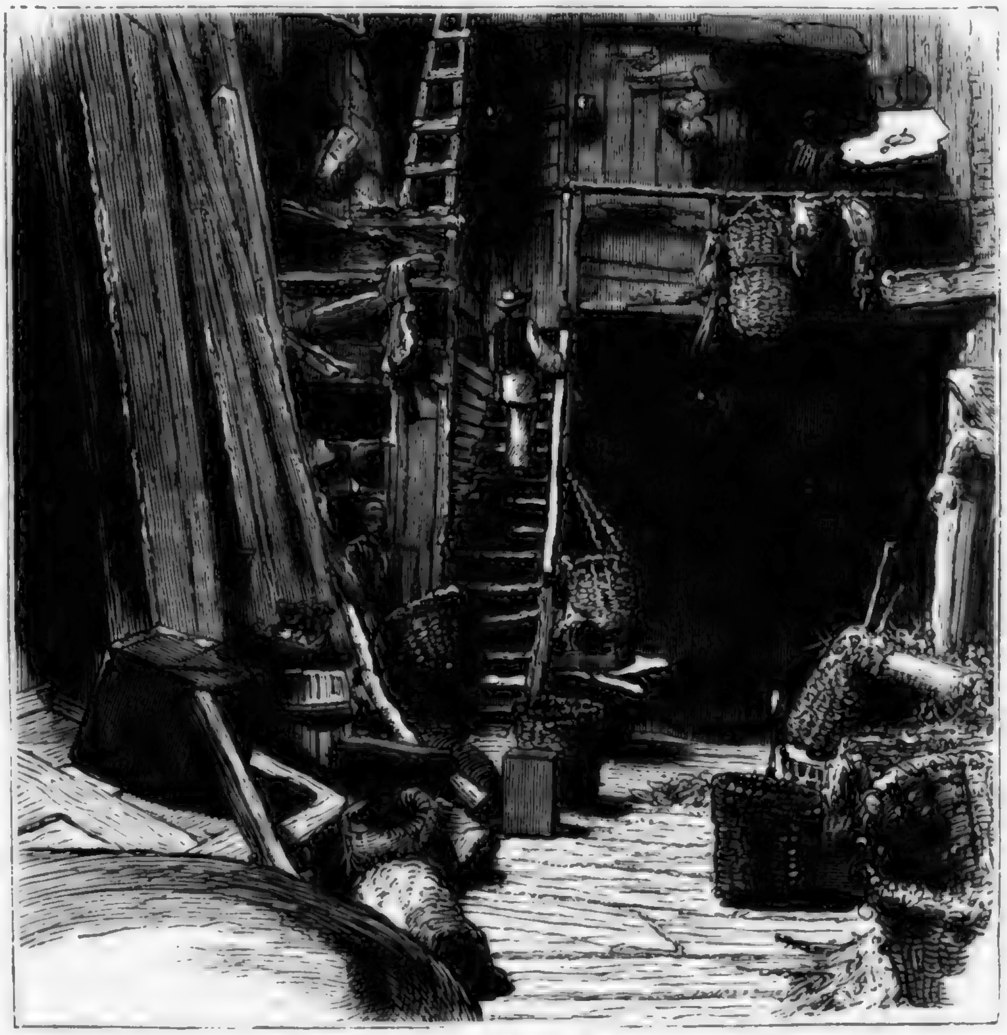
III.

AFRICA AND CHINA IN AMERICA—TRADE UNIONS—THE RELATIONS OF HUMAN AND MACHINE LABOR.

In our examination of different labor systems, we have failed to allude to two which are more prominently known to modern times than are those which we have discussed. Slave-labor, as it appeared in the Southern States of America from 1620 to 1863, and the Coolie system, as this has been enforced in the States of South America.

Before proceeding with the concluding one of this series of papers, we will briefly review the main features concerned in the existence of these two modes of servile labor.

Slavery was introduced into the American Colonies in 1620, when a Dutch vessel brought a cargo of negroes to Jamestown, Va. In those days, pretty much every nation dealt in slaves, particularly the English, Dutch and Portuguese; but the greater part of the business, so far as North and South America were concerned, at last fell into the hands of Boston and Salem vessels, and New England resisted the suppression of the slave-trade to the last. It was a very lucrative thing for her merchants, and they were naturally loath to give it up. So late as 1795 a cargo of slaves was brought into Boston and sold at auction. This, by-the-way, was almost twenty years after the declaration of "independence."



A CHINESE RAGPICKER'S HOUSE IN CALIFORNIA.

The slave system, as engrafted on the American Republic, was an anomaly, which only the cotton trade enabled to exist. Indeed, had it not been for the invention of the cotton-gin, it must have died out early in its history. As it was, it continued to sustain itself until it became involved in the political system of the country, when it was sustained by politics. From the time of its first being viewed from a compromise standpoint, at the foundation of the United States Government, to that of its abolition by the emancipation act of Abraham Lincoln, January 1st, 1863, this system was a constant and fruitful source of political and social tribulation.

The temptation to secure additional power, or to strengthen that already possessed, was, in the Southern States, impossible to resist. The situation eventually narrowed down to limits which established the basis of political supremacy on a "color line," and then, as is usually the case in such instances, a catastrophe came to break the sequence.

The slave-trade having long ceased to afford a means for supplying the demand of the South in this direction, it became necessary to resort to breeding for the purpose, and this was carried on systematically and successfully. It is to be said of slavery in the Southern States of America, as has been already said in regard to the States of Antiquity, that it was employed as an instrument to hasten civilization and culture, but that it exceeded its period of usefulness. Another illustration of the narrowness of the line which divides usefulness from detriment in the economy of natural law.

Quite another institution of labor, and exercising influences peculiarly its own, is the Coolie system of South America; out of which has sprung the Mongolian emigration to the Pacific shores of North America, which latter movement is one which has not received due consideration or statesmanlike analysis at the hands of our political economists. "When it is considered that this immigration is not an accidental occurrence, occasioned by the existence of temporary influences, but, possibly, a vast swaying hitherward of forces which, similarly directed heretofore, have changed the fate of nations and altered the aspect of the earth, it should be seen that it is taken at once out of the control of humanity; though it may still, in a measure, be directed for good or evil under an intelligent judgment."

Since the appearance of this statement, the feeling of uneasiness occasioned by the appearance of large numbers of Mongols in California has increased to the extent of rousing an effort to suppress, or at least modify, the immigration. This uneasiness and this effort are an instinctive impulse, such as has characterized the occurrence of all great changes in the history of the world. The introduction of machinery by the application of power to the loom was followed by such outbreaks of dissatisfaction and

XUM

doubt. The tremendous emigration of the Irish to this country, brought about, a quarter of a century ago, the organization of the "Know-Nothing" party. The antagonism of the North to slavery, and an instinctive appreciation of the existence of danger to that institution, were powerful impulses of influence in the Southern States, long before the occurrence of any overt act. It has ever been, in such instances, like the effect produced upon animals by the coming of a physical catastrophe in nature—and the psychic or instinctive disturbance has proved politically, as it has proved physically, of no value save as a warning.

There has occurred no case in history of the retarding of one of these great movements. Similar instances recur to the mind on a moment's thought. The reception by the natives of the first emigrations to North America; the doubts of the Aztecs concerning Cortez and his crew; the reception of Pizarro by the Peruvians; the Mongolian invasion of Europe; the descent of the Barbarians upon Rome; the Osmanlis and Asia Minor—these things were; they occasioned dismay and fear for the future; no human power could repress them: and now, viewing the history of the past from our standpoint, we can see the wisdom which guided the movements and restrained opposition to their freedom.

The first Chinese who arrived in California were runaway Coolies from Callao, and the incident happened in 1849, the number of the new immigrants being twenty. From 1852 to 1870, the number of Chinese arriving in San Francisco was about 90,000, and the number existing in the United States in 1870 was about 75,000. During the eight years following this period, the number is alleged to have increased to double this figure, or 150,000.

The Coolie-trade was inaugurated at Macao so late as in 1847, when the first cargo sailed from that port for Callao. From that year to 1870, 150,000 Coolies are known to have arrived in Peru, of whom not 500 ever returned to their homes, although this trade is carried on upon a basis of a distinct term of service. The entire shipment of Coolies, during the same period, from Macao, Canton, Hong-Kong, Swatow, and Whampoa, to Cuba, Java, Peru, and other parts of South America, the Indian Archipelago, and Australia, amounted, in round numbers, to 269,000.

The business of the Coolie-trade is conducted by merchants in Callao and Lima, and in the Chinese ports, and by "brokers" (Portuguese or English), who take *lorchers*—boats specially appointed for the traffic—and go up the coast and the rivers of China after men. The net result is that the Coolie sells himself into slavery for eight or ten years, his term of service being transferable, like that of any other animal.

This is the Coolie-system, but that of Chinese emigration to California is very different. In the latter instance the Mongol literally *emigrates*—obtaining means either by mortgaging his wife and family for the period of his absence, or by giving notes payable at a certain period after his arrival in America. These notes include interest, commission for brokerage, bribery, and whatever other charges may be made upon him by the agents. Arrived in California, the Chinese emigrant is taken in charge by one of the five "Companies," who represent the different districts of China, and act as intelligence-offices, or "labor-bureaus" on a large scale. They effect engagements for the Chinamen, look after their interests here and at home, are bankers and brokers, see that they are cared for in sickness, and return their embalmed bodies to their families in China after their death. For these services they are paid a percentage on wages received, "acting in fact as a sort of general assurance office for the benefit of their clients." The companies are entirely honorable and trustworthy; and will, if desired, guarantee the conduct of those whom they supply for positions. Of course they have a firm hold upon the Chinese immigrants, as a threat to dissolve connection with them would be equivalent to depriving the latter of their only trusted protector.

The Chinese in California have developed mines, built railways, introduced a new and satisfactory system of domestic servitude—wherein the employer is the master, and not the servant—and have been found more faithful, industrious and capable than their equivalent of the ordinary stock-labor (not skilled) of other races. Opposed and attacked in San Francisco, they have gradually, as individuals, pushed their way eastward until every principal city has a large and growing quota of Celestials, silently but rapidly worming their way into the practice of different industries. It is this method of *percolation* which makes the entire movement so formidable. It has the bearing of a reaction against previous miserable systems of labor, and of the opposition of a new and powerful force against the inroads of machinery. Certainly the opposition of machine-labor against hand-labor, if tried with the Chinese as one of the adversaries, is likely to be an improving spectacle for political economists.

The Chinese are the most deft, cunning, exact and fertile hand-workers in the world; it would be an astounding incident if the Providence of Natural law, which has left them "behind the age," as it is called, for all these centuries, should have done it to offer them, in the nineteenth century, as the only possible bulwark against the ravaging tide of machinery.

But our business is to wait and watch, to apply and to utilize, not to oppose or vainly speculate upon the apparent designs of the Almighty. In the matter of the Chinese emigration, the opposition of "sand-lot" orators and "local option" legislators is futile. While they are trying to stop the leak at the spigot the entire country is going to be drowned through the bung-hole. It is the presence of the Chinese *east* and not *west* of the Rocky Mountains that is portentous.

Meanwhile, since we borrow the Chinese, why not borrow also their interests and their industries? Particularly, why not pay the expense of their coming by founding the tea-culture in the United States, on a scale which shall enable us to dispense with Hong-Kong and Canton altogether? If we are to supply money for China through the Chinese emigration, let us at least not also purchase from China a product which we can raise for ourselves—making, instead, these very Chinese cultivate and produce it for us. This would be, in fact, poetic justice, as well as skilled regulation of the balance of trade. "The present condition of our labor-system is to be feared of all men. That any improvement can come to it, except by means of the freest competition, is impossible. That closely bound up in it are our present happiness and future prosperity is a plain truth, obvious to all.

"As no great event can take place in the world without a wise ulterior design, it may be that the final solution of the labor problem will be found in the advent into the West of the 'Heathen Chinee.'"

* * * * * * * *

This matter of Chinese immigration, digression as it is, is not the less pertinent to the general subject of the history of labor, and to the special question of the entrance of Machinery as an element.

We return now to the condition of labor in the sixteenth century, when the old guild system was passing away, to be replaced by that of Trade Unions, with its following catalogue of uses and abuses. To recapitulate: we have first the guild system, organized from skilled workmen who became employers; next, these grew rich and powerful—as a consequence, oppressive and exclusive, and out of such a situation grew a distinct "working class." The conflict was now between capital and labor, as it had previously been between the crafts and patricians. To offset the money power, Trade Unions came into being; and thus history repeated itself from the old slaveholding days of the Phœnicians and Carthage.

Trade Unions are voluntary (or involuntary) associations of workingmen for the purpose of securing and advancing their own interests as a body, and as individuals. The latter function is carried out by the application of benefit funds to the sick or the unemployed. The former function is contrived by extraordinary pressure upon manufacturers and employers, generally through the media of combinations and "strikes." As a compensation for the tendency of employers to reduce wages beyond a living point, they have been fruitful of good. In the hands of unscrupulous and ignorant demagogues they have been fruitful of evil. This may be said of every powerful institution under the sun.

As early as the time of Edward III. and his "statutes of laborers" (1349), the oppression of the working class began by men being consigned to prison for asking increase of wages. Succeeding reigns were characterized by the passage of similar acts, including particularly the 5th Eliz. cap. 4. which is noteworthy, however, for being manifestly in favor of the workingmen. By this statute, no one "could lawfully exercise, either as master or as journeyman, any art, mystery or manual occupation, except he had been brought up therein seven years, at least, as an apprentice. Every householder dwelling in a city, town-corporate, or market-town, might take apprentices for seven years at least. But only those youths could be taken as apprentices whose parents possessed a certain fortune; and none could be bound but those who were under twenty-one years of age. Whoever had three apprentices must keep one journeyman, and for every other apprentice above three, one other journeyman. As to journeymen, it was enacted, in most trades, no person should retain a servant under one whole year, and no servant was to depart or be put away but upon a quarter's warning. The hours of work were fixed by the Act to about twelve hours in Summer, and from the day-dawn till night in Winter. Wages were to be assessed yearly by the justices of the peace or the town magistrates, at every General Sessions first to be holden after Easter. The same authorities were to settle all disputes between masters and apprentices, and protect the latter. The 1st Jac. I. cap. 6 expressly extends this power of the justices and town magistrates to fix wages, to the wages of all laborers and workmen whatever."

These regulations were entirely satisfactory to the workingmen, and had they been carried out as they were honestly intended, there would probably have been no trade unions, and, possibly, no machinery—though this latter is rather a startling intimation. The fact was, that the employers grew restive under the Statute 5th Elizabeth, and so manœuvred during the following century that it became a veritable "dead letter." By the time of Queen Mary, they were legislating as to how many looms a weaver might run—and this was machinery.

In 1720, the custom of "fixed wages" having fallen into disuse, the justices re-established it, but its provisions were not carried out. Now we have the overt act on the part of the employers, who were, in fact, seeking to oppress in the matter of wages; and, as a result, combinations were formed by the laborers to antagonize this course on the part of the masters.

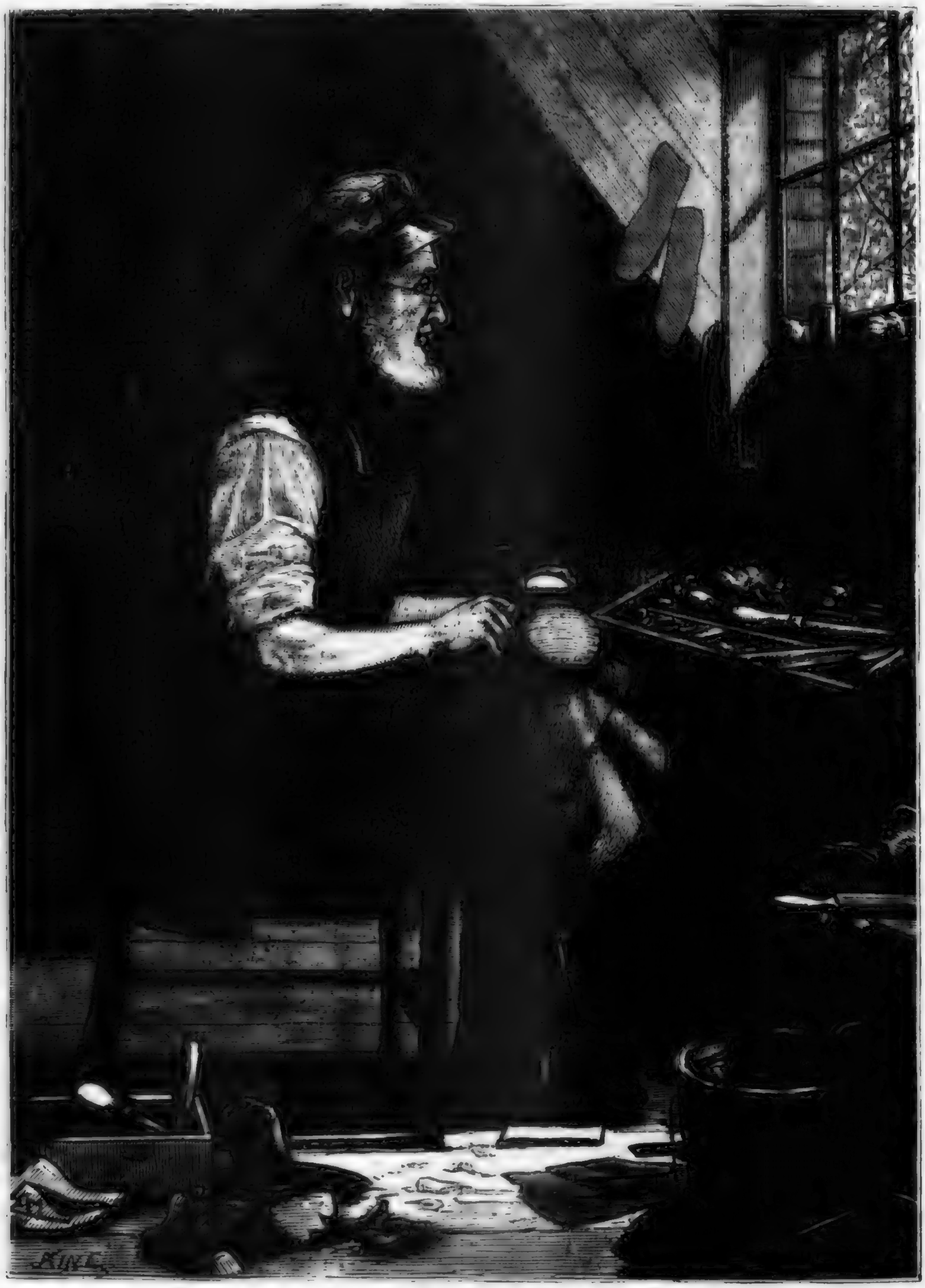
In 1725 an Act was passed forbidding combinations of workmen employed in the woolen manufactures. And in the following year the rate of wages was ordered to be fixed by another Act. This, however, was not done, for some reason; and in 1756 the workmen petitioned the justices to proceed under the Act. The masters put in a counter-petition, the justices refused to act, and the weavers revolted, hindered the journeymen who went on working, and drove them from their looms. The losses which occurred to the country during the prevalence of these riots were estimated at about £20,000.

It is probable that the occurrence of these riots awoke the employers, in the woolen manufacture of England at least, to a sense of possible danger. It is probable, indeed, that, in their consultations over the question thus suddenly sprung upon them, these masters took into consideration the possibility of constructing a future in which the workman should be less indispensable than he was at this period. In fact, it was at this time that the idea of the factory system dawned upon the minds of English manufacturers and capitalists.

It should be observed here that the persecutions of Philip II. and his emissaries in the Low Countries had driven the unfortunate Netherlanders to despair, and forced emigration upon the best craftsmen of Holland and Belgium. Such was also the case in France, where, in 1685, Louis XIV. revoked the Edict of Nantes, which had insured religious freedom to the entire Protestant population. By this act the looms of Lyons were reduced from 13,000 to 4,000. At Tours, 40,000 artisans were lessened to 4,000. Crowds of the best weavers were thus driven by intolerance to flee to England, Prussia and Switzerland. We are thus reminded that the prevalent distress of the laboring class in England (*tempus* Jac. I. *et* Carol. I.) was paralleled upon the Continent, and that everywhere there existed a design to grind this order to the lowest condition, that they might be forced to yield the largest possible pecuniary return to their employers, on the smallest possible investment of capital.

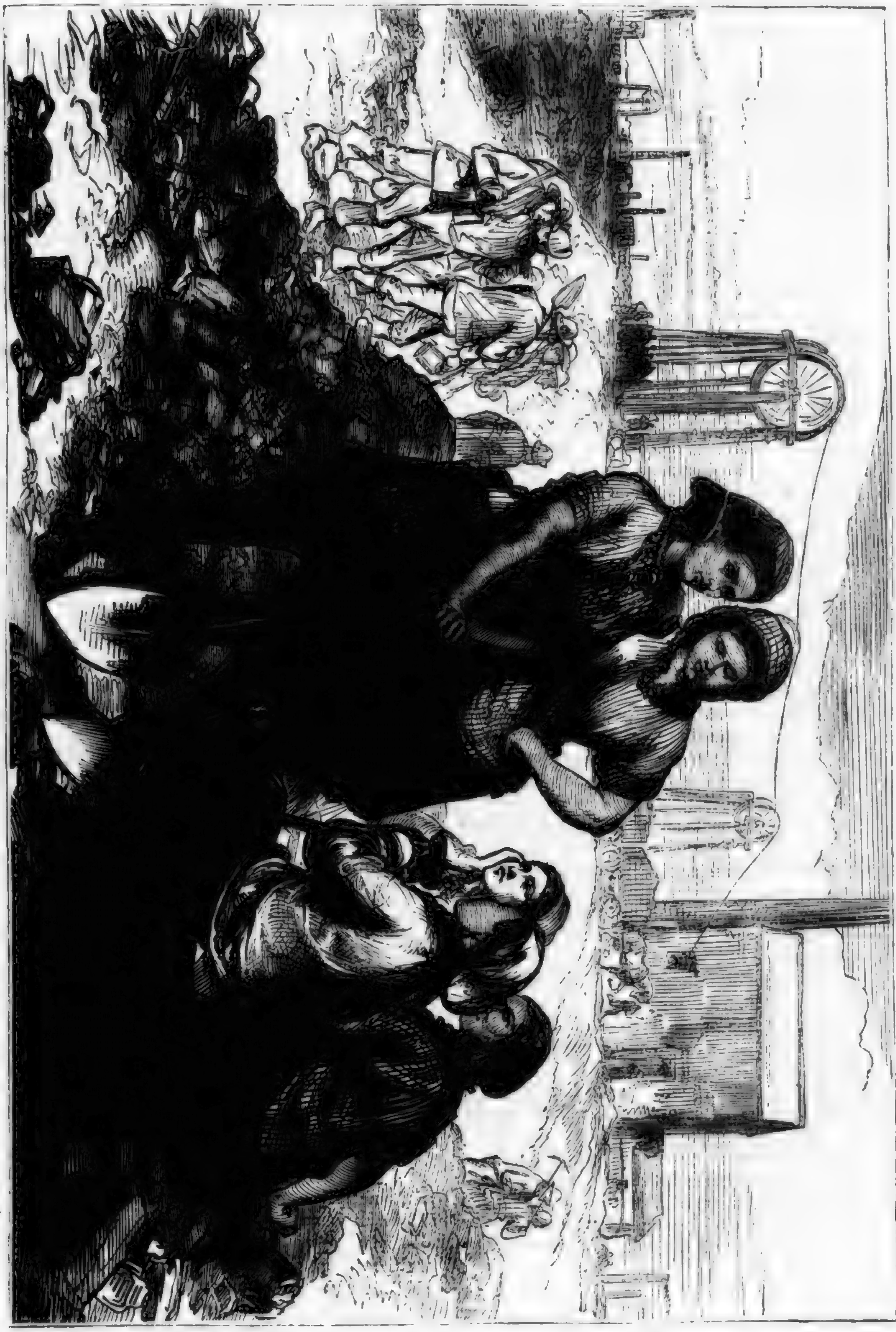
In the early part of the eighteenth century the woolen manufactures of England were carried on by small masters in their own homes. They dwelt in villages and scattered houses, and often cultivated, besides, a little land, from three to twelve or fifteen acres. Often, too, they had a horse to carry their cloth to market. The number of such small masters, for instance, about Leeds was 3,500. Each master employed, on the average, ten journeymen and apprentices, besides which he was assisted by his wife and children. By the system then in vogue, a young man of good repute could always get credit for as much wool as would enable him to establish himself as a small master. Then, too, if stagnation occurred in the foreign market, or a large firm became bankrupt, the losses were distributed among so many small manufacturers that they were not felt seriously by any. The employment of the journeymen was regular, apprentices were taught by their masters, and there existed among masters and men a sentiment of mutual confidence and regard which was in the highest degree advantageous to both parties. This was the case until the thirst for wealth, and the desire to extend and enlarge business, came into operation; working, too, as has been shown, through oppression and to mutual distrust and dislike, instead of the ancient candor and affection.

Into this condition of things was pushed the introduction of the factory system and the application of power to machinery. Mills were first erected on rivers and streams, to make use of the fall of water. Various processes which had before been chiefly performed by hand under the master's own roof were now executed in public mills by machinery. Merchants now became manufacturers themselves, and owned large mills. The skill which had been gained through generations of constant labor and thought now became replaced by mechanism, which, while seeming to perform a larger quantity of work, was found to be less successful in the quality of the latter. Apprentices were now not obliged to serve by indenture, and it soon became customary to employ in the mills those who had served no apprenticeship, and, particularly, large numbers of women and children. The restrictions which had formerly guarded admission to the cloth-halls were now removed, and any class of work was accepted. Then, too, employment became much more irregular than formerly. Every small fluctuation in trade affected the capital of a single large manufacturer much more than it had formerly affected a multitude of small ones; and every stop in the sale led at once to a discharge of workmen. Formerly, too, wages had been settled for each year; now, every fluctuation led to a reduction in wages. At first workmen were enticed to the mills by promise of high wages; but as these became changed with the changes of trade, the operatives were glad enough to go back to the employ of



THE SHOEMAKER.

the small manufacturers. "Whenever such discharged workmen found work again, even for less wages, at a domestic clothier's, on account of the greater regularity of employment they never wished afterward to change their place, even for higher wages at the factories." (Parl. Report, July 4th, 1806.) Many who had been masters now sank to be workmen, and the feeling of uneasiness concerning the future, to which we have already alluded in connection with other and similar conditions, took possession of skilled workmen, who feared that the factory system would supplant the domestic, and were determined to resist this, at all hazards.



FEMALE LABOR IN THE ENGLISH COAL-MINES.

It seems that at the beginning neither master nor journeyman resisted the violation of the old customs and laws.

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But the employment of great numbers of children, apprentices, and journeymen who had served no apprenticeship, soon took the bread out of the mouths of these craftsmen, and this led in 1796 to the formation of a *trade society*, called the "Institution," among the cloth-makers at Halifax, to prevent people from carrying on the trade in violation of custom and law. This was the main object of the Institution, but another was the relief of sick members.

In 1799 (39th Geo. III., cap. 81) all such Associations were suppressed, and the accumulation of funds by them especially prohibited; the Institution, however, continued to flourish, the only difference being that funds, instead of being accumulated, were gathered by subscription as required. Similar societies now sprung up in every direction, and in all trades. Combined efforts were made to obtain redress for their grievances through Parliament, and particularly for the maintenance of the Act 5th Eliz., cap. 4, which had fallen quite into disuse. It is characteristic of the spirit of the contest, that the master manufacturers, on hearing of this movement, ordered their workmen to leave the Institution, and on their refusal promptly discharged them. The workmen retaliated by striking work in all the factories, and the masters were forced into signing a contract binding themselves to adhere to the obnoxious Act.

But this agreement remained but of short standing, and the masters continued to disregard the prescribed and legal rights of the workmen, until the latter became exasperated and proceeded to violence. In 1805 a factory was burned down, the London fire insurance companies were notified by the workmen to look out for their policies—and so the fight waxed continually hotter, and more and more societies in the nature of trade unions were organized, and the workmen's combinations were thus materially strengthened.

The House of Commons, though often appealed to, was seldom favorable to the employed, but to the employers. Adam Smith said of this fact: "Whenever the legislature attempts to regulate the differences between masters and workmen, its counselors are always the masters." This, by-the-way, has been the case ever since, and down to the assembling and deliberation and lucubration of the peculiar Hewitt Congressional Committee of the Summer of 1878.

It is a fact that the Committee of the House of Commons having the labor question before them in 1806, recommended "laws prohibiting the export of raw materials and machinery; the emigration of skilled workmen to foreign parts, and combinations of journeymen."

Such being the frame of mind in which the legislators and statesmen of the time of George III. entered upon their consideration of this grave question, it may readily be imagined that combinations were only provoked by their future action. Already trade unions existed among the ship-builders, tailors, hatters, stocking-makers, scissors-smiths, and many other trades. In Nottingham, riot and sedition were rife; mobs broke into the factories of the framework-knitters, broke hundreds of frames, and thrashed masters and workmen indefinitely. But it is to be remembered that the laws of the land, so far as they benefited or favored the working-class, were a dead-letter, and that the legislature and the courts were in league with the employers.

Violence is always wrong and always injudicious. In the present instance it but served to bind the shackles more firmly. So far from having driven the employers to just consideration of their rights, the outraged and foolish workmen of the eighteenth century only managed to project their wrongs as an heirloom into the nineteenth. Instead of running counter to the positive tendency of the age, they should have adapted themselves to its uses, and its uses to their practical benefit. It was the old, old story of "kicking against the pricks."

It is true, however, that whenever the workmen in the time of which we write found their complaints listened to, and the slightest evidence of interest in their behalf developing, they invariably ceased from the employment of their combinations, and trusted implicitly to the legislature. But in 1814 the final blow was struck, and the master manufacturers gained the victory in the repeal of the Act 5th Eliz., cap. 4. The result of this procedure was terrible in the distress which it involved. Parliamentary reports on the condition of the silk-weavers, for instance, immediately after this repeal, declare that the "journeymen were driven to famine and the female workers to prostitution." An absolutely identical account was also given of the condition of the watch-makers of Coventry. Combinations now rose in every direction, and the workmen, driven to despair, committed, during the next fifteen years (or until 1830), acts of violence and brutality, which can only be accounted for on one theory: constant injustice and shameful ill-treatment had gradually demoralized these unhappy creatures, until, rendered desperate, property and even life itself lost importance in their eyes. Said William Pitt, years before, "The time will come when manufactures will have been so long established, and the operatives not having any other business to flee to, that it will be in the power of any one man in a town to reduce the wages, and all the other manufacturers must follow. If ever it does arrive at this pitch, Parliament, if it be not then sitting, ought to be called together; and if it cannot redress your grievances, its power is at an end." Occasional sayings of this nature show that here and there in the dreary story of stupidity and iniquity, some mind appears with foresight to follow existing conditions to their logical conclusion, and virtue to indicate a means of improvement. But these are isolated instances, and the rule has been to the contrary.

"Combinations," says a writer in *Fraser* (January, 1879), "were the inevitable and necessary outcome of those changes in industrial life which led to the growth of a capitalist class—men who were not craftsmen, as formerly, but manufacturers: they were fostered by the introduction of machinery, the consequent division of labor, the aggregation of large numbers of workpeople in certain localities, and the inauguration of factory life."

The invention of Hargreave's spinning-jenny, the application of power to machinery by Arkwright in his mills for carding, the invention of the Jacquard loom and Eli Whitney's "cotton-gin"—these were the chief elements which, in the eighteenth century, disorganized the existing conditions of labor, superseded handicraft, established the factory system, and gave rise to trade unions. Had the application of machinery and the uses of power been entertained in the spirit of ameliorating the condition of workingmen, the result in our day would have been to advance civilization; controlled, however, by the desire for wealth and power, these elements have worked destructively. As to the necessity for the vast and unwieldy factory system, the claim is answered by the fact that India, by hand-labor alone, consumes more cotton than all the rest of the world put together aided by machinery and both water and steam power. Concerning the difference in quality of workmanship between machinery and hand-labor, it is conceded that this is in favor of the handicraft in all articles whatsoever. No machine has ever been constructed which could equal the human hand, directed by the human brain, and guided by the human eye. Yet no reasoning man is so absurd as to argue against the use of machinery, *within proper limits.* It is only against an over-use, which is being found detrimental to the race, that the wise man protests, and against which the laborer struggles in vain. Yet the capitalist, no less than the laborer, if he would but see it, is a terrible loser in this untoward employment of the forces of nature—those forces which, rightly used, are our servants, but which when extravagantly employed become our masters.

Against this over-use, the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries have set the front of a series of combinations in the trade unions, which are among the most formidable and dangerous organizations ever founded. To refer still further to the writer in *Fraser*, four trade unions in England comprise 1,010 branches, 94,172 members, and have at present funds in hand amounting to £446,323, or two and a quarter millions of dollars. These four societies are the Amalgamated Society of Engineers, the Friendly Society of Iron Founders, the Boiler-makers and Iron-Shipbuilders, and the Amalgamated Carpenters and Joiners. The payments of these societies in 1877 were as follows: To persons out of work, £126,576; sick benefit, £50,772; superannuation, £18,810; accident benefit, £6,203; funeral benefit, £13,310. This displays somewhat the nature and scope of this vast organization of workingmen against capital *plus* machinery, against undue depreciation of wages, against concentration of power. Quoting now from the writer already mentioned (George Howell): "The chief objects of trade unions are the protection of their members in all matters pertaining to wages, hours of labor, and conditions of employment, such as over-time, piece-work, and the like. These may be said to be their primary and fundamental aims; all others are accessory. To say that the trade unions use their funds for trade purposes is equivalent to saying that they are used for the specific purposes for which they are contributed; to assert that the unions use the funds contributed for Friendly Society objects for other objects not named is incorrect. The Friendly Society purposes of the union are in all cases subordinate to the main object—namely, the protection of trade privileges."

This frank statement is valuable, as covering the entire question, objections and all. That, in the pursuit of their objects, individual members of trade unions should go beyond their privilege of legal opposition, or resort to violence and license, is merely to say that individual men are sometimes active in wrong-doing. Soldiers in war-time commit depredations on neutrals; bank-cashiers levant with their assets; life insurance companies and trust companies make way with trust-funds in faithless speculation; and railroad corporations water their stock, and flood the market with counterfeits. Had the manufacturers of the eighteenth century kept faith with those in their employ, or even only obeyed the law of the land, trade unions would not have been. If the manufacturers of the nineteenth century, as a body, ruled their affairs wisely and honorably as regards their employés, trade unions would cease to exist. That some manufacturers do thus conduct themselves, restraining their business within sensible limits, and that these have no trouble with trade unions or with their workmen, is evidence that all might experience the same conditions if their course were wisely and justly, instead of selfishly and foolishly, directed.

Perhaps the strongest argument to be used in favor of trade unions, and of the right of laboring men to dictate their own terms, is offered by Mr. Howell in his article on trade unions: "Labor, we are told, is a commodity, and as such is governed by the same laws as all other commodities. But in the sale of other commodities it is the seller, not the buyer, who fixes the price. . . . If workmen seek to take the same position with regard to their labor, it is denounced as presumption on their part; and yet, be it remembered, they are the sellers of labor, which is their commodity." There is no getting away from the logic of this position, and the situation is certainly an anomalous one. The statement, however true, that workmen are not obliged to accept certain low wages unless they choose, does not mitigate the injustice, nor disturb the argument; because, by *combining*, manufacturers are able to command the market and dictate their own terms. It certainly would seem inconsistent to characterize similar action on the part of operatives as an impropriety, when it is common for employers to use this means to lessen their expenses or losses—as in coal mining in this country, for instance.

The present series of papers is designed to present facts in the history of labor; and, so far as is practicable, to show the general tendency of its many phases. If the sequence of events proves anything, it is that the law of labor is the law of God, and that, so far from events in its history being fortuitous, they flow naturally and by natural law, and can be predicated on any given course of conduct, as readily as harvest from seed-time.

That labor, so far from being a curse, is a blessing, and the father of blessings, is self-evident. Yet to bring this natural and normal result about, it needs that intelligence should direct government and legislation, and "charity to all" soften the hearts of all. Meanwhile the fight, as between labor and capital, goes on as it went on two hundred years ago. But it is not, and never was, a fight against capital *per se*, for capital is a good and a necessary thing, and is so recognized. The fight is between labor illy paid and capital illy directed. The disturbance of society which is occasioned by the misuse of capital in ignorant, selfish and injudicious hands, is an unqualified abuse which is being daily perpetrated.

During recent years, the ill-favored condition of the laboring classes has been manifest and increasing. This has been the case in England, Germany, and the United States, to an alarming degree. And perhaps a peculiarity not less alarming, is the fact that this condition has not been confined to the laboring classes. Instead of the "rich growing richer, and the poor poorer," it is doubtful if, in proportion, the rich have not been growing poorer than the poor. It may be pretty nearly set down for an axiom, that when labor ceases to be remunerative to those who perform it, its results will not be advantageous to those who enjoy them. This has at least been the case of late, and strenuous efforts have been made, now on one side, and now on the other, to avoid the general ruin which has seemed to be impending. In England and the United States, employers have reduced wages to the lowest practicable point, run factories on half-time, and finally closed altogether. In 1877 and 1878 two-thirds of the blast-furnaces in the United States were out. The number of failures in business has increased steadily, year by year, since 1872. Strikes of tens of thousands of laboring men have been constant occurrences during the last three years, in England and America. The number of failures in Great Britain during the year 1878 was 15,059, being an increase of nearly thirty per cent. over 1877. In South Wales the strikes, after causing a loss of nearly $15,000,000, ended in the formation of a Board of Arbitration, and the adoption of a sliding scale of wages.

The Christmas season of 1878 will long be remembered in England as a period of exceptional trial and sorrow. In Parliament, a member addressed to the Home Secretary this question: "I would like to ask whether the Home

XUM

MY FAITHFUL STAR.—SEE POEM ON PAGE 106.

Secretary can correct or corroborate the report that we are almost face to face with such a crisis of distress as this generation has never known—a distress affecting even the metropolis, but operating even with greater intensity in the cotton, coal and iron districts?"

In Manchester, times were worse than in the cotton famine. In London, cases occurred of literal starvation; the same thing occurred in New York. The Midland Railway of England reduced the wages of its service a shilling a week. On the London and Northwestern Railway, 5,000 men obtained an enforced holiday for ten days. In Birmingham the distress was the greatest known for many years; in Ulverstone the iron trade stopped, and soup-kitchens were opened. In Chard the lacemakers were refused work unless they retired from their trade union. The colliers of Tunstall had their wages reduced ten per cent.; the silk trade of Leeds was at a standstill; and in Staffordshire, the great pottery country, there was never known such depression. In the iron district a reduction of wages of two shillings per week was made. On one day in Manchester, at one agency, relief was asked for 10,800 souls; this was in December, 1878. [N. Y. *Herald* corresp.]. One hundred thousand colliers were threatening a strike, their wages being reduced twelve per cent.

At Preston a ten per cent. reduction occurred among the cotton operatives; the railway operatives of Barrow were fighting an increase of hours of labor; six hundred weavers in Carlisle were on strike early in January, 1879; in the iron trade at Warrington there was a strike involving 1,500 men, January 13th; in the cotton and iron districts there was a general reduction of five per cent. in wages by January 15th.

The weavers of Carlisle, the employés of the Midland Railway, and some other strikers, accepted terms of arbitration. In the iron shipbuilding yards and foundries in Liverpool a reduction of seven and a half per cent. was enforced, a great strike resulted, and ships were unable to load and unload, the transatlantic steamers being greatly obstructed in consequence. In Liverpool also occurred, early in February, a strike of sailors, involving from 10,000 to 15,000 men, while 2,500 engineers were on strike in London. This was the middle of February.

In the meantime the depression of trade was something quite alarming, as a falling-off in the prices of staple articles occurred on an average of twelve per cent., and this when prices were already extremely low, and many industries on the verge of ruin. In the County of Durham, on January 28th, 7,000 miners were idle, and the distress had not been equaled since the great strike of 1844.

This condition was not confined to England. The distress in the United States is generally known and admitted. In Berlin there was, between 1876 and 1878, a decrease in the number of factories of 400, and of more than 3,000 workmen. The statistics of crime throughout Prussia showed an increase of twenty-five per cent. between 1873 and 1877. France, however, had increased greatly in wealth and prosperity, recent reliable statistics showing that country to be the richest in Europe. Yet at St. Etienne the velvet manufacturers reduced the wages of their operatives twenty per cent. in January last.

These few statements of facts of recent occurrence in the history of labor sufficiently illustrate the present condition of industry. We might enlarge on the "tramp system" of the United States, but that the conclusions of the Hewitt Congressional Committee, and the statistics of Mr. Carroll D. Wright, of Massachusetts, demonstrate that the "tramp" is a figment and a myth, having no existence save in the imaginations of vivid and unscrupulous socialists.

Mr. T. H. Walker, "mechanic and manufacturer," of Worcester, Mass., gave evidence before the Congressional Labor Committee; and, having no mean opinion of the value of the information which he imparted, caused his testimony to be printed in a pamphlet of forty-three pages, and published with the imprint of the American News Company. Referring to page 18th of this document, we find that shoe factories in England can be run for about forty-five per cent. less (that is, with a given number of hands) than they can be run in the United States. Yet shoe factories in England have failed and shoe operatives have been on strike, to the result of general distress in that trade. How, then, must it be with the trade in this country, working at an increased expense of "forty-five per cent"?

Mr. Walker kindly answers the question out of his own experience, and shows (p. 10) that in Worcester, Mass., since 1840, thirty-three firms in the shoe-manufacturing trade have failed, out of forty-eight engaged in the business; and further states that he thinks "the manufacturers have shod the people since 1873 at a great loss to themselves." Yet Mr. Walker remarked, "the people to-day are, in my judgment, fifty per cent. better off than they were in 1840, in regard to the comforts which they enjoy." Casually observing, also, that the introduction of machinery "holds the same place which higher education holds to society"; but qualifying this, and clinching the whole evidence in that direction before the Congressional Committee, by his assertion that "more can be produced from the soil with the careful culture of the spade and hand, than by any other contrivance, and machinery will never add any power to the productiveness of the land, to make it support an increased population to the square mile." All of which testimony is submitted to the present reader to illustrate the hopeless muddle of right and wrong, accurate and absurd, which the intelligent American manufacturer compasses when he undertakes to talk political economy.

The statement made by Mr. Walker as to the value of hand-work in tilling the soil was certainly an inspiration. Not only is there more soil tilled where there is no machinery employed, and a result of better tillage (witness the Chinese, the best farmers in the world), but the more machinery there is employed in farming, beyond a certain point, the less profit is there obtained. Thus the vast machine-farming operations of the Far West, working tens of thousands of acres by steam-power and machinery, have in nearly all cases arrived at bankruptcy; and it is generally conceded that the method of *concentration* as applied to farming is a failure. Michael L. Sullivant, who owned the largest farm in the United States, it being eight miles square, died on a steamboat on the Ohio River in January last, at the age of seventy-three years, owing one and a half million of dollars. His farm was mortgaged for $473,000, his personal property for $200,000, and at one time he was paying $5,000 a month interest money.

The principle of centring vast operations of business in a few hands, and that of concentration instead of distribution of capital, and the over-use of powerful and complex forces to accomplish this, have been the main features in the history of labor since the breaking up of the trade-guilds of the Middle Ages. That these have brought the civilized world to its present condition of financial distress and

MARRIED AT THE SWORD'S POINT.—"I FOUND IT HIDDEN BETWEEN TWO GREAT ABORTIVE ATTEMPTS AT CLASSIC GRANDEUR—A LITTLE BIT OF CANVAS, NOT MORE THAN SIX BY NINE, HALF-TORN OFF THE STRETCHER, AND DUSTY AS THE CATACOMBS."— SEE PAGE 107.

disaster should by this time be appreciated of all men. Yet serene optimism blinds its eyes to the situation and persistently ignores facts which are obvious; preferring rather to sacrifice human happiness and prosperity, than to acknowledge error and retrace misguided steps. The purpose of the present series of papers is accomplished, if from them can be gained a general idea of the progress of the institution of labor from the most ancient times to the present. It is no part of the intention of this writing to set forth theories of possible improvement, or to advance or encourage radical changes. Indeed, the wrongs and the errors which by faulty legislation in the mass, and grasping selfishness in the individual, have been permitted to poison the institution at its fountain-head, have progressed so far that probably a *laissez-aller* policy is the only one left—until the right shall right itself through influences against which ignorance and stubbornness may vainly strive. But there are certain suggestions drawn from history which will not be out of place here, and which might prove of use in individual cases.

We would direct the attention of the reader for a moment to Spain, once supreme among nations, and where labor throve under benign aspects, and the lot of mankind was perhaps as pleasant and as prosperous as in any land whose history is known to us. As it would appear to be a part of the law of races, that these rise, decline, and fall, without exception, in their own good time, the condition of Spain during the past century is no evidence against the peculiar institution to which we are about to refer. The *Cortes*, or legislative body of Spain, is composed of a Senate and House of Representatives. In the election of members of the lower House it has been customary from time immemorial, to *represent* the different trades and avocations, by electing members from them, of persons absolutely engaged in their practice. There has, perhaps, been no other case known to history where this course has been pursued.

Now, as legislation is to be credited with most of the evils which have embarrassed and oppressed the laboring-classes for five centuries, would it not be wise to try this course as an experiment elsewhere besides in Spain? Theoretically, it certainly seems logical and appropriate. The iron interest or the cotton interest has just as much right to be represented in legislative assemblies through its operatives as in the person of its employers. Intelligent miners could better state the case of their fellows, than masters; and if the colliers were represented in the Legislature of Pennsylvania, perhaps there would be fewer "Molly Maguires," less shouldering of the burdens of mammoth coal companies on their laborers, and more able-bodied men earning more than a dollar a day for the support of families of half a dozen persons. The principle of "no taxation without representation," for which our ancestors fought, is involved in every act or want of action on the part of legislation as to labor. Even in the Congress of the United States, possibly the entire country would be as well served by such representation as is here indicated (and which has ever been thought good enough for Spain), as by the mass of lawyers and politicians who now furnish legislative action for a nation, of whose adult male individuals more than one-half are employed in the mechanical trades, and only one-twelfth in the professions and personal service.

One other suggestion occurs here, which might at least be applied in individual cases, and possibly with the effect of relieving individual distress. It is a fact admitted by so many authorities, as well as by the general public, that hand-made work is better than that made by machinery, that it is needless to multiply such testimony—better in design, because always subject to the instantaneous inventive power of the fertile human mind; better in execution, because executed by skill tutored by experience, and because never subject to the cast-iron restrictions as to taste and judgment which are necessarily imposed by mechanism. Such being the case, and it being the fact that hand-made clothes, hand-made shoes, hand-made furniture, never fail of a good and remunerative market, why might there not profitably be attempted an invasion into the handicrafts of the Middle Ages, on the part of the skilled mechanics of the nineteenth century? A little courage, a very little capital, and a determination to work with fidelity and honesty, and with respect for self and for one's own handiwork, would serve to start such an experiment, and it is worth trying. It is worth trying, if only that truth and honesty of purpose may thus be allowed to emit one feeble outcry against the sham and the counterfeit product on the one hand, and the grinding tyranny on the other, involved in the crushing mechanism which is become the soul of our race and our day—a mechanism which has even entered into morals and manners, and now throttles religion, stifles honesty, and aborts education.

While such suggestions may be of little service, they seem not altogether unwise, and may bear fruit when and where would be least expected. It is certain, however, that the condition of labor to-day is about where we found it more than twenty centuries ago—that of practical slavery.

MY FAITHFUL STAR.

Down the moonpath, softly creeping,
Came my little love to me;
Wakened from her first, fresh sleeping
By my farewell melody.

Chaste and childlike, 'neath the moonbeams,
Stood she there to hear my love;
Which, e'en through her deepest night-dreams,
Thus had power her soul to move.

Round my outstretched, fevered fingers
Closed her soft and cooling palm;
Round my heartstrings fondly lingers
That loved touch, so pure and calm.

Up unto the heavens then gazing
With those liquid wells of light—
Up to heaven her white hand raising
To the maiden Queen of Night,

Said she then—(I yet can hear her):
"As that moon and planet pale,
Ever near, but never nearer,
Sadly through the night-air sail;

"So on earth, though doomed to sever
(Tears her lifted eyes now fill),
Still our hearts will cling for ever—
Cling through parting, pain and ill!"

Thus she spoke, and softly creeping
To my heart, one kiss she gave;
Then she left me, gently weeping—
Left me, oh, so strong and brave!

Still beside me, ever gliding
Near me, yet, alas! so far;
Patient, watchful and confiding,
Steals my fond and faithful star!

WHEN, in a case of doubtful morality, you have to ask, Is there any harm in doing this? answer by asking, Is there any harm in letting it alone?

MARRIED AT THE SWORD'S POINT.

I AM very apt, of a sunny afternoon, to turn my back upon the Park and its brilliancy, and, eschewing the solemn dress-parade of Fifth Avenue, or the gay bustle of Broadway, to make my way through Tenth Street to that rambling and medieval structure where, in the midst of the most restless city in the world, one may still find a breath of quiet, and a suggestion of the world of art. I am so happy as to have many acquaintances among the artists who hive there like bees, storing honey to mollify many a slice of every-day bread-and-butter, and among them all I count one friend—a large proportion, as the world goes, I suppose.

But Peter Paul and I met in Rome, and something in each claimed so strong a sympathy in the other that, scarcely waiting for the customary probation of liking, we fell almost at once to loving each other, in the fashion of our sex, strongly and very undemonstratively. If ever I stand in need of a man to put his own life in jeopardy for my sake, I know just where to find him; and I doubt not that Peter Paul would say precisely the same thing, if he spoke at all upon the subject; and yet neither of us ever dreamed, or probably will dream, of making to each other any sort of profession of affection, or using any tenderer appellation than "old fellow" in our tenderest moods. Women can't understand that last sentence or two, but I fancy some of the men will.

About a year ago I strolled into the studio, and found Peter Paul hard at work finishing up the portrait of probably the ugliest woman who ever posed before an artist; but, fortunately, she is very rich, and keeps a French maid, so that her velvet and lace and jewels made up a picture very well worth looking at, and one needn't notice the face; in fact, I fancy that this is the fashion in which most of Mrs. Bullion's acquaintances, including her husband, contemplate her.

I looked over Peter Paul's shoulder for a little while, and made some criticisms, to which he grunted a response with his brush across his mouth, and then I began to prowl about the studio, glancing at the show-pieces, which I knew by heart, and exploring various crowded nooks and shelves of the great room, in hopes of finding something new, until at last I found it, hidden between two great, abortive attempts at classic grandeur—a little bit of canvas, not more than six by nine, half torn off the stretcher, and dusty as the catacombs, but still with proof enough of what it was, visible at the first glance, to make me bundle up all the rest of my treasures-trove; and after carefully wiping the little canvas and placing it upon an empty easel, to seat myself in front of it for half an hour's contemplation before I opened my lips again.

It was an interior; the hall of an old castle, its walls hung with suits of armor and tattered banners, and pointed windows, through one of which a waning moon peeped, in a frightened sort of way, her pale light carefully contrasted with the yellow glare of the torches set in silver sockets upon the walls, and the candles in great, branched candelabra upon the table. Those contrasted lights made up one of the cleverest effects I have ever seen, and I looked at it for a long time before going further.

In one corner, its rich draperies trailing upon the dark, polished floor, which sent back a dim reflection, stood, as if hastily pushed aside, a table covered with the remnants of a feast—glowing fruits in silver dishes, a vase of flowers, and some flasks and goblets of old Venice glass, fit to have ornamented a state banquet of the Doge.

Beside this table, and so rather in the shadow, stood a monk, his rosy face blanched with sudden terror, his hands and eyes upraised in expostulations quite unheeded by the three richly dressed cavaliers who surrounded the prostrate body of a young man dying at their feet from the wound upon which his right hand was convulsively clasped.

The flesh-coloring of that dying man's face was something marvelous; the flush of wine and passion lingering still, and the greenish pallor of death creeping over it, the low, full brow so damp with the last agony that the disordered hair clung to it in a heavy, lifeless way, horribly true to nature; the eyes so languid and yet so anguished; the parted lips pale, and drawn, and the ghastly look of the disclosed teeth! Oh, it was marvelous! marvelous! And so surely as I lie awake at night, or my dreams are bad, the face and figure of that dying man rise before me, a type of all that is ghastly in sudden death.

Beside this figure knelt that of a beautiful young girl, pale as the muslin wrapper hastily thrown about her slender figure, while the long, dark hair falling about her shoulders, the little slipper dropped unheeded upon the floor, and the absence of any ornament, suggested that she had hastily descended from her chamber to the scene of revelry, so strangely changed to the scene of death.

Pointing with his naked and blood-stained sword toward this group of dying man and mourning maiden, stood a tall and powerful man, in whose dark face one could not fail to trace a resemblance to the pallid beauty of the girl, although the expressions were so widely different. Pointing, as I have said, toward them, with a contempt and anger in the gesture that one could feel as if he heard the accompanying words, his face was turned toward the other two cavaliers, who stood close together looking down at the dying man, and in one of these faces, half in shadow though it was, I thought to recognize Peter Paul's features, not as they appear to-day, somewhat livid and careworn, and almost savagely set in snow-white beard and mustache, but as I first saw them in the gallant and golden days of our mutual youth beneath the enchanted skies of Italy, and radiant with hopes not yet fulfilled. It was at this point that I spoke:

"See here, old fellow; what is this that I have unearthed?"

"Nothing much, if I have not set it up for sale," replied Peter Paul, a little bitterly. "I should be very glad if I could make my own soul available in the market."

"Well, look at it," insisted I, bringing the little canvas, and thrusting it between his eyes and Mrs. Bullion's diamonds. He glanced at it; then slowly took it, and studied it almost as closely as I had done, and finally asked:

"Where did you find it? I thought it destroyed."

I told him where, and waited, knowing that if he chose to satisfy my ardent curiosity he would do so without further questioning.

At last he set it in front of Mrs. Bullion's portrait, and began most carefully and tenderly to touch up little points in the girl's white draperies, and finally in her face, throwing an added shade of terror and despair and deathless love into the exquisite features, and suggesting, I know not how, an idea of tragedy yet impending over that frail life, until I cried out, unconsciously:

"Stop! She can bear no more, poor child!"

Peter Paul looked up in a dazed sort of way, that told me plainly enough my presence had been forgotten, and then, resuming his customary manner, he rose and put the little canvas carefully into an old Italian chest of carved

XUM

oak, which I always had insisted was the veritable coffin of Ginevra, turned the key, and resumed his palette and brush and Mrs. Bullion's picture.

Still I waited, and at last my patience was rewarded, for my friend began to speak in the fragmentary and sketching manner peculiar to artists who work and talk at the same time, using the two sets of senses with which every delicately organized man or woman is provided, if he ever finds it out.

"You know you left me at Modena——"

"Thirty years ago?"

"May be; I am not strong in chronology, but I mean when we were young and parted in Italy, you to come home and eat the fatted calf, and I to put myself to hard study at my profession. Well, Modena is very nice; but I did not stay there long. That chest, by-the-way——"

"Ginevra's?"

THE FRAZER SENTINEL AT CASTLEBAR.—SEE PAGE 111.

"So you insist—I bought it in Modena, at any rate; and you know what Rogers says."

"Yes; but——"

"Well, it was at Modena that I became acquainted with Paolo di —— just as well, though, not to remember anybody's family name. He was a count of lineage such as nobody but an Italian or a Spaniard would trouble himself to recollect, it was so long and intricate, and with not much else, except a ruinous old castle at the foot of the Apennines, and the remnant of a moderate fortune which he was gayly spending at cards and entertainments, and in some more objectionable fashions. But if not a saint, he was a very pleasant fellow, was Paolo, and suited me in those careless days better than he might now. We spent a merry month in traveling together, and then—then——"

Peter Paul paused to elaborate an emerald, and at last went on, with a brush across his mouth:

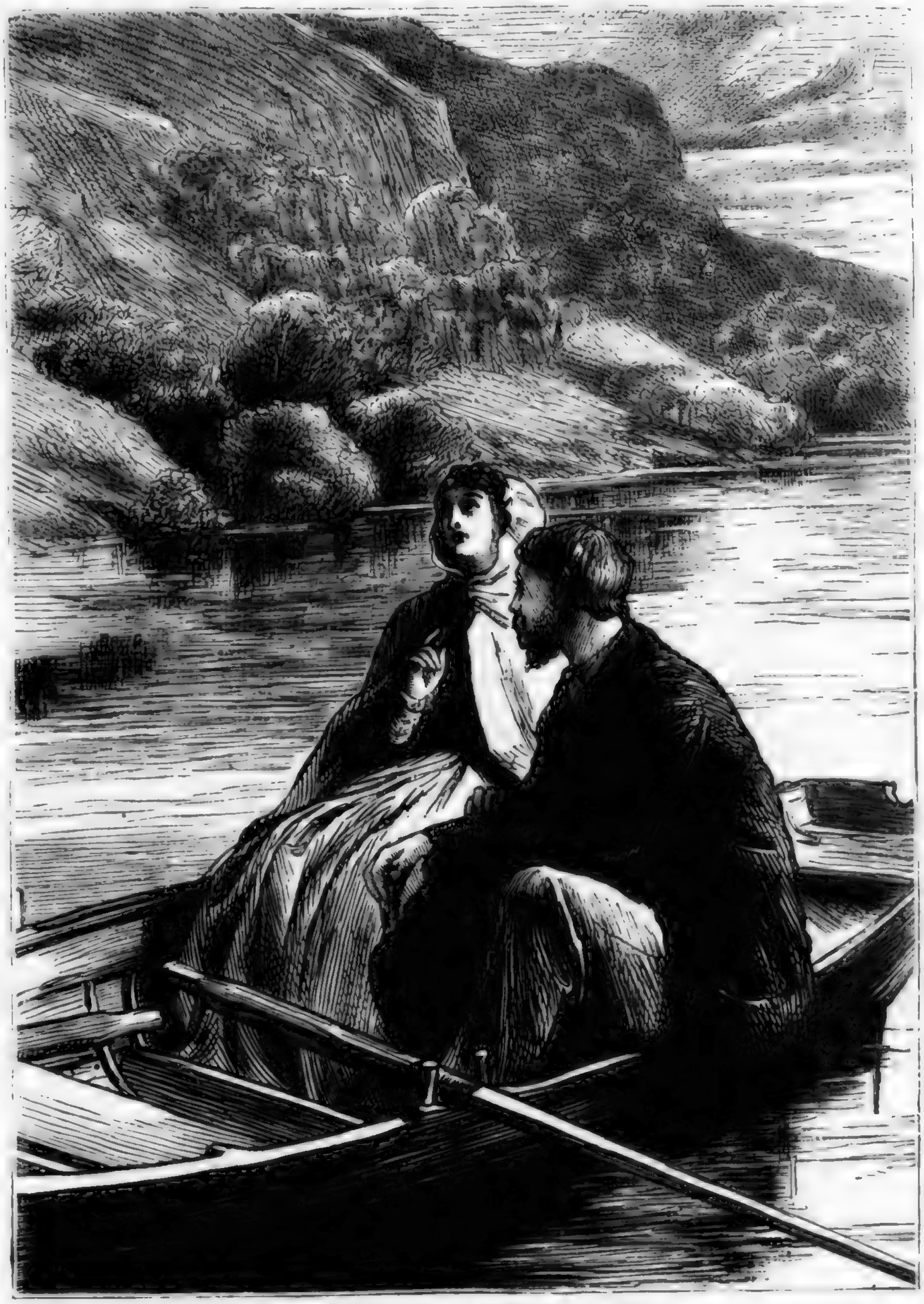
"Then he invited me to spend a few weeks at the old castle, promising some shooting and an introduction to his sister, the Contessa Bianca. I accepted, and *en route* we picked up another fellow, a count, too, and, for a wonder, as wealthy as he was proud. Rinaldo his name was; and when Paolo invited him to join our party at the old castle, it struck me that my friend remembered that his sister would be there also, and that she was beautiful and portionless. At any rate, Rinaldo had seen the Contessa Bianca, and was very willing to see her again, and we all journeyed along together, like the three princes in the old fairy story, and reached the enchanted castle in the twilight of the loveliest of Summer evenings.

"It was a charming old place, ruinous and uncomfortable to the last degree, of course, but immensely fascinating. As for Bianca—well, you have seen her picture, and I don't care to talk much about her—she was only seventeen, poor child, and had scarcely seen half a dozen men in her life besides her brother, the servants and her spiritual director, Padre Guiseppe—you saw him, too, in the picture there.

"Well, we shot, we rode, and amused ourselves both in and out of the house until the third day, when, returning to the castle at night, we found a new guest, a young gentleman whom our host greeted, with somewhat chilly ceremony, as Signor Matteo, and introduced to us as a neighbor, and, in fact, his only one. I did not take to the fellow from the first. He looked sly and dangerous, and, more than that, I felt that he was a coward before I ever heard him speak. Count Paolo, I fancy, shared my sentiments fully, but, nevertheless, hospitality is a great tyrant, and he forced himself to welcome this Signor Matteo, and invite him to spend the night, and join our excursion of next day. Matteo accepted, with a strange sort of timid alacrity, as if he found himself frightened to death to be Paolo's guest, and yet had come with that very purpose.

"Bianca appeared at supper as usual, welcomed the visitor in her pretty, girlish way, but seated herself between Paolo and me, and scarcely spoke to any one else during the whole meal. As soon as it was finished she retired to her own room, and we, calling for more wine and cigarettes, sat around the table talking and laughing in young-man fashion, discussing the events of the day, and then drifting off to other matters, never forgetting to fill our glasses as soon as they were empty, or to compliment the count's incomparable vintage.

"Padre Giuseppe was present, and proved himself the jolliest of boon companions, telling more than one merry anecdote better fitted for the Decameron than the pulpit, and hinting at adventures in his own person rather singular, to say the least, for a priest selected as the domestic and spiritual director of a noble maid. Some such thought probably crossed Count Paolo's mind as well as mine, for he listened to the most striking of these anecdotes with a black scowl, and suddenly grew silent and thoughtful; but neither the priest nor the other two guests were by that time in a condition to notice mere looks, or to be very sure of either what they said or what they heard.



ON THE WATERS.—SEE POEM ON PAGE 111.

"I had done my share in disposing of the rich old wine the count had set before us, but my head, you know, is of iron, and I was perfectly in command of my senses, when Signor Matteo, turning to the priest, babbled something about his not bringing Bianca to the rendezvous yesterday, as he had promised. Padre Giuseppe's rosy features suddenly paled, and he shot a warning glance from the drunken fool who addressed him toward Bianca's brother; but it was too late. With the spring of a tiger, Count Paolo was already at the throat of the defamer, choking the breath out of his shivering body, and pouring out upon him all the exaggerated maledictions in which the Italian tongue is so rich; while the poor, craven cur, not making the slightest resistance, could only gasp at intervals, 'Padre, Padre! Pardon, illustrissimo!' and the like.

"Count Rinaldo and I threw ourselves upon the infuriated brother, and succeeded in dragging him from his victim, who would not otherwise have come living from his hands. The priest preached peace in as solemn a manner as his own terror would permit, but a word from his master soon silenced him, and presently Paolo, resuming something of his usual manner, informed Rinaldo and myself that we were quite safe in releasing him, which we at once did.

"Summoning a servant, the count briefly commanded that the Contessa Bianca be requested to come at once to the dining-hall, even though she had retired for the night, as her brother desired to speak with her.

"Again the padre tried to speak, but Paolo shut his mouth with a single glance, and not a word was uttered until the door opened noiselessly, and Bianca glided into the apartment, white as the robe she had hastily thrown about her, and with great, frightened eyes fixed at once upon her brother's face.

"Advancing to meet her, he took her by the hand, and ceremoniously led her to a seat; then, still retaining her hand and fixing his eyes upon her own, he said:

"'Contessa, I have a question to ask of you, and I charge you, by your father's name and your mother's honor, to

XUM

answer it to me fully and truly. What are your relations with this man, Matteo Valpi?'

"Sliding from the chair to the floor, the poor child clasped her brother around the knees, and hiding her face upon her arms, while her splendid hair swept like a vail about her, she gasped out:

"'Oh, Paolo, do not kill him! do not hurt him! He is—he is—he is my husband!'

"'Your husband! And who dared to marry you to him without my knowledge?' asked Paolo, in a low and menacing voice, while his eyes traveled toward the cowering figure of the priest.

"'Padre Giuseppe; but, oh, Paolo, do not hurt him, either; it was I who prayed him to do it.'

"But here the priest broke in, his teeth chattering with terror, and the words tripping headlong from his stammering tongue:

"'Pardon, pardon, most illustrious master, but it is not a marriage, not quite; it is no more than an affiance, in fact, for I left out all of the ceremony that should make it binding, thinking that you, most illustrious, might some day choose to marry the contessa to some high and mighty noble like yourself, and then I could give her absolution from the engagement, and no one need be the wiser, even yourself, my noble master, and it may still be thus arranged, if your magnificence will but have a little patience, and——'

"'And so, my sister, the Contessa Bianca di —— is not even the wife of Matteo Valpi, but only his mistress; and you, miserable priest, have helped to trap her to this infamy!' thundered Paolo, while the wretched Matteo tried to steal from the room, but was quietly stopped by Rinaldo and myself.

"A few more questions dragged the whole shameful truth from the false priest and craven lover, and then Count Paolo grimly said:

"'You speak of absolution, most holy father, if a sister chooses to hide her disgrace by marrying an honorable man, while concealing this half-marriage; but I will absolve her from her vows without your help, and after that you and I will settle accounts. Bring me that pair of rapiers upon the wall. Now, Matteo Valpi, arm yourself, and stand there opposite to me. You are about to die, but you shall have the opportunity to defend yourself; and I know that you can use a sword, for I taught you myself. Signor Pedro Paolo Americano, will you oblige me by acting as witness to this man? and, Count Rinaldo, will you be mine?'

"We both accepted, and Matteo, pale, shivering, and, I really believe, too terrified to speak or to resist, was placed in position, and the weapon thrust into his hand. Feeling it in his grasp, some instinct of self-defense animated him for the moment with a semblance of manhood, and he made a few passes with some amount of skill, and a sort of despairing energy; but his doom was sealed from the moment Paolo had determined upon the duel, and not three minutes from its commencement, Bianca's lover fell at her very feet, the blood from his mortal wound jetting out upon her white robe as she threw herself upon her knees at his side. I, too, stooped for a moment over him, then rose and said, in a whisper:

"'He is dying, count. In five minutes he will have ceased to breathe.'

"'He is dying! He is dead, and that is well,' coolly replied Paolo; and then raising his dripping sword, and pointing with it toward his sister, as you see him there in the picture, he slowly added: 'And now, gentlemen, listen to me. You see there my sister, the Contessa Bianca di ——, the last daughter of a long and noble line. She has committed an imprudence—contracted a mésalliance, we will say—and to-morrow's sun must not rise upon her disgrace. It can be wiped out in two ways, and only in two: either she dies, here and now, or she shelters her sullied name behind that of an honorable husband. Signora, do you understand me? Listen once more, and I pray you to do me the honor to believe that I mean what I say. My sister sleeps to-night in a marriage bed. It may be made in the bloody grave of Matteo Valpi, or it may be in this castle. I leave you to decide the matter for her, if it interests you.'

"He folded his arms as he spoke, and stood staring straight in front of him, more like one of the effigies of his ancestors hanging upon the wall behind him than like a living man.

"I looked at him a moment, then turned to Count Rinaldo, who met my glance with a shrug and a gesture of the hands that told me his decision more forcibly than he could have spoken it. Nevertheless, I led him aside into the embrasure of the window at the left of the picture, if you remember, and said to him:

"'Well, count, what is to be done?'

"'Nothing but to shut the eyes, and leave here in the morning. Perhaps, as it would be disagreeable to be called upon for testimony, one might make a little turn in Switzerland for the next few weeks. It will blow over by then, if indeed it is ever known outside these walls.'

"'Great Heaven! Do you really suppose that he will fulfill his threat? Why, it would be murder!'

"Again the count shrugged his shoulders.

"'In these out-of-the-way places, signor, we hold very much to the what you call patriarchal style. Our friend, Count Paolo, is the head of his house. His sister, the contessa, has committed a fault. He buries that fault in a grave, over which he plants the whitest of lilies, and—*voilà tout!*'

"'And you will not prevent it?'

"'Pardon, signor; I allow nobody to interfere in my family arrangements. I interfere in no one's.'

"And the cold-blooded scoundrel walked back to his former position, and stood, elegant and motionless, as he evidently intended to remain, while the poor girl should be murdered before his eyes.

"That was too much for me. With two strides I confronted Paolo, met his cruel eyes, read the unshaken meaning glittering there, and said:

"'Count Paolo, do you still adhere to the intention you expressed a few moments since?'

"'Signor, I do.'

"'Will you not permit your sister to enter a convent instead?'

"He smiled, coldly, and glanced toward the priest.

"'Such men as that are the directors of convents, and my sister shall not live a life of infamy, either in public or in secret. She dies within five minutes, or——'

"'Or becomes my wife, as I now ask her to do,' interposed I, turning to Bianca and taking her cold hand. She rose mechanically to her feet as I did so, but her eyes remained fixed upon the dead face of her lover, and I do not think she knew what was going on about her.

"A shade of disappointment crossed Paolo's face. He had hoped it would be Rinaldo, who had seemed much impressed with Bianca's beauty before this, and he glanced toward him now, with a sort of proud appeal upon his face very pitiful to see; but Rinaldo met it with an icy smile and a ceremonious bow which sent the blood up to Paolo's face, and the fire from his eyes with renewed rage. Then he turned to me, and said:

"'Signor, it has perhaps never occurred to a head of my house to feel gratitude to any man who asked the hand of one of its daughters in marriage; but I thank you very heartily, and I accept your offer. Priest, do your duty.'

"'A little time, a little preparation, most illustrious,' mumbled the priest, and Paolo fiercely interposed:

"'How much preparation did that mock marriage require? But, mind you, this is to be a binding and solemn one, or woe to you, false priest! Get you to the chapel and we will follow, to see that you do not escape. Go, villain!'

"Half an hour after that I stood before the altar of the castle chapel, with a cold, white figure at my side, her dress yet dabbled with her lover's blood, her look like one who walks in sleep, her motions those of an automaton. I put the ring upon her finger, the priest pronounced us man and wife; her brother and Count Rinaldo addressed her by her new name, the first with frigid ceremony, the other with graceful gallantry; and then we were marshaled to the great, dreary state-chamber, where the marriage-beds of the Counts di —— had always been spread. Then, for the first time through all this tragedy, Bianca spoke. Looking wildly about her, she seized my hands and whispered:

"'Where is he? Oh, let me watch by him to-night!'

"'You shall, my poor child,' said I. 'And do not fear that I ever shall forget that you were his wife as honestly and truly as if the priest had not played you false. Stay here, and I will go to arrange matters as you wish.'

"'Thank you, signor. You are very good to me,' she said, but in a listless and dreamy way that should have warned me that her strength was failing after all the strain it had borne.

"I went down, found the priest, forced him to help me carry poor Valpi's body to the chapel and lay it before the altar. Then, leaving him to say the suitable prayers over it, I went for Bianca and brought her down. As soon as she saw the body she ran toward it, fell upon her knees, and hid her face upon the motionless heart, which, with all its craven weakness, had, perhaps, really loved her with the highest emotion of which it was capable.

"Bidding the priest remain at his prayers, and to call me if it should seem necessary, I retired from the chapel, and spent the rest of the night in pacing the hall where the duel had taken place, and where the blood still glittered upon the floor as the moonbeams fell upon it.

"In the chill gray of the morning I returned to the chapel, where the feeble light of the corpse-candles struggled with the growing light of day. The priest was gone—fled, as we afterward learned, from the wrath of the count, and Bianca lay much as I had last seen her—upon her knees, her head resting upon her husband's breast. Something in the outline of her figure, however, something in the heavy fall of the arm, whose fingers touched the floor, sent a thrill of terror to my heart; and I sprang to her side, spoke her name, laid my hand upon her shoulder, and at last raised her head and laid it upon my arm.

"Poor girl! Poor, wronged, heart-broken child! She had died there all alone; and, as her unrelenting brother had threatened, her marriage-bed was made in Valpi's bloody grave."

Peter Paul paused abruptly, and began painting diligently upon Mrs. Bullion's draperies; but I think he must have painted out again the strange lights and shadows I saw him putting in that day, or Bullion never would have paid for the picture.

I watched him a little while in silence, and then I said:

"Peter Paul, if you ever feel that you can part with that picture—the one in the chest, I mean—will you promise to give it to me?"

"Yes. If I die before you do, you shall have it, and the Italian chest, too; but until that day, don't mention it to me again—that's a dear fellow," replied the artist.

And with that I went away.

Since then I often go to the beehive in Tenth Street. I often sit and watch Peter Paul at his work, and talk with him in dreamy, fragmentary fashion of our old experiences in Italy, as well as elsewhere. Sometimes, too, I prowl through the dark corners of the studio, and cast loving, lingering looks at the old Ginevra chest, with its monstrous lock; but never from that day to this have I seen the cover raised, nor has an allusion passed my lips, or those of Peter Paul, to the relic it incloses, or to the story of the artist's few hours of married life.

ON THE WATERS.

Waters, ye are fair
In the winding river,
Running here, and twining there,
While the waking, twilight air,
Stirs the spreading sails ye bear,
To a flapping shiver.
"Outward bound," the stripling one
Sighs to see the setting sun;
And shadows lengthen on his heart,
As the rays that meet his gaze,
One by one depart.
"Outward bound" for many a year—
A dream comes o'er his brain;
He looks into the lucid wave,
Where he was wont to plunge and lave
In waters cool and clear;
And wonders if the chance of time
Will bring him to his native clime
And native stream again.
He leans against the vessel's side,
And the big, burning tear
He cannot check, but fain would hide,
Has mingled with the river's tide.
Waters, ye are beautiful,
Take what form ye will;
Leaping in the yeasty billow,
Toying with the pensive willow,
Bearing the mast before the blast,
Or straws upon the rill!
Waters, ye are beautiful,
Howsoe'er ye come,
In sheets that pour with falling roar—
Or moisture on the purple plum.
Ye are free as aught can be,
Singing strains of liberty
In bubbling Spring and booming sea!
Waters, living waters,
Strow your pearls upon the sod,
And man needs no other beads
To count in memory of God.

THE FRAZER HIGHLANDER AT CASTLEBAR.

When the French, under Hombert, landed in Ireland in 1798, they totally defeated the British forces at Castlebar; but one gallant act is recorded, which, had it been imitated, might have changed the whole fortune of the day.

When the Royal Irish Artillery had been cut down at the bridge by the French cavalry, and the British line was in full retreat, only one regiment held its ground. This was the Frazer Highlanders, which were the last to give way. Even then, one heroic fellow refused to leave his post or flinch from the duty confided to him. As the regiment fell back, his friends called on him to join them in the retreat; but he bravely refused to quit his post, which was elevated, and reached by steps. As the French came up, he loaded and fired five times in succession, bringing a Frenchman down every time; but before he could load his weapon for the sixth time, he was overpowered and killed.

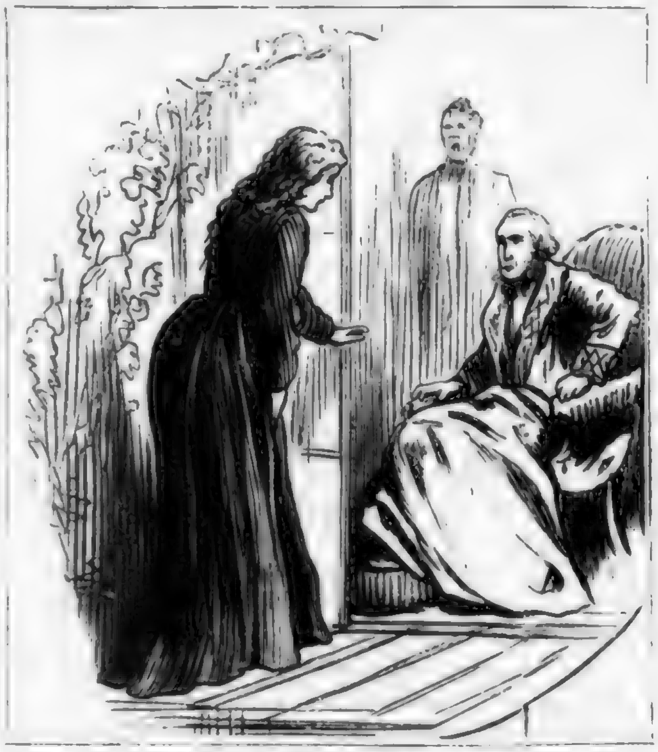
This was almost the only gallant feat that redeemed this disgraceful day.

LITTLE FOOTSTEPS IN THE SNOW.

By Jane G. Austin.

"Mine! mine! mine!"

The speaker was a young and handsome woman—though, stop a minute—handsome? Well, Waldron said she was, but perhaps you mightn't. Let us see. Tall, and so slender that every movement, every gust of wind, swayed her lissome figure like a young birch-tree; a small head, habitually bent, and wound round and round with braids of pale, dead-brown hair growing very low upon the brows; slender, straight brows of a darker shade, as were the drooping lashes which almost concealed the great, transparent eyes, more green than gray; a skin utterly colorless, and fine as satin; a narrow jaw and pointed chin; thin lips, whose half-formed, mysterious smile had something sphinx-like about it; long, slender neck, hands and feet; and a motion as graceful as a snake's. There! that is Veronica Vassall; and yet it don't in the least describe her as she stood, on that fair Summer morning, at the head of the steps leading, terrace after terrace, from the old house at her back down to the riverside; and it was of stately house, and widespread, fruitful fields, and the rich, quaint old garden, bourgeoning to its Summer bloom, that she spoke in that low, sibilant whisper, as the glances of her strange green eyes shot hither and yon, gathering in all the wealth and beauty of the scene, and claiming it as her very, very own.



LITTLE FOOTSTEPS IN THE SNOW.—"THE OLD MAN STARTED, FIXED HIS EYES ANGRILY UPON THE INTRUDER, GRASPED THE ARMS OF HIS CHAIR, AND MADE AS THOUGH HE WOULD HAVE RISEN TO REPEL HER."

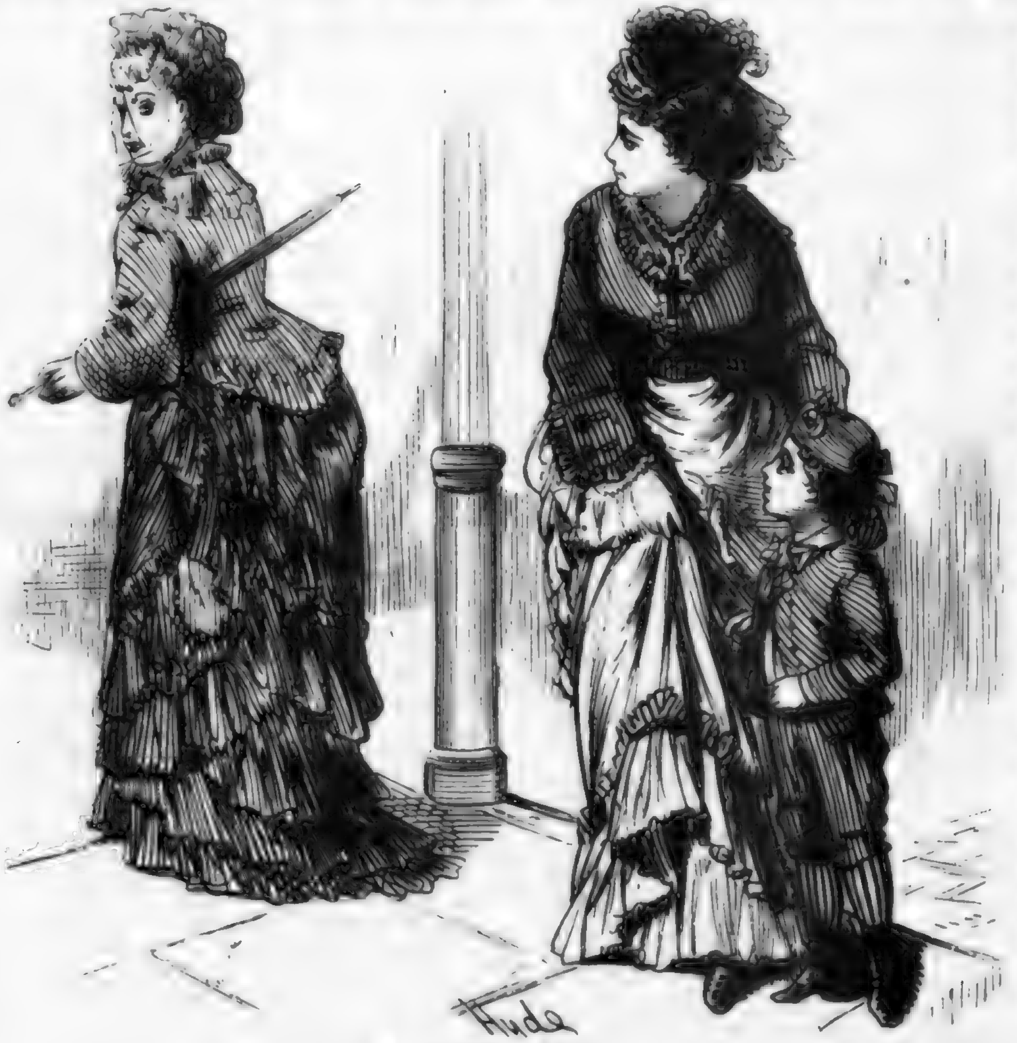
Did she include in this possessive pronoun the figure of the man lounging up the garden-paths from his early plunge in the river?—a man whose dark and sensuous comeliness might well touch the fancy of such a woman as this; for does not Psyche ever seek Eros? does not intellect love strength, and the fragile crystal best suit the fiery liquor? Tall and broad-shouldered, and rich of coloring, with clustering chestnut curls and virile beard, glowing dark eyes, and a rich, deep voice—yes, of course, Max Waldron was a handsome man; but I have known very ugly men whom I liked much better.

He sprang up the steps now, and seized Veronica's hand with a movement so suggestive of a kiss that the girl drew suddenly back, murmuring:

"Imprudent, always! Papa is at the window."

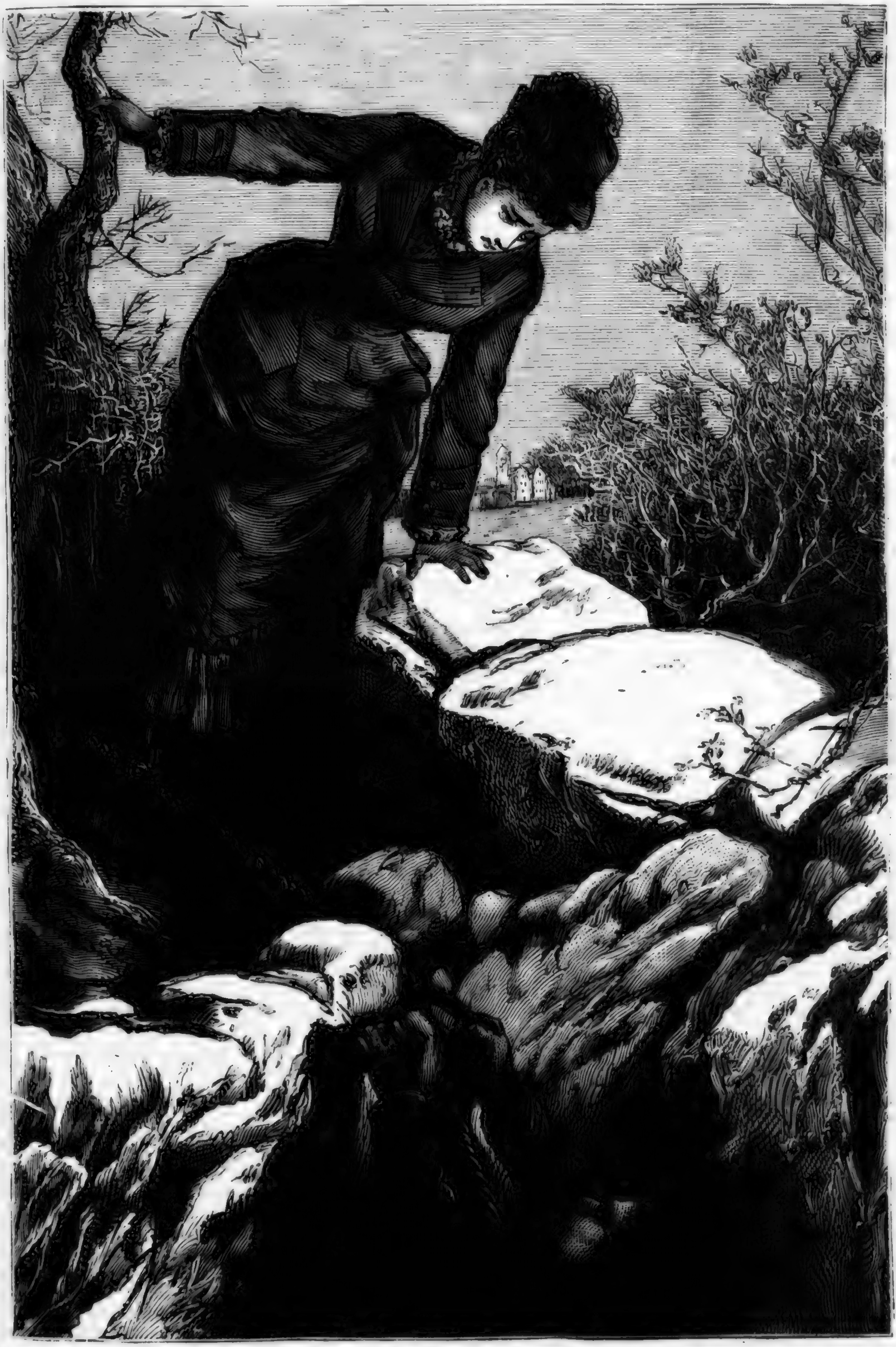
"Ah!"

And, carelessly raising his eyes, Waldron glanced toward the house, started with well-



A BOY'S LOGIC.

Observant Youth.—"*Ma, is that lady in mourning?*"
His Ma.—"*No, not exactly. She is in half-mourning.*"
Observant Youth.—"*Then she is only half sorry, ain't she?*"



LITTLE FOOTSTEPS IN THE SNOW.—"'THERE, THERE, DON'T TALK, BUT HURRY, HURRY!' AT LENGTH HE REACHED THE MOUTH OF THE SHAFT, AND, WITH ONE LAST CONVULSIVE EFFORT, DREW HIMSELF OUT."

XUM

feigned surprise, and at once went forward to the open casement upon the lower floor, where, warmly muffled in invalid wraps, sat a stately old man, attentively regarding the pair.

"Why, good-morning, my dear sir!" exclaimed Waldron. "I am delighted to see you up again. Three days since you sat at this window."

"Yes; and the worst of it was that you all seemed to think I was never going to sit here again," replied the other, in a slightly offended tone. "If I had waited for Veronica's morning visit, she would have persuaded me that I was far too ill to rise, even to-day; so I just had Julius Cæsar get me up and put me here before any of you were astir, and I feel the better for it, sir—very much the better."

"That is right, very right, Mr. Vassall; but if Veronica errs on the side of prudence, you must attribute it to filial anxiety and tenderness."

A gleam of annoyance shot from the still fiery dark eyes of the old man, and he answered, very haughtily:

"Miss Vassall is infinitely obliged to Mr. Waldron for his defense, but possibly it was not required. Remember, young man—remember what I told you three months ago. I like you very much; I find you an excellent and trustworthy overseer of my estates and my business; I trust you, and like you, and have almost the feeling of a father for you; but I will not, I swear I will not"—and the old man clinched his hand and struck it violently upon the table beside him—"I will not give you my daughter, nor any share of her, while I live! She is all that I have, all that is left to my old age, and I will not give up one thought, one affection, one caress, to any man alive. When I am gone it will be different; she is my heiress, and will be her own mistress; after the days of mourning are over—for I will not be stinted of them any more than of her affection while I live—but when two years are past, if she likes to marry, why, I will not haunt you; that's all I can promise. But, mind me, Waldron, one act of disobedience—a kiss, a pledge, a promise, even—if it once comes to my knowledge, will be enough to banish you from my house, and strike her name out of my will; and don't delude yourself with the idea that these are but words and idle threats. I had a child whom I loved indeed—a child far nearer, far dearer to me than ever Veronica can be—and for an act of disobedience I—— Well, well, all that is nothing to you. Go and get your breakfast, and then come to see me. I want to tell you about beginning the harvesting, and to hear about the crop in the riverside lot, and some other matters. Go now, my dear boy."

Veronica, lingering outside the window, and so close to the house that her father could not see her from where he sat, had listened attentively to this conversation. Her head swayed forward upon its slender stem; her hands tightly closed in each other; the lashes drooped over her eyes until only one thin line of greenest light betrayed their watchfulness.

As the young man turned from the window, she turned also, and the light sound of her footsteps was lost in his resounding tread.

Inside the little breakfast-room, where stood a table laid for two, she turned, and, winding her arm around his neck, met more than half-way the forbidden caress; murmuring, the while:

"Two whole years after he is dead, and he may live a very long while yet!"

Selfish and remorseless and calculating as he was, the cynicism of a daughter thus bewailing her father's life, and grudging the mourning that should follow his death, revolted all that was left of good in Max Waldron's nature, and he withdrew from the circling arm about his neck almost in terror, saying:

"You're a cool one, Veronica. I wonder if you'd stop at anything to gain your end?"

"If the end was your love, Max, I do not believe I would," replied the girl, fondly.

And, with almost a shudder, Waldron moved away from her side, and went to seat himself at the table.

The bright Summer day went on, through dewy morning and glorious noon, until the golden sunset. The invalid old man had given audience to his manager—as, with unconscious sarcasm, he called Max Waldron—had eaten his simple midday dinner, taken his afternoon repose, and was once more seated in the great armchair at the window, looking down upon the garden and the glittering river beyond. The negro valet, nearly as old as the master whom he had served from their mutual childhood, first as bondman, now as freedman, and always as lover, stood respectfully leaning upon his master's chair.

"Julius Cæsar, you may cover my feet and legs with something light. The evening draws in cooler."

"Yes, Mas' Peyton, I just thinkin' that way."

And Julius Cæsar, with the air of a man in a crisis whose danger he knows, but is determined to face, went to a cedar chest in the great closet of the bedroom, and, taking from it a bright, soft afghan fantastically wrought in crimson and gold, shook it out, and laid it carefully about his master's limbs.

The latter looked at it, carelessly at first, then with a start of displeased remembrance, and laid a hand upon its edge, as if to tear it off; but even in the act the trembling, white old fingers sank nervelessly into the soft fabric, and the angry mouth quivered a little, and was still.

Julius, watching the signs of the times out of one corner of his umber eyes, was content, and, adjusting the wrap more carefully, said:

"Hope it won't rain 'fore Miss 'Ronica and Mas' Waldron git home."

"Oh! Mr. Waldron went with Veronica, then?" asked the master, trying to speak carelessly.

"Yes, Mas' Peyton. She rode de Barberry mare, an' he had Black Sultan."

"My own horse! Who gave him leave—— Ah, well, ah, well; I shall never mount Black Sultan again, and he must be exercised. As well Waldron as one of the grooms. But they might have consulted me; Veronica might have said that he was going with her. Well, well, a little while and they will have it all their own way. I had a child—oh, Alix, Alix! Ah, well! ah, well! a little while——"

Julius Cæsar, who had learned many years before that "Mas' Peyton" was as much alone in his society as in that of the chairs and tables, except when his services were required, stepped back, and listened to this soliloquy, nodding assent to all, while through his mind ran the unworded thought:

"It was the afghan that did it—too bright a thought for me, but just what I should expect of Miss Alix."

A light, a very light and timid, step upon the gravel outside, and then the sound of slow feet ascending the steps at the end of the terrace, and then the head of a long shadow thrown upon the flags by the setting sun.

Julius Cæsar started, turned light yellow, caught his breath, and glanced at his master, who, all unconscious of the present, was playing with the fringe of the afghan, and smiling placidly as he looked down upon its bright arabesques and thought of the day when it was new, and had been flung playfully over his shoulders with a merry jest and gay caress. Then, and now!

The shadow crept on, the footfalls sounded closer at hand. The negro shifted his weight to the other foot, and moistened his quivering lips. It was coming; substance followed shadow; the footfalls ceased, and there, just within the edge of the window-frame, she stood—a wan, piteous woman; no trace of beauty remaining, except the great, dark eyes and mass of golden hair; no trace in form or bearing of the bright, audacious creature who had flung the afghan about her father's shoulders and gayly mocked at his attempted dignity, but five brief years before.

The old man started, fixed his eyes angrily upon the intruder, grasped the arms of his chair, and made as though he would have risen to repel her; but, before he could speak, she cried:

"Do not curse me, father! Do not drive me away! I am no more worthy to be called thy child! but is there not some humble corner in my father's house where I may hide until I die? Father, father, I have crawled to your feet with my last strength! Oh, do not spurn me from them!"

She had fallen upon her knees as she spoke, and crouched now upon the low stone step of the window, her bright hair tumbling about her shoulders, her face hidden in her wan fingers.

The old man sat as if turned to stone, his face ashen white, his hands still clinched upon the arms of his chair, his eyes fixed upon that prostrate figure.

A long silence, and the sun went down, and the damp night-wind flew up from the river, and the faithful servant leaned forward and looked uneasily at his master's face, fearing lest the shock might have been too much for him.

The motion broke the spell, and, like the rising of the sun over a cold, gray country, a light of love and longing spread over that stern face.

"Alix! My child!" said he, softly; and with a cry of exceeding great joy she sprang to her father's side, and knelt at his knee, and bowed her head in happy, happy tears upon his hand.

"'Scuse me, Miss Alix, but don't you think Mas' Peyton better lie down and rest a while 'fore he talk much more?" insinuated Julius Cæsar, whose eyes never wandered from his master's face.

"Not until I know one thing!" replied the old man, peremptorily. "Alix, you were married, so you wrote me. Are you free?"

"I was married, father, and I now am free."

"With no tie, no encumbrance—nothing to come between us in the future, Alix?"

"Nothing, father. For the rest of my life, and I do not think it will be long, I am wholly, only yours, if you will take me as nurse, servant, lowliest and most grateful of penitents."

"That is enough. You have broken all other ties, or death has broken them for you; you have come back to me, and the past is forgiven—and forgotten. Kiss me, girl; I have been hungry for that kiss."

The embrace was not quite finished when horses' feet clattered up the avenue at the front of the house, and this sound was followed by that of Veronica's voice in its gayest tones.

Julius Cæsar again turned yellow, and fixed his eyes imploringly upon Alix, who returned a look of intelligence, and said:

"And now, my own dear papa, I will leave you for a little while, and after you are in bed, if you will let me, I shall come and read you to sleep, as I used in the dear, dear old times."

"Yes, child," replied the father, delightedly. "And I have missed it so. Veronica used to read at first, but after a while we both tired of it. She is not like you, Alix—she never was."

"She is coming home now, and I will go and speak to her, if you please, papa," replied Alix, hastily; for she understood and partook of the faithful valet's anxiety that no further agitation should come near the invalid, and both of them well knew that Veronica's greeting to the sister whom she had never loved was likely to be the reverse of friendly.

If the father entertained the same thought, he said nothing, except as he drew down his daughter's face for one more caress, and murmured:

"Bless you, my child; do not be long away."

"Send for me as soon as you are ready, papa," returned Alix, almost gayly, and then she went out, carefully closing the double doors behind her, and passing swiftly through the well-remembered passages, she came upon her sister just at the foot of the stairs leading up to her own room.

No one seeing her now would have denied Veronica's beauty, for the air and exercise had given her color and animation, and some words that Waldron had whispered as he lifted her from her horse had set all her blood to dancing with delight; her eyes, for once frankly open, were brilliant as the sunlit sea; a happy smile softened her thin lips; and, lifting the refrain of a merry song, she had just raised her habit and set one slender foot upon the stair, when out from the dark arch of the passage leading to her father's room glided a sombre figure, its black draperies rendering yet more ghastly the white face and falling golden hair, its pale lips whispering her name.

Veronica thought she had seen a spirit, and, with a faint exclamation, staggered back against the wall; but swiftly gliding to her side, the figure paused, and raising her sad eyes to her own, said:

"Veronica, my sister. It is poor Alix come back to see if there is a little love left for her in this world."

"Actually!" And all the beauty faded very swiftly from the younger sister's face, to be replaced by scorn and coldness. "I could not have believed in such audacity, Mrs.—Mrs.—really I forget what you now call yourself."

"Call me Alix, will you not, sister?"

"I suppose, then, you cannot lawfully claim any married name, and are ashamed to speak that which you disgraced five years ago. But do not look for my good offices in getting your father's pardon, for I assure you he is implacable, and very justly so, I must say. He has forbidden you to be admitted to the house, or for any letters from you to be received, or even your name to be mentioned. No, really, Mrs.—Mrs. Alix, it is quite useless for you to make the attempt, and you had better not risk a disgraceful expulsion from the premises; you had better go at once, and, as I see both by your face and dress how reduced you are, I will give you something out of my own pocket to get a lodging and food, and some decent clothes."

"How hard you are, Veronica! My father was not so."

"Your father!" almost screamed Veronica; "you have seen your father, and he did not turn you out of the house?"

"I have seen him, Veronica, and he forgave me."

"We will see about that!"—and, gathering her long dress in her hands, the younger sister, her face livid with rage, hurried down the passage toward Mr. Vassall's apartments.

Alix looked after her for a moment, then turned, and laying her arm upon the baluster-rail, hid her face upon it and moaned wearily. Must it always be bitterness and

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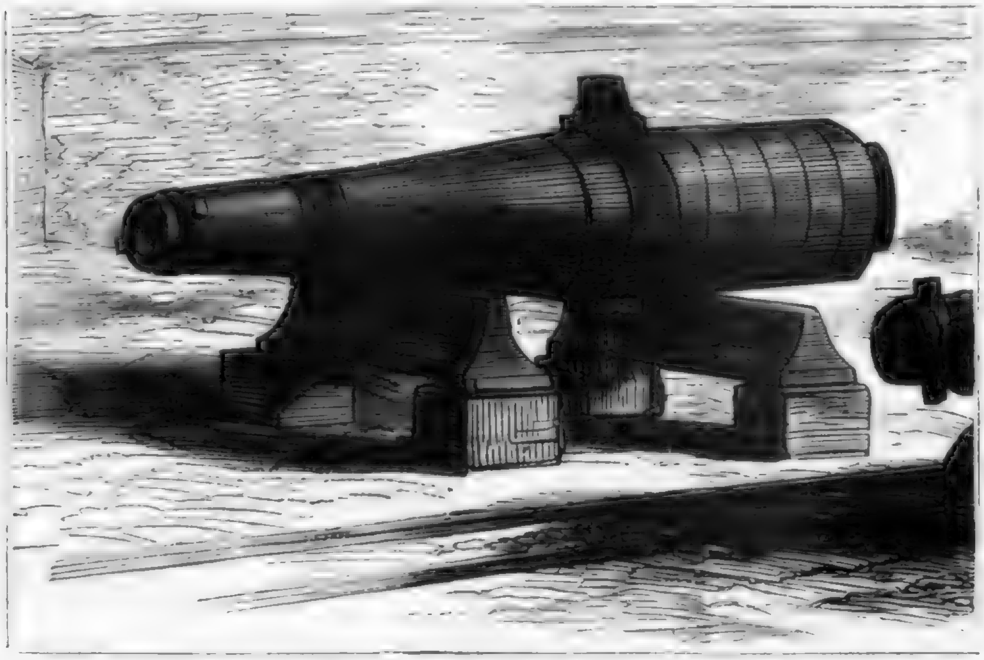


GREAT GUNS.—FRENCH NAVAL GUN OF 1866.—SEE PAGE 123.

strife and struggle for her, even here where she had hoped for rest?

A ringing footfall, a man's rich voice humming the same refrain that Veronica had sung in leaving him, and Max Waldron came in at the door and across the hall.

At sight of that bowed figure and hidden face he stopped, and gazed inquiringly.

Subduing her agitation as quickly as she might, Alix turned, and, half bowing, was passing him without raising her eyes, when she was startled by an exclamation, coupled with an oath, as Waldron sprang to her side and grasped her arm.

"Alix! It cannot be!"

"You—you here, Harry March!" gasped the woman, staggering back and catching at the baluster.

"Hush! That is not my name; I am Max Waldron, and I came here—I swear it to you, Alix—I came here to try to reconcile your father to you, that I might bring you home, and so undo the harm I did."

"The child and pupil of 'him who was a liar from the beginning,' and always ready to serve him," retorted Alix, scornfully. "And what has become of the wretched woman for whom, and with whom, you left me? Is she here too?"

"Hush! for God's sake! You will ruin me!" gasped Waldron, already hearing Veronica's angry tread. "Meet me in the drawing-room at midnight, and I will explain everything—settle everything! Do not betray our connection to your sister, or you will precipitate matters to her destruction. She is coming!"

"Very well, craven. I will be in the drawing-room at midnight, and until then hold my peace."

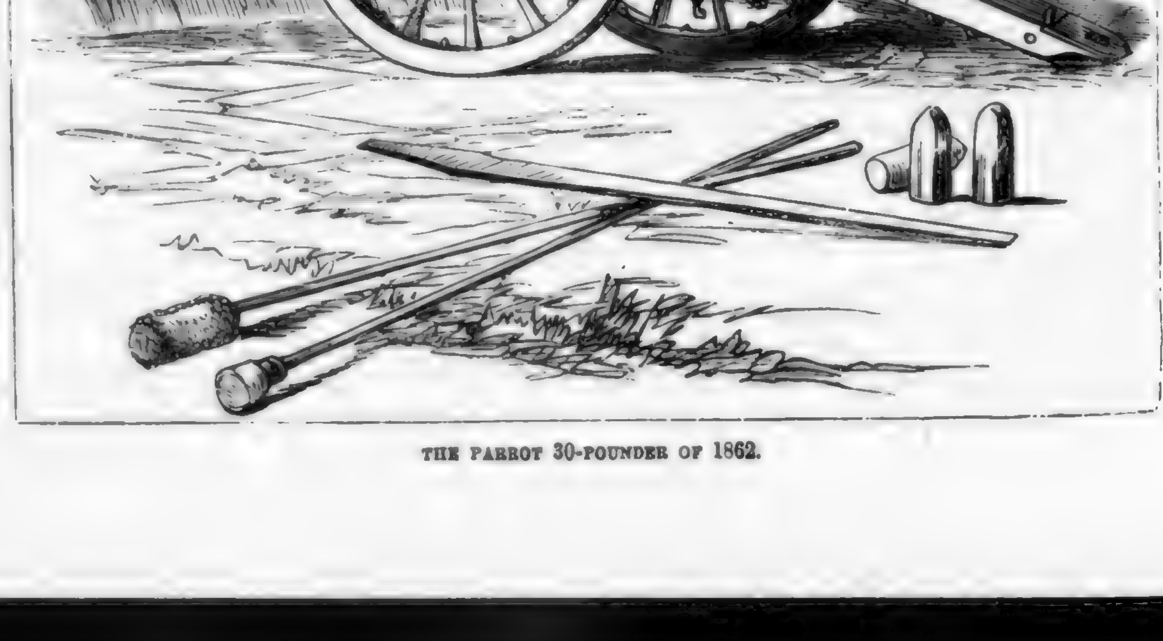
She had scarcely time to turn her back upon him, in unfeigned and superb indifference, when Veronica came hurrying out of the passage, her face demoniac in its impotent rage and disappointment, and without glancing at her sister or seeing her lover, rushed past and up the the stairs to her own room, while Julius Cæsar, following her, cheerfully announced:

"Mas'r's love to Miss Alix, and all ready for to see her now, and hope she 'scuse him for keepin' her so long waitin'."

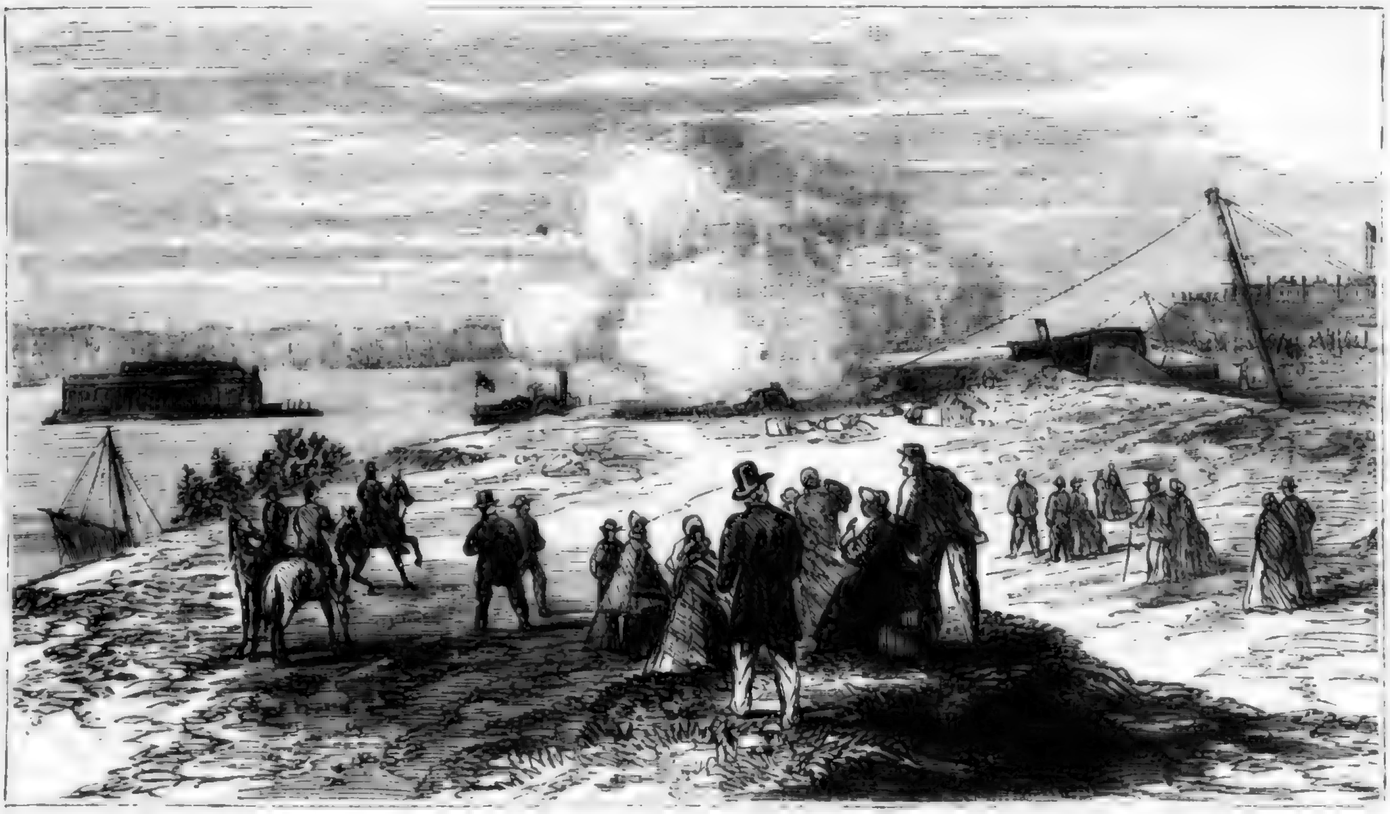
Alix followed without reply, and with a face full of perplexity. As his heart was full of fear, Max Waldron left the house, resolved not to face Veronica until his mind and his plans should be somewhat determined.

Midnight, as told in twelve solemn shocks by the great clock in the turret, whose face and whose time were the criterions of time for all that region, and Alix, rising from her knees, and wiping her almost blinded eyes, prepared for the coming interview.

Softly opening her chamber-door, she looked timidly up and down the corridor, listened for a moment, and then stole out, leaving the door ajar. The old housekeeper had given her the key of her own room, closed, at her father's command, on the day when her flight from school was made known at home, and in the wardrobe she had found and put on a long white wrapper, and some soft slippers,



THE PARROT 30-POUNDER OF 1862.



GREAT GUNS.—TESTING THE RODMAN GUN AT FORT HAMILTON, NEW YORK BAY, IN 1864.—SEE PAGE 123.

so that now, gliding noiselessly along the corridor and down the wide, dark stairs, her white draperies flowing softly about her, and the dark eyes shining like stars in her pale face, she might well have passed for the spirit of some dead-and-gone daughter of her proud race come back to visit the scenes of her sufferings, her wrongs, or her sins.

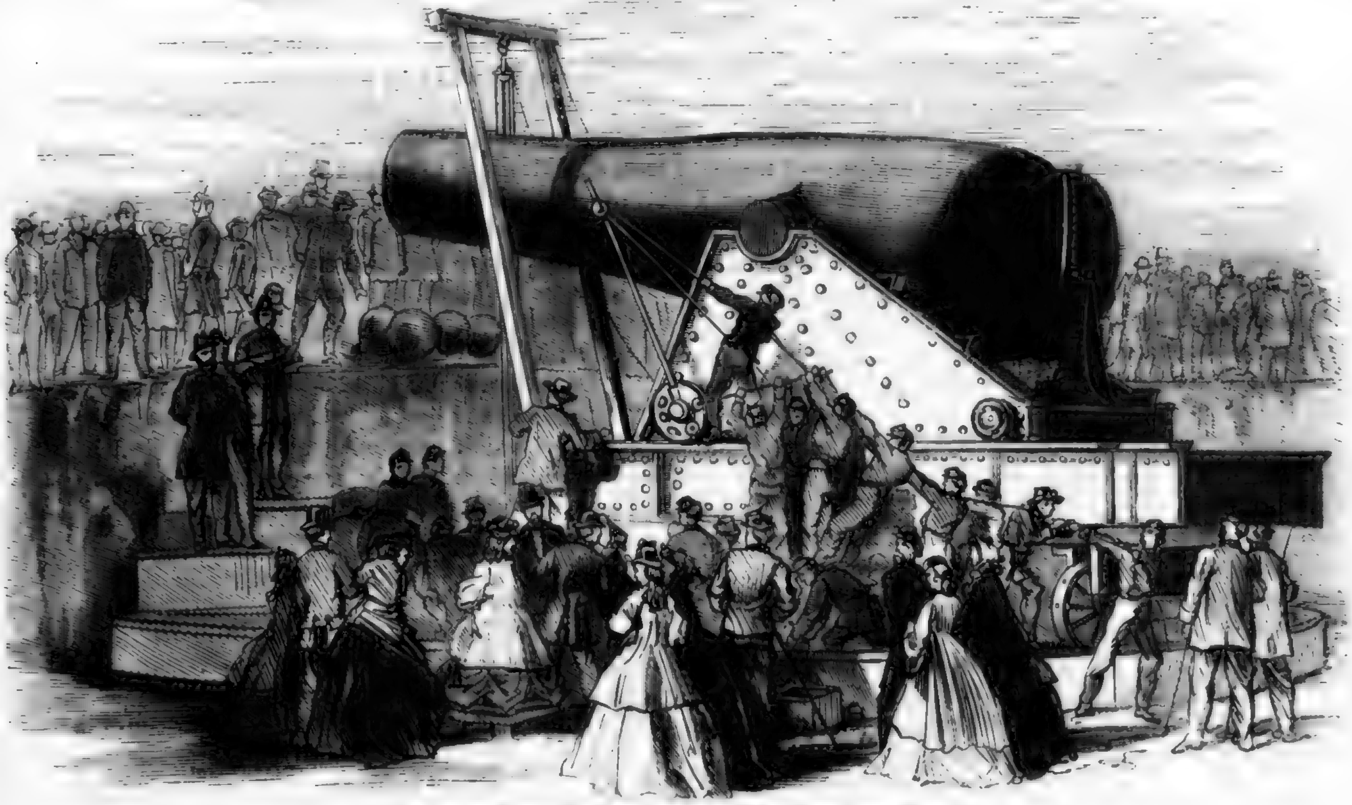
Hark! half-way down the stairs she pauses and turns affrighted eyes over her shoulder, straining her gaze into the profound darkness of the space beyond. Nothing—of course, nothing; and she creeps on, pausing again at the foot, and then, with one wild rush crossing the hall and springing in at the door of the drawing-room, she stopped, and, throwing it wide open, gazed back at the space she had just traversed, as if she expected and dreaded to see there some fearful sight.

Waldron, who was seated moodily beside the hearth, where a light fire had been kindled to dispel the evening chill, rose hastily and came to her side with unfeigned anxiety and tenderness.

"What is it, Alix?—What has frightened you?"

"Did you not hear? Can you see? It is nothing, Mr.—Waldron—since that is your present name."

And forgetting, or laying aside, her unexplained terror,



PLACING A RODMAN GUN IN POSITION AFTER DISCHARGE.

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Alix closed the door and drew her arm from the grasp that Waldron had laid upon it.

"Why so bitter?—why so hard upon me?" exclaimed he, unconsciously echoing the very cry she had uttered to her sister a few hours previously. "I have treated you ill, but it is womanly to forgive. At least listen."

"I am here to listen first, and then to speak."

"You shall do both, if you will. When I took you from school and married you, I did it under a feigned name, partly from foolish boyish romance, partly because I feared my own father and yours, partly—I confess it frankly, Alix—because I thought, if matters did not turn out well, the marriage need not be binding."

"I believe those last words, Mr. Waldron."

"You may believe them all, Alix, for they are all true. We were not happy very long, you know, and I never succeeded in winning my father's forgiveness any more than you did yours. At last, when I found that poor girl was ready to add me to the list of her lovers, and you found her letter saying as much, and we had so desperate a quarrel, I told you that our marriage was not valid, contracted as it was under a feigned name; but I only said it to humble and conquer you, for I had already taken legal advice, and found that it was valid, at all events in this State. But you fired at the insult, and taunted and lashed me so with your scorn and rage, that I left you that very night; and when I came back—as I did in one short week, Alix—to sue for pardon and reconciliation, you were gone, none knew whither—you and the child. And tell me now, where is she, dear little Lily? where have you left her?"

A heavy shudder passed through the woman's frame, and she cast one wild look toward the door, then said:

"No matter now; go on, and tell how you came here!"

"When I could find no trace of you, and the fear that I had lost you for ever came to quicken and strengthen all the old love, I resolved to come and live in some way near your father's house—that, if you ever came back here, I should be at hand; and also that I might possibly find means to gain his forgiveness for you, even if by the promise of my never again intruding upon either of you."

"And how have you succeeded?" asked Alix, coldly.

"I see by your sneer that you know how weak I have once more proved myself, and I make no excuse. I found it easy, through introductions and references, to recommend myself to your father as a most suitable person to take the superintendence of his business and estates, and after a little while I succeeded in domesticating myself with him. Veronica and I soon became intimate, and I sounded her on the subject of your restoration; but she drew such a dark picture of your father's relentless displeasure and resolution never to hear your name or see your face again, that I almost gave up my project. Once, however, I did venture to allude to his elder daughter, and was so peremptorily silenced that I never attempted it again."

"But made love to Veronica instead," suggested Alix, in the same tone of icy scorn.

"Made love!" repeated Waldron, slowly. "A man may not say, as you women can, that he is the recipient rather than the giver of love."

"A man may not; a coward may, and does."

"There! Why is it, Alix, that you never can let me love you without thrusting my feelings back upon me, wrapped in words of hate and scorn?"

"Because—— But it does not matter. And do you think I am going to let you live here under the very roof with me, cheating my father and making love to my sister, and I stand silently by?"

"A little while, Alix—just a little while. Do but think. If you proclaim my identity, I must claim you as my wife, and that will lose you your father's favor again. We shall both be banished, together or separate. Veronica will triumph, and the poor old father will be left desolate. It's he who will suffer most, after all."

"But I am not your wife."

"You are, indeed, Alix. You may obtain a divorce, if you choose; but without that you are bound to me. I have authority for the statement."

"I will divorce you, and you may marry Veronica."

"I love Veronica's sister."

"How weak you must think me!"

"I think you very hard and unforgiving."

"Well, I will yield this much: you shall remain here as I found you, provided you forget that you and I have ever met before to-day. Not a word, a tone, a look, must claim any secret intelligence between us. Do you promise this?"

Yes, if you exact it. And what are to be my relations with Veronica?"

"What is that to me? After my father's death, if my own does not come first, I will set you free. Meantime, we are strangers."

She opened the door and went out, with a slight gesture of farewell. Waldron slowly followed, and stood watching her as she swept across the hall and began to ascend the stairs.

Was it the echo of her almost noiseless steps? was it imagination, or a trick of his disordered nerves? or did he actually hear light, quick footfalls, as of a little child pattering after her across the marble and upon the polished stair?

He bent his head to listen, and she, too, paused and turned, and cast one affrighted look behind her, and then sprang down the stairs and fled to him, and caught his arm, sobbing:

"It is dreadful! it is dreadful! It will drive me wild!"

"What is it? What do you mean, Alix?"

"Oh, I cannot tell you. But come with me through these dark halls and passages—come to the door of my room."

"Was it that sound of little feet? Hark! I hear it again, as we two move on. Alix, what is it?"

"How can I tell? The old house is haunted," moaned Alix, clinging to his arm and hastening up the stairs, while close behind them followed the patter, patter of little feet, climbing the low steps with short, uneven tread, and always just behind Alix.

At the door of the room that had been hers from a child, the woman turned and cast another of those wild and fearful looks behind her, and darted through the door. Waldron put out his hand that it should not be closed, while he solemnly asked:

"Alix, where is my child—where is Alicia?"

"My God, can you ask? Do not you hear her?"

And with a sudden movement she shut and locked the door, and Waldron slowly returned to the drawing-room, no longer pursued by the little footfalls, but shuddering as he thought:

"Are they closed with her in that locked room?"

And now the days and the weeks and the months went on in the stately old house, and brought little outward change. The father, happy in recovering his favorite child, seemed to take a new lease of life; and, in the balmy Autumnal weather, walked up and down his favorite terrace, leaning upon her arm and upon his stick, and talking for ever of the past, the far past, before she was born, and of the young wife who had died while Veronica was a baby, and of his brothers and sisters, all dead years ago, but living to his memory.

And still, as Alix listened and murmured brief reply, her ear was strained to catch the sound, too faint for the dulled hearing of the old man, but how fearfully distinct to hers—the light, irregular pattering of those little feet, following, for ever following, her every motion, loud upon the flagstones, soft upon the grass, echoing in the stately corridors, almost lost upon the carpets, but always there, always audible to her—the source of such terror to her loneliness, such anxiety when she was with others.

That Waldron heard and watched for this sound she was sure, although he had honorably observed their compact, and never claimed so much as a glance of secret understanding from her.

Her father was saved by the dullness of his senses from alarm or perplexity; the negro might or might not perceive the sound—he was, at any rate, sure to be faithful, body and soul, to her interests; and so, of those with whom she constantly associated only Veronica was left to be afraid of.

Did she know, or did she not? It was seldom possible to judge what Veronica knew or did not know, if she chose to conceal the knowledge; and she had this great advantage over her elder sister: her temper and her tongue were perfectly under control, and never betrayed her, while all the sorrows that poor Alix had brought upon herself had been embittered and exaggerated, if not caused, by the unruliness of her own nature.

Once Veronica, who maintained a cool and equable demeanor toward her sister, and a respectful devotion of manner toward her father, came to join them in their promenade upon the terrace. The old man talked as usual, making long pauses for recollection between his sentences; and in every pause Alix listened in agony. Surely they never had been so distinct, so resounding, as in this hour—those little footfalls, always, always following at every turn, always close to the hem of her own trailing skirts. She watched Veronica's face in agony, and Veronica, with a sidelong glance of her green eyes, saw that she watched, and slightly knitted her brows, as if asking herself, "Why?" At the next turn she suddenly paused in a remark she was making, and glanced behind her, then glanced again at Alix, who felt the blood surge and ebb in her face, but could not withdraw her eager, asking eyes from Veronica's.

Another turn or two, and the younger sister excused herself, and, standing still, allowed the others to pass her, then slowly followed a few paces behind, the whole length of the flagged walk.

How loud they sounded, those little feet, pattering along the space thus left between the sisters—between her the pursued and her the pursuer!

Alix grew sick and faint, and, as they reached the window, sank upon the step; while Julius Cæsar, coming out to receive his master, stooped and murmured:

"Hold up, missy, hold up! She's watchin' you. Miss Alix says she feel little bit tired, mas'r," reported he, offering his arm to his master's grasp; and Veronica saw and comprehended the movements, if she could not hear the words, and, as she left the terrace, she slowly swayed her head back and forward upon its slender neck, saying to herself:

"It was so, and it is a secret, and she is afraid of my finding it out, and Julius knows and helps to hide it from my father as well as me; and, Mistress Alix, that secret is the lever by which I will oust you from this house, and from my inheritance, and—from Max Waldron's fancy."

For, guarded as he had been, Veronica's green eyes had caught more than one glance thrown by Waldron after the retreating figure of her who had been his wife; had found him rapt in listening to her full, rich voice, as she sang to her old father the familiar songs he loved; had noted some tenderer inflection in his voice as he spoke to her, sometimes; above all, she knew and felt beyond all proof that a barrier had risen between her and the love she had felt so securely her own. He never spoke now of their future marriage, never sought occasion to be alone with her, scarcely more than responded to her demonstrations of fondness, and, although denying any change in feeling or purpose, was an absolutely changed man.

All her watching and espial, however, could not detect any private meetings, any secret understanding between the two, even though she made herself sure of her sister's occupation through every hour of the day, and set traps which could not fail to show if the door of her bedroom were opened at night.

They never met except in her presence or in that of her father, and she knew from her own experience how tolerant he would be likely to be of familiarity or side speeches between his daughter and any man.

So Veronica watched and listened, and consumed her own heart in jealous suspicions, until her Psyche-face grew sharp and thin, and her green eyes shone with phosphorescent light. And Alix, vaguely conscious how her life was dogged, yet powerless to escape either from this pursuer or from that other whose following feet never ceased and never tired—Alix wasted, day by day, her great eyes taking on the pathetic look of a hunted deer who feels her heart ready to burst, and hears the death-bay of the hounds.

Max Waldron watched them both, the woman whom he loved and the woman who loved him, and his heart sank within him in a sense of its own powerlessness to help or hinder either of them.

And still the old father told his old stories, and laughed and chuckled over them, and ate and drank and slept, and thanked God that his daughter Alix had come home to him, and that all her troubles, whatever they might have been, were past and over.

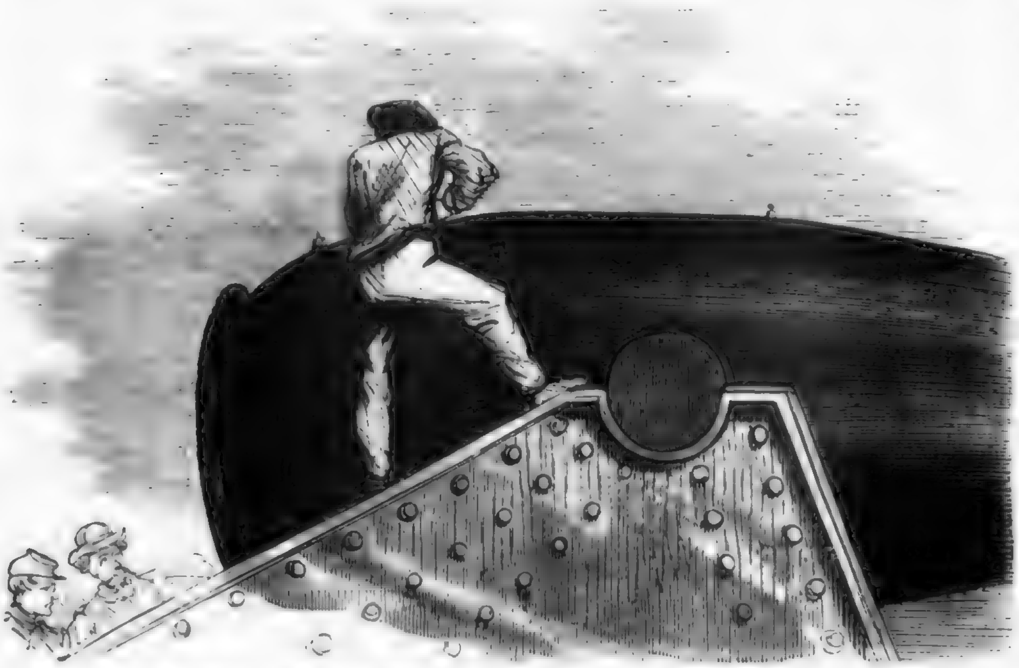
In the first days of her return he had sent for his men of law, and, destroying the angry will which had left her but a sarcasm for her inheritance, had divided his possessions between the two girls—not equally, but giving the fatted calf to the returned prodigal, after the manner of doting fathers.

Neither the sisters nor Waldron knew more of this will than the fact that Mr. Vassall had made a new one; but this fact in itself was sufficient to prove to Veronica that she was no longer her father's heiress, and the knowledge was scarcely needed to increase the jealousy and bitterness of her heart toward her sister.

And still she watched and listened and waited, scarcely allowing herself rest by night or food by day, while the golden Autumn-time passed on, and, in a bleak night of early November, the first snow fell—a light, sifting shower, lasting only an hour or two, but enough to whiten the earth, and cover it with a tell-tale surface like that which, so ruinously for "Eveleen's fame," showed the path of the false lord to her bower.

Just about midnight the snow ceased, and the moon, suddenly scattering the thin clouds, shone out in wonderful brilliancy and power.

Veronica, sleepless, and filled with watchful suspicion, had been for hours lurking about the corridors, listening at doors, and setting her favorite trap, by fastening a thread across her sister's doorway in such a manner that any one passing through would unconsciously snap it.



GREAT GUNS.—RODMAN 20-INCH COLUMBIAD OF 1864—ADJUSTING THE PRIMER.—SEE PAGE 123.

A little weary at length, she had returned to her own room, and stood at the window watching the scattering of the clouds, and darkly musing upon her own bitter suspicions.

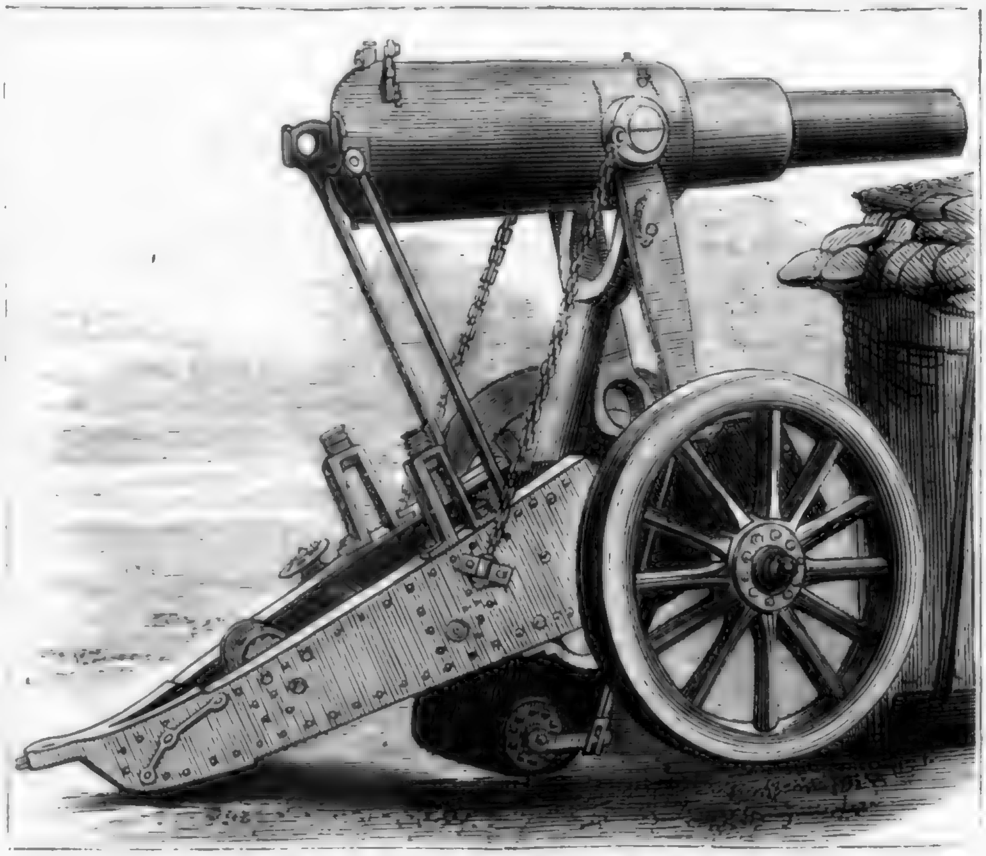
Suddenly the moon, clearing the last cloud-bank, burst forth in the unwonted brilliancy already mentioned, and Veronica mechanically noted how crisp and sharp were the shadows so suddenly thrown upon the smooth, white surface of the snow.

Something else she noted, too—something that made her pale cheek turn of an ashen gray, that made her great eyes dilate in feline brilliancy, that caused that painful stir at the roots of the hair that we mean when we say it stands upright. She saw, upon the track of a footpath leading through the grove of trees stretching far back behind the house, almost to the abandoned coal-mine in the wild hills beyond—she saw upon the smooth, white sheet of snow covering this footpath the print of a child's footsteps—not left there by one who had passed over the path and disappeared, but formed now, one by one, before her eyes; each following each, as if the little wanderer were slowly toiling over the frozen footpath toward the house.

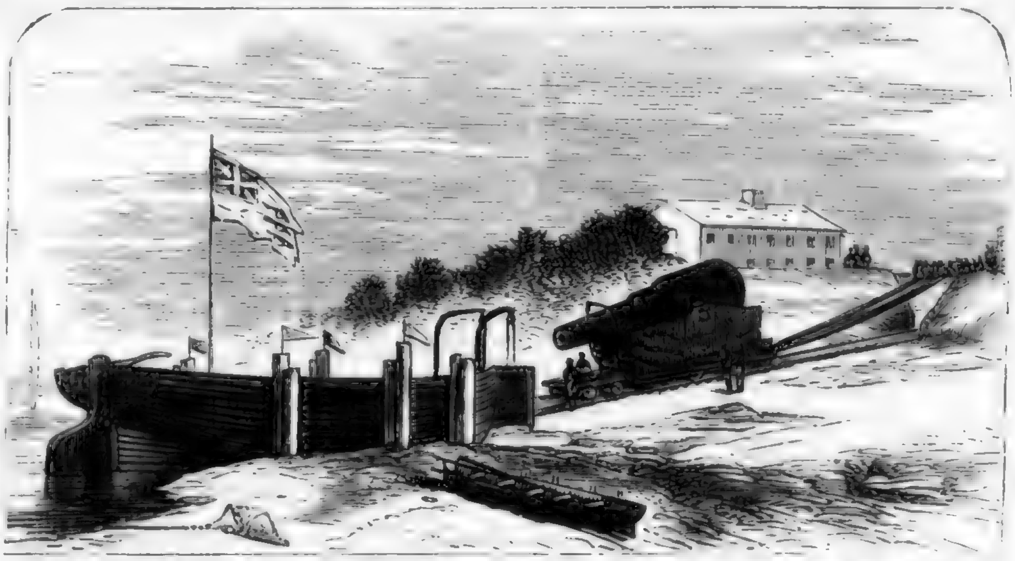
Veronica threw open the window and leaned out. The moon shone undimmed, the frosty air was clear and transparent. The footpath ran not a score of feet from this side of the house, and ended at the foot of the terrace-steps at the further corner; and there, so clearly, so unmistakably, so palpably, she saw them printed off one after another, each following each, as the little feet toiled on, just denting the new-fallen snow, and lying now a faint but continuous clue, leading from that wild hill-land, through the darksome grove, and up to the corner of the house, where they disappeared. Disappeared where? Veronica felt that she must know, at whatever risk; and, softly running down-stairs, she was undoing a side door leading from the passage to her father's apartments, when, from the door of his sleeping-room—that door always so carefully locked at night—she heard the light sound of feet—of little, pattering child-feet—coming, as it were, through the door, and so along the passage, close past the spot where she stood, and on toward the stairs in the great hall.

Her blood chilling and her flesh creeping in horror, she followed almost in her own despite across the marble pavement, up the wide, shallow stairs, so laboriously climbed one by one by the little feet, and along the upper passage, until at the door of Alix's room they ceased, and a faint stir and move from within seemed to say that the wretched occupant of the room had expected and dreaded, and now received, her guest.

Veronica stooped, and felt that the fragile thread uniting door to doorpost was unbroken, and then she softly returned to her own room—not to sleep, however, but to pace up and down, gazing at every turn from the window, dreading every moment that that mysterious clue should disappear as wonderfully as it had come, consulting her watch fifty times in the course of each lagging hour, and casting imploring glances toward the east, where now at length the chill gray of dawn appeared, while the moonlight faded slowly in the west.



THE MONTCRIEFF GUN ELEVATED FOR FIRING.



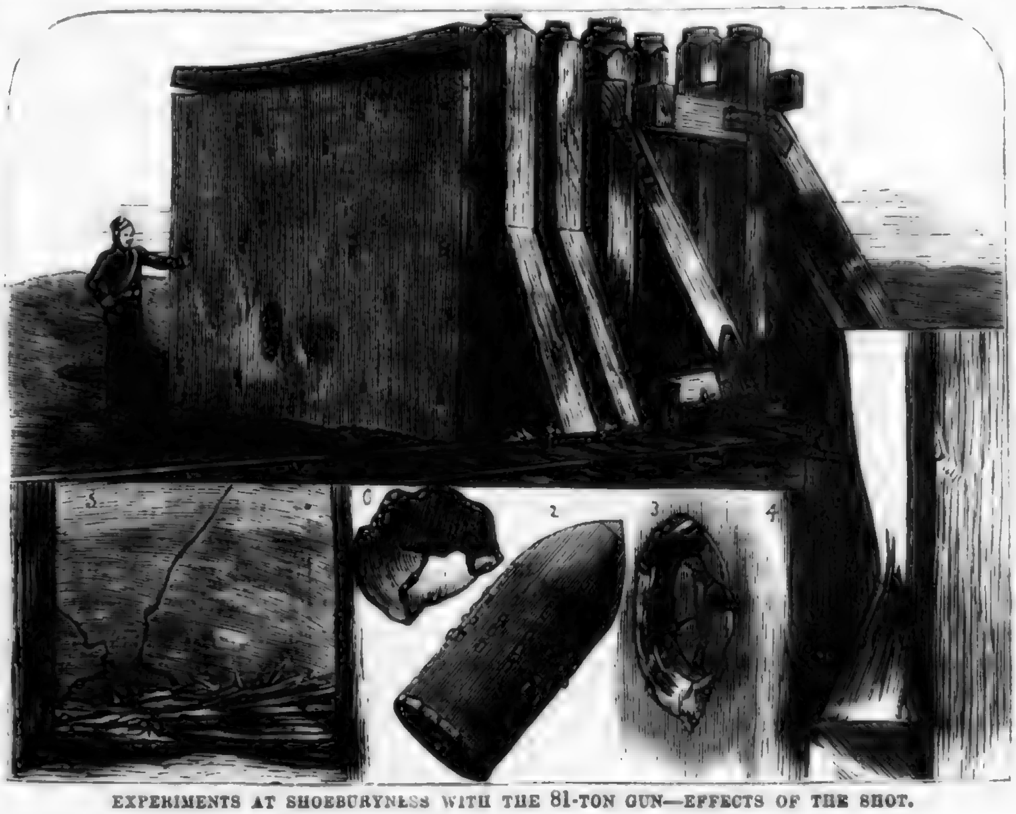
GREAT GUNS.—LANDING THE 81-TON WOOLWICH GUN AT SHOEBURYNESS.—SEE PAGE 123.

"At last!" murmured Veronica; and quietly leaving her room, she went along the narrow passages and up the stairs leading to the servants' rooms, and rapped peremptorily upon one of the doors, calling, "Joseph, Joseph! get up; you're wanted!"

"Yes, miss," replied a sleepy voice, and in a few moments a bright, stout young mulatto appeared in the undress garb of a groom; for this was the servant whom of all the household Veronica claimed as her own, since he it was who cared for her horse, and accompanied her in the reckless rides which were her chief diversion. She now addressed him briefly and quietly:

"Joseph, I have lost something which I wish to recover before any one knows that it is lost, and you must come with me to search before other people are awake. It may be in a certain well where I was yesterday, so you must get a stout rope, a lantern, and a hook to secure the rope to the edge of the well, that you may descend; also a bag or basket. Go down softly and find all these things, being very sure, you understand, that no one knows your errand, or that I have spoken to you this morning. Then come to me at the spot where the footpath to the hills enters the grove. Do you understand all this?"

EXPERIMENTS AT SHOEBURYNESS WITH THE 81-TON GUN—FIRING.



EXPERIMENTS AT SHOEBURYNESS WITH THE 81-TON GUN—EFFECTS OF THE SHOT.

"Every word, Miss Veronica; and if it's master's dog, I shouldn't wonder a bit if we found her. You know we heard shooting that way after we lost her yesterday."

Veronica nodded and turned away, remembering for the first time that her father's pet grayhound had followed her in her ride the day before and had not returned, and that her father's lamentations and anger had reached the whole household.

The gray dawn had become daybreak as mistress and servant met at the entrance of the wood, and the light, though faint, was sufficient to show Veronica the little footprints, which the first rays of the sun would probably efface, for the air was mild and pleasant.

Joseph, not yet quite awake, walked stolidly behind his mistress, whose feet obliterated the clew she followed in silence and haste.

Through the dreary, wintry wood they passed, and out upon the barren upland beyond, between whose hillocks and over whose waste snows the little footprints still led on and on, until, as a lurid and stormy sun stood upon the eastern horizon, the scarcely distinguishable trail ended—as Veronica had in some way foreseen that it would end—at the mouth of one of the long-disused shafts of the old coal-mine.

She stood for a moment peering down into the black depths, undistinguishable even by the noon-day sun, and then turned to the servant, dexterously availing herself of his own stupid suggestion.

"I think Diana has fallen down this shaft, Joseph, and I want you to fix the rope so that you can go down and see. Fasten your hook securely in the cleft of this old stump, light your lantern, and sling the bag at your back to bring her body up, if it is there. Go down all the way to the bottom, and look carefully at the ledges on the sides. Tell me whatever you see that is remarkable. Make haste, man!"

And, with impatience scarcely now to be controlled, she watched the preparations, saw the athletic figure of the negro slowly disappear down the shaft; and then throwing herself on the ground beside it, clinched her hands upon the edge, and waited in palpitating anxiety for his report. It came at last, in muffled and reverberating tones:

"Something or another here, mistress—way down to the bottom—air mighty bad, and can't stay long. It ain't Diana—she ain't there! Coming up!"

And the rope shook as the man began to climb it, eager to regain the less deadly air of the upper regions. But Veronica fairly screamed with rage, and thrusting her head over the shaft, hoarsely cried:

"Don't you dare! Bring up whatever it is that you have found—dog, or child, or the foul fiend himself! Bring it up, I say!"

"Yes, mistress," replied the man, faintly; "I'll get it into the sack, and then—if I can—I'll fetch it along—but——"

"There, there, don't talk, but hurry, hurry!"

No answer, and presently the motion of the rope again showed that the man was feebly climbing it; and with many pauses and efforts, for which only the love of life could have given him strength, he reached the mouth of the shaft, and, with one last convulsive effort, drew himself out and sunk, in an almost dying condition, at his mistress's feet.

But she, caring little whether it was death or not that had purchased her revenge, only thought of removing the sack from his shoulders and cutting it open, until she could see its horrible contents, at which she gazed with hard, unwomanly eyes, slowly nodding her head, as if in assent to her own unspoken thoughts.

At last, she carefully tied up the sack again, and, turning to Joseph, said, impressively:

"You have done very well, so far, Joseph, and you shall be handsomely rewarded either in money or in any other way in my power; I will help you to marry, and open a shop, if you still wish it, or—in short, you shall be amply rewarded, but on this one condition: you are never to relate this morning's work to living soul unless you have my orders to do so; and, if you disobey me in this, I will have your life just as surely as I stand here. I swear it, and you may well believe it, for you know me."

"Yes, mistress," replied the man, shuddering; "I remember how Nellie died in the old days."

Veronica frowned, yet turned pale, as she said:

"Nellie betrayed and disobeyed me, and she was my servant in the old days, as you call them. But, mind you, things may have changed about us, but my will and my power are still stronger than your poor life, and remember from this hour it hangs upon your faithfulness to me in this matter. Now get up, if you can, and bring this sack after me to the house."

The great hall-doors stood ajar as Veronica again entered the house, but none of the servants were in sight, and, followed by Joseph with his loathly load, she made her way straight to her father's room. This door also stood open, somewhat to her surprise, and, passing around the screen, she motioned the man to lay down the sack upon the carpet, and then turning toward the bed, she loudly said:

"Father, I have something to tell you!"

Then, for the first time, she perceived that Alix and Waldron and the physician stood about the bed, while close beside his master's pillow knelt Julius Cæsar, his shoulders shaken with sobs, and in the midst lay the grand, calm figure of the old man, his eyes for ever closed, his ears shut to the story of calumny and bitterness she had brought him, his mouth set in the placid yet mysterious smile so often seen upon the lips of the newly dead.

"Veronica! Our father is gone!" said Alix, coming to her side, her face streaming with tears; but the eyes of the younger sister were bright and dry, and her voice hard and distinct, as she replied:

"Then here, in presence of his dead body, I ask you, the woman with no lawful name that I know, who was that child whose body has moldered six months in the old pit-shaft, and whose ghostly footsteps have haunted this house, and followed you wherever you have gone, since the evil hour that saw you come beneath this roof? Whose child was that, wanton and murderess?"

"Hush, hush, for God's sake, Veronica!" exclaimed Alix, falling upon her knees; while the men left the death-bed and gathered in horror around the two sisters and the ghastly thing between them, from which Veronica had stripped the covering.

"Yes, I say!" screamed she, stamping her foot, "just here and just now I will have an answer to my charge. My father is gone—I cannot hear him curse you or turn you from his doors; but Waldron remains—this man, my lover, whom you have fooled and witched with your wicked ways until he has almost forgotten that he is mine—he remains, and he shall know you as you are!"

"It is you, Veronica, who do not see things as they are," interposed Waldron, in a grave, hushed voice, "This lady, your sister, is my wife, for I am he with whom she eloped from school, and so incurred her father's displeasure. In allowing you to believe me a single man, in offering you love, and deceiving you into an idea that I could become your husband, I have been very, very deeply to blame, and scarcely dare hope that you will ever forgive me."

"The child!" gasped Veronica, in a strange, shrill voice, at sound of which the physician quickly turned and passed round to her side.

"The child!" moaned Alix, clasping her hands and bowing her head, "was ours, Max—our little Lily. After I left you, I wandered, I know not where, for months, supporting myself and her by my own labor; then, at last, I drew near home, and one night I found myself in the hills, exhausted, starving, despairing. I think my brain gave way, Max, for I lay there for hours, long hours, of which I now remember nothing, except that I did not sleep, and that the moaning and sobbing of a little child seemed ever in my ears. I vaguely remember throwing out my arms to push it further from me, and then came a shriek, a fall, a moan, and all was still. When I again opened my eyes in the bright sunlight, I lay by the mouth of the old pit-shaft, and I was alone. All day I lingered there, but there was neither sound nor voice, and, at last, when night fell, I arose and came to my father. The little footsteps followed me, and they have followed me ever since; but now that I have told all, and my darling shall be laid in hallowed ground, I hope that the curse may be lifted, and I may die in peace."

"Die! Yes, that you shall!" shrieked Veronica, crouching, tigress-like, for a spring, while her eyes shot green flames as they fastened upon Alix; but the two arms of the physician about her waist restrained her, while he hurriedly said to Max:

"Secure her arms. She is raving mad. I have seen it in her eye ever since she last spoke."

They secured her as tenderly as they might, and carried her from the room; but from that moment to the moment of her death, not one lucid interval humanized that demoniac life.

Under the best, kindest, and most skillful treatment, but closely confined in the securest apartments of a private asylum, Veronica Vassall lived out her appointed days, and passed from earth to judgment.

Waldron and Alix were not very long in coming to an understanding, now that all counter-influences were removed, and soon exchanged forgiveness and the assurance of renewed love.

Their marriage was formally announced, and as all the Vassall property was now theirs, the world consented very pleasantly to any little irregularities in the nuptials, which were now legally declared to be satisfactory and sufficient.

The baby bones were buried in consecrated ground, and so thoroughly did Joseph believe in his mistress's power even in a madhouse, that no rumor of how they were discovered ever crept abroad.

Little footsteps still patter up and down the terrace-walk and through the wide halls of the Vassall mansion; but there is no mystery about them; and they excite no terror in the heart of the happy mother, who still, as she embraces these, her later darlings, never forgets the little Alicia, or her fearful death.

GREAT GUNS.

A GUN weighing 101½ tons has been made in England by Sir William Armstrong for the Italian Navy, and this is to be followed by seven more of the same size. And it is said that this is not the limit of greatness in guns. As fast as the defensive armor is invented or discovered, so fast the offensive weapon is made to overcome it. The constant struggle for the victory, on both the offensive and defensive sides, has caused us to see floating vessels with iron, wood and steel sides, a yard in thickness, and guns which throw a projectile weighing a ton and a quarter, to a distance of nine miles, with an initial velocity of over 1,500 feet per second.

It is no less surprising than interesting to look back upon the guns with which ships of war were armored, even up to a comparatively late period, and to compare them with the guns now in existence, to say nothing of those contemplated.

At the commencement of the present century, the largest naval guns were of cast-iron, throwing a projectile of 32 pounds in weight, and as late as the Crimean war in 1854, the largest guns used were 68-pounders.

The growth of ordnance from the early beginning to its present size has been very gradual, and covers a long period of time. It was for a long time supposed that Berthold Schwartz was the discoverer of gunpowder, and the first to apply it to projectiles, but that idea is negatived by the well-established fact that the Arabs and Moors of Northern Africa had artillery at Cordova as early as 1280, and it is on record that in 969 the Chinese, under their Emperor Tai-tsu, tied rockets to their arrows to propel them to greater distances, as well as for incendiary purposes.

The Spaniards learned the use of artillery from the Moors, and soon the knowledge spread through the rest of Europe, and at the battle of Crecy, in 1346, the English had three small cannon.

The first cannon were called bombards and mortars; the former were made of longitudinal bars of iron, bound together by hoops, and the latter having the semblance of an apothecary's mortar, which name it took and keeps to this day; while the bombard, after having passed through numberless changes of name and style, is utterly lost in the modern gun.

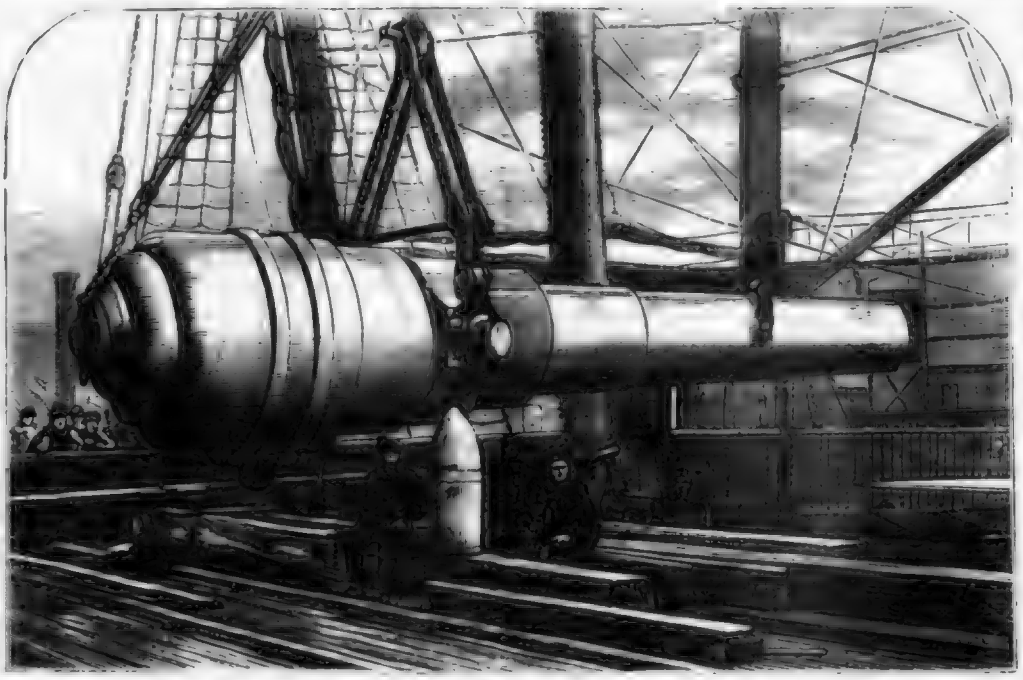
During the fifteenth century there were bombards in France of great weight, one of them weighing 36,000 pounds, with a projectile of 900 pounds. Various improvements were continually making. In the sixteenth century brass guns and cast-iron projectiles were adopted in Europe. In the seventeenth century howitzers were invented by the Dutch. In the eighteenth century very many improvements were made. Field guns were greatly increased in efficiency, and in the French army a thorough and complete system of artillery practice was introduced by Gribeauval.

Field ordnance, however, cannot be made larger than a certain limit. As it has to be drawn by horses from place to place, its weight must be kept within moderation, but no such restriction exists as to mounted guns and naval ordnance. The result has been, within the present century, an increase which has far outstripped the increase of all the other centuries since gunpowder was discovered. And this increase, too, has taken place in the latter half of this century.

The leader in the path of heavy ordnance was General Paixhans, of France, who, in 1822, proposed that large, heavy shells should be fired from long-chambered guns. Guns made on his principle were called Paixhans guns, and, although designed originally for naval service, have been used for seacoast defense with equal success, as they proved what had before been denied, that it was as practicable to throw shells to a great distance with slight elevations, as to throw shot. General Paixhans's guns were adopted into almost every service, and for a long time were esteemed the most effective weapons of their kind, but they have recently been greatly surpassed.

In America, the experiments with guns of large calibre have been neither so frequent nor so thorough as in England and France, yet there are names which are connected with the artillery which will ever remain famous—Bomford, Rodman, Dahlgren and Parrott, each made improvements in guns. Bomford, who was a colonel in the war of 1812, introduced the Columbiad, which was a long-chambered gun, capable of projecting shot and shell at high angles and with heavy charges. This gun was used with success in the war of 1812, and was the legitimate predecessor of the Paixhans gun, which it greatly resembled.

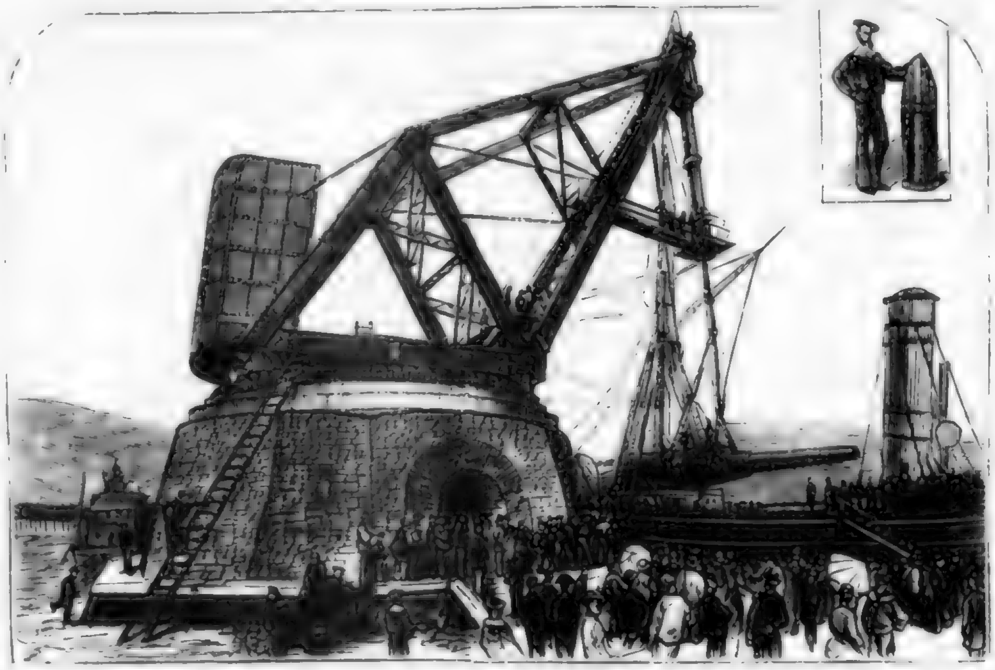
General Rodman, in 1847, developed his now universally adopted theory of initial tension—in other words, of such a disposition of the metal that, when the gun is at rest, the interior parts are in a state of compression, while the exterior are in a state of tension. This adds greatly to the strength of the gun, as the outer parts are thus compelled



SHIPPING THE 100-TON ARMSTRONG GUN FOR THE ITALIAN NAVY, AT NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.

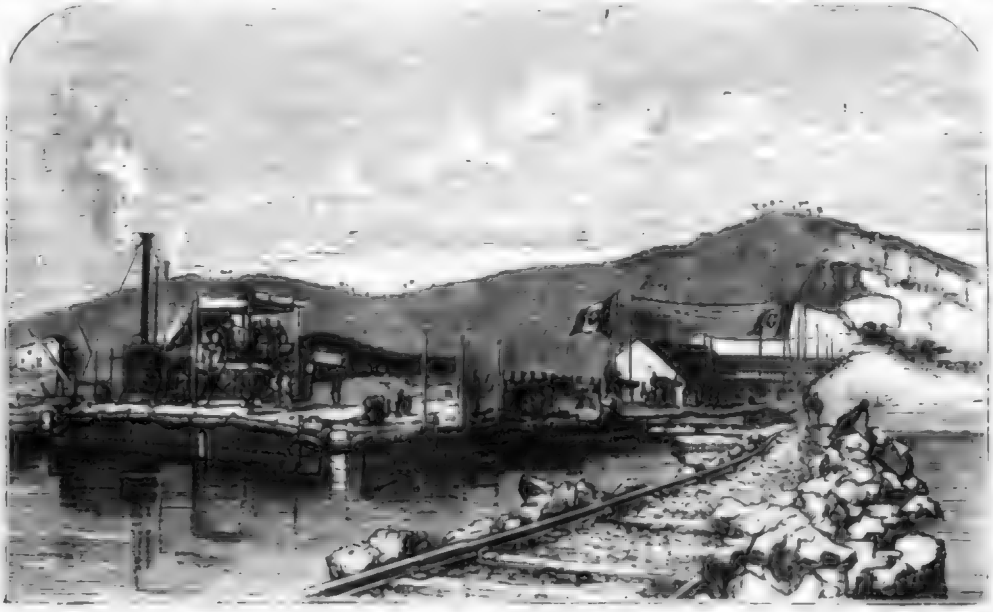
to stand more, and the inner parts less, when the gun is fired.

Admiral Dahlgren made, in 1850, a number of improvements on certain guns. They were cast solid, of a nearly cylindrical form, and cooled from the exterior. Then they were turned down to the required shape. Dahlgren's system was adopted for our navy in 1855. His guns were not as large as Rodman's, the largest being only 11 inch bore, while Rodman's were up to 20 inches; and in 1860, Rodman's model was adopted for all seacoast cannon. In 1864 a 20-inch Rodman gun was cast at the Fort Pitt Foundry, Pittsburg, on February 11th. Eighty-four tons of metal were used, but after finishing the gun the weight was reduced to about sixty tons. It was at the time the heaviest gun in the world, and has only very recently been surpassed. This gun was mounted at Fort Hamilton, in New York Bay, and on October 26th, 1864, a trial was made. Three shots were fired—the first, with 100 pounds of powder and no ball; the second, 50 pounds of powder, and a solid shot of 1,080 pounds, and the third with the same shot, but with 100 pounds of powder. At this last trial, the shot was thrown about four miles in 27 seconds.



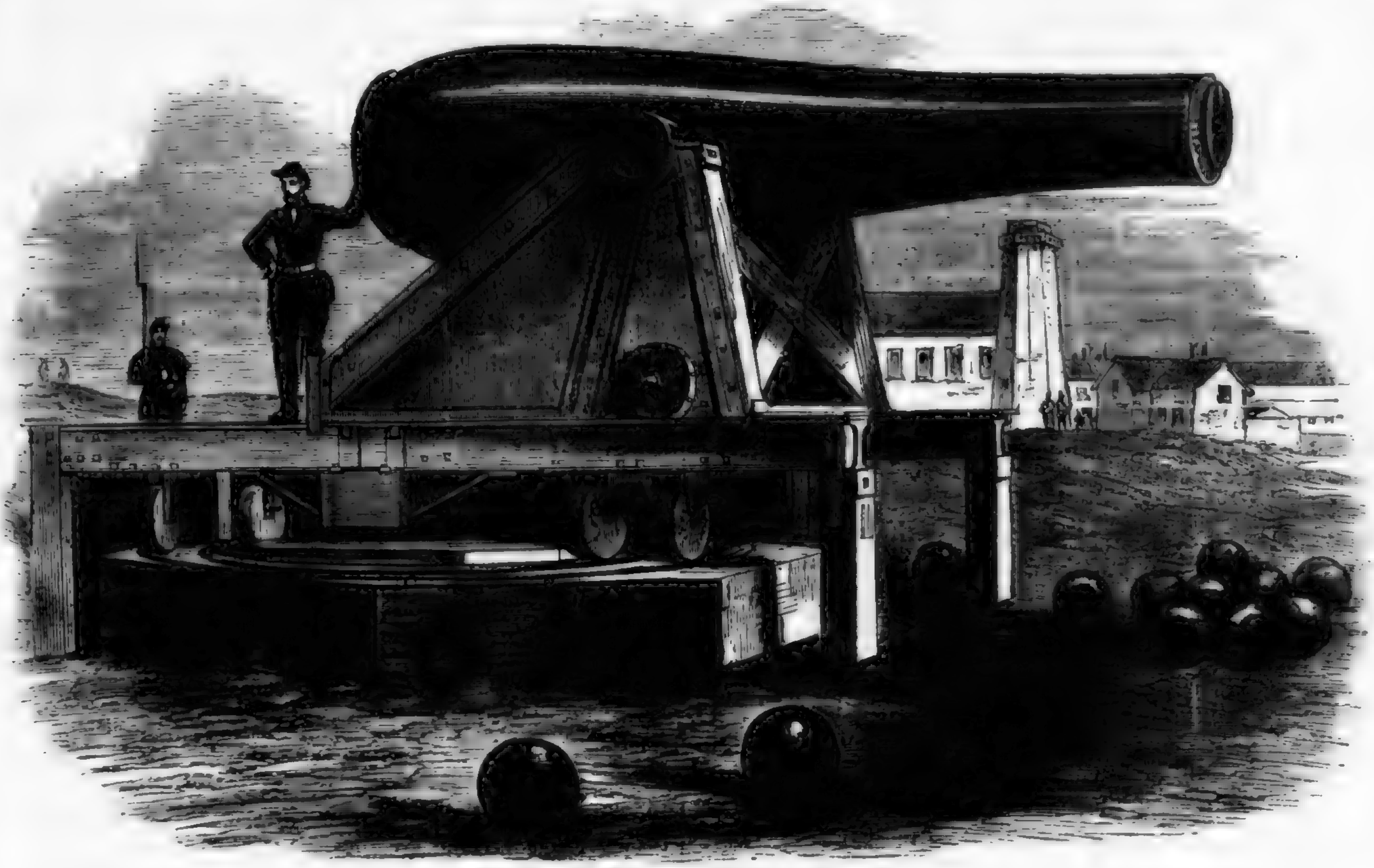
THE LANDING AT SPEZZIA OF THE 100-TON ARMSTRONG GUN.

The Parrott gun are rifles, which are strengthened by shrinking a wrought-iron hoop or barrel over that portion of the reënforce which surrounds the charge. The cast-iron body in the larger calibres is hollow—cast on the Rodman plan. The largest Parrott rifles had a bore of 10 inches, and threw a projectile of 250 pounds weight.



EXPERIMENTS AT SPEZZIA WITH THE 100-TON ARMSTRONG GUN.

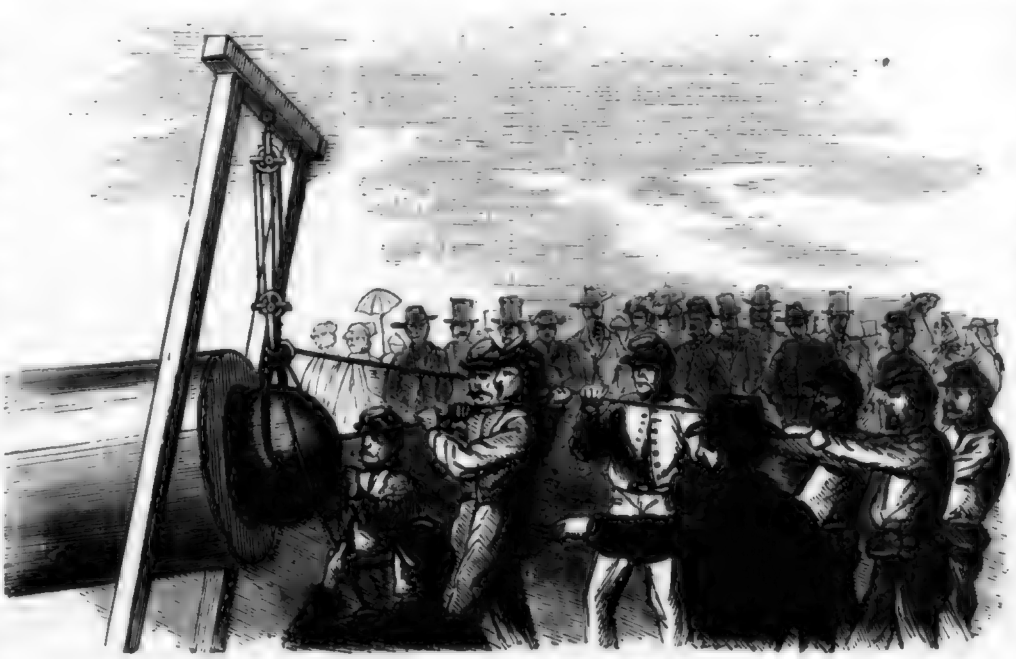
In 1859, Sir William Armstrong, of England, projected a plan of making guns of large calibre, which has since been perfected, and now the Armstrong gun is known over the world. In the first place, Armstrong adopted General Rodman's theory of initial tension, but applied it in a different manner. The gun is made almost in the way suggested, "by taking a long hole and pouring



THE RODMAN 20-INCH COLUMBIAD OF 1864.

melted iron around it." Sir William Armstrong takes a long steel tube, and forges wrought-iron bands around it, these bands growing thicker and heavier toward the breech. These guns showed great endurance and penetrability, and gave excellent results on trial, so that the English Government adopted them for their turreted ironclads and their fortresses, and some of the recently built powerful ironclads are equipped with these effective weapons. The *Dreadnaught* and *Thunderer* both have 28-ton Armstrong guns in their turrets, while the inventor is now making eight guns of the enormous weight of 100 tons each, which are intended for service in the turrets of the Italian Monitors *Dandolo* and *Duilio*.

Mr. Fraser, a British engineer, in 1868 proposed an important modification of the Armstrong system. The Armstrong guns were very costly, as the wrought-iron coils were thin and numerous, and the large forging for the breech piece was very expensive. Mr. Fraser's modifications consisted in using larger coils made of thicker bars, and so much stronger longitudinally that the forged breech piece became unnecessary.



LOADING THE RODMAN GUN WITH A 1080-POUND SHOT.

The Whitworth gun was made of a substance called "homogeneous iron," a species of low steel said to be made by melting short bars of Swedish iron and adding a small amount of carbonaceous matter. The smaller Whitworth guns are forged solid, and the larger ones built up with coils or hoops, which are forced on by hydraulic pressure.

Other Englishmen have made variations in gun-making, but at the present time attention is divided between the Armstrong gun and the Woolwich gun, the latter being the Fraser model, and made at the Woolwich Arsenal.

The Armstrong 100-ton gun is so far the greatest gun in the world, but it is closely approached, if not in weight, surely in effect, by the 81-ton Woolwich gun and the 40 centimeter breech-loader made by Krupp. The Krupp gun-works are the largest in the world. They are located at Essen, in Rhenish Prussia, and occupy about 500 acres of ground. There are about 250 smelting furnaces, and 859 other furnaces, making a total of 1109 furnaces. Two hundred and ninety-eight steam-engines furnish the power for the machinery, and

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there are 77 steam-hammers, varying in weight from 250 pounds to 50 tons. In 1876 there were about 10,500 workmen employed in the works, and about 5,000 in the mines and blast furnaces.

The Krupp guns are all made from crucible steel, prepared in a manner kept entirely secret. They are all breech-loaders, and have been made for every European power except England and France. One of the largest of the Krupp guns was exhibited at our Centennial Exhibition, but the one recently made is still larger, and is the heaviest gun of any kind ever made on the Continent of Europe. It weighs nearly seventy-one tons, and it is 32 feet 9¾ inches long, being three-fourths of an inch shorter than the Armstrong 100-ton gun, and 5 feet 5¼ inches longer than the Woolwich 81-ton guns. The latter were tested at Shoeburyness, and it is intended to place four of them in the turrets of the ironclad *Inflexible*. The Armstrong gun was shipped to Spezia, and there tested. The Krupp 40-centimeter gun has not yet been tried, but the results have been carefully estimated. The projectile of the Armstrong weighs 2,000 pounds; of the Woolwich, 1,700 pounds; and of the Krupp, 1,664. The charge of powder used is 375 pounds in the Armstrong, 370 in the Woolwich, and 385.8 pounds in the Krupp. The velocity in feet per second of the projectile is 1,543.8 in the Armstrong, 1523 in the Woolwich, and 1,640.45 in the Krupp. The Krupp gun has 90 grooves in its barrel, 0.372 inches wide and 0.078 inches deep; while the Woolwich gun has but 13, and the Armstrong but 27, the latter being 1 inch wide by 1-8 of an inch deep. The diameter of the bore is very nearly the same in all three; being 15.75 in the Krupp, 16 in the Woolwich and 17 in the Armstrong. Either of these three guns will throw its projectile, if not interfered with, to a distance of about nine miles.

Gunnery has become a positive science, and one which is constantly advancing. As fast as the tests show the practicability of a certain size, still larger pieces are planned. Guns far exceeding those above described, both in weight and power, are in contemplation in the great gun-foundries of the world. Krupp has a design for one which will weigh 124 tons, to be made on the same plan as the one described above. It will have a calibre of 18 inches, and throw a steel shell weighing 2,205 pounds, with a powder charge of 500 pounds. Drawings have been made at the Woolwich Arsenal for one intended to be between 160 and 200 tons in weight, and to be capable of sending its projectile through 36 inches of solid iron at a range of 1,000 yards; and Sir William Armstrong, at his Elswick Works, has a gun in contemplation which is to be 50 feet long, 21 inches diameter of bore, with a projectile 5 feet in length, weighing three tons, to be propelled by a charge of 950 pounds of powder, and it is expected to be able to throw this immense weight of shot a distance of 12 miles.

There is, however, a limit beyond which the size of these terrible weapons may not pass; and it is a question whether or not that limit has not already been reached. The 100-ton gun has not yet been used in the turret of the vessel for which it is intended, and whether it will prove as satisfactory as desired remains to be seen.

RECENT PROGRESS IN SCIENCE.

Comparison of Longitudes.—France and the United States will soon establish a comparison of the longitude of Paris and Washington by cable. As is known, these operations lead to a determination of the velocity of propagation of electric waves. Commander Perrier and M. Loewy have recently published a volume, giving the details of the comparison between Paris, Marseilles and Algiers.

The Syrup of Chloral.—The Academy of Medicine of Paris having recently been consulted by the municipal authorities of Reims in reference to the propriety of restricting the sale of the syrup of chloral put up in bottles, the subject was referred to a committee for examination and report. The committee commence their report by describing the well-known properties of the hydrate of chloral, and conclude by saying that, as the bottles contain nine grammes of the hydrate, the absorption of this amount in the course of a few hours could prove serious, and even mortal; that the proposition has not been submitted to the Society of Medicine for approval, and thus falls under the ban of all secret remedies, and that so powerful a remedy ought not to be sold without the prescription of a physician in regular practice. The report of the committee was adopted as the sense of the meeting. They might have added that the syrup of chloral undergoes spontaneous decomposition, producing very poisonous compounds which have not yet been thoroughly studied, but which at once point to the danger of keeping the preparation on hand. The subcutaneous injection of chloral is also denounced, on account of the cauterization produced on the skin.

Gas and Electricity in Paris.—The Municipal Council in Paris has made arrangements with the Jablochkoff Company to light certain streets, squares and the great market with 83 candles for one year, at an expense of 55,000 francs. The price hitherto paid to the gas company for illuminating the same place much less brilliantly, is 21,041 francs, leaving an excess of expense to the city for the electric light of 33,959 francs. It is believed that in the course of the year the Jablochkoff Company will realize material improvements, and it is supposed that other electric light companies will tender some fresh propositions for comparison. The gas companies have offered to furnish improved illumination to several streets without additional charge, and thus a regular competition will be carried on between gas and electricity before the Paris public during one year on a grand scale. The city can well afford to pay the small sum of 34,000 francs for experiments which must result in inventions and discoveries of importance to all concerned.

The Plague in China.—A French officer, M. de Souzac, now in the service of the Chinese Government, recently read a paper, on the plague, before the Geographical Society of Paris. He mentioned a number of facts which seem to prove that the disease is originated by certain emanations from the earth, to which rats are the first to fall victims. The Chinese medical men do not appear to have any remedy against this scourge, rendered more terrible by the superstitious practices of the people, who imagine that the victims are possessed of an evil spirit, and who leave the bodies exposed to the sun in order that the infernal occupant may be obliged to leave it. That custom produces a horribly pestiferous state of the atmosphere, sufficient alone to cause an epidemic in the plague-stricken villages, and to render the prevailing disease a hundred times more deadly than it might otherwise be if proper sanitary measures were adopted.

Fossil Forests in the Yellowstone Park.—Mr. William H. Holmes, of the Hayden Geological Survey, finds that an extensive series of forests have been buried in the sedimentary formations of the volcanic tertiary, especially in the region drained by the East Fork of the Yellowstone. Throughout a long period of subsidence, a constant alternation of land and sea seems to have been kept up by the irregular deposition of fragmentary volcanic products, so that numberless forests grew and sank, one after another, beneath the sea. Fully 4,000 feet of the tree-bearing strata were formed before the final upward movement began. These same strata now cap some of the highest ranges of the Rocky Mountains, and cover an area of upward of 10,000 square miles. The trunks are in many cases from 20 to 30 feet high, and fairly rival the big trees of California in dimensions.

Dental Grafting.—Grafting teeth is a new research in physiology. There are two kinds, the graft by restitution, and the graft by borrowing. The former consists in reimplantation after extraction, and is resorted to to rectify direction, to treat caries and periostitis easily, or to facilitate operations on some other tooth in the mouth. In twenty-two cases reported by M. David to the Academy of Sciences in Paris, only one proved unsuccessful. The graft by borrowing consists in substituting a sound tooth, which has had to be extracted from another mouth, for a bad one. Or a sound tooth from a lower animal may be inserted for a bad one, as base for a pivoted artificial tooth.

Vanilla from Oats.—It is well known that the German chemists, Tiemann and Harmann, some time ago succeeded in preparing artificial vanilline from the sap of pine trees. A French chemist, M. Eugene Serullat, has discovered a way of producing the same compound from common oats. The hull of the oats contains a principle which is very soluble in boiling water, and to which M. Serullat has given the name of *avéneine*. This principle is isolated from the residues of manufacture of oatmeal, is oxidized, and becomes converted into the characteristic perfume of vanilla. Whether it has all the properties of vanilline, as made from the bean and from the sap of the pine, remains to be determined.

Education in Italy—The Minister of Public Instruction in Italy has issued statistics of the number of students and auditors of lectures inscribed in the Universities of the Kingdom for the scholastic year 1878–79, viz., 10,028, of whom 699 only were auditors. The Neapolitan University counts the largest number, 2,817; Turin follows next, with 1,509; Padua, 948; Pavia, 672; Rome, 648; Pisa, 586, etc. In the classification, 3,907 are under jurisprudence; 3,151 under medicine; 1,421 under other sciences.

Death of a Distinguished Italian Geologist.—Bartolomeo Gastaldi, the well-known director of the Italian Geological Survey, has just died in Turin. He was born in 1818, and was originally intended for the legal profession, but his fondness for geological studies induced his parents to send him to the School of Mines in Paris. He subsequently devoted himself to physical geology, in the study of which department he was greatly aided by his power as a pedestrian, and he soon made himself familiar with all the southern spurs of the Alpine chain. He succeeded Prof. Salla in the chair of Geology at the Engineering School of Turin, and during the latter years of his life has devoted most of his time and energy to the geological survey of Italy. In Turin, where he spent the greater part of his life, and where he occupied the position of Common Councilor, he was very greatly respected and beloved; this fact is testified to by the circumstance that, at his funeral, more than three thousand people followed his remains to the cemetery.

The Plague in Russia.—The first symptoms of infection are manifested by a violent fever, accompanied by an inextinguishable thirst; then follows the appearance of reddish tumors on all parts of the body, but particularly under the armpits, and they rapidly attain the size of a hen's egg, while the pain they cause is so intense that the patient speedily loses consciousness. By the time he recovers his senses, the development of the swelling is complete. If they have remained hard and firm, the sufferer has some chance of surviving; but if the contrary is the case, death is inevitable. The difficulty in finding a remedy for this scourge is, that no autopsy is possible, as all the medical men who have attempted it have died of their temerity. By the manner in which it spreads, it is evident that the contagious principle is communicated by contact.

Production of Cocks or Hens at Pleasure—M. Fairfax has announced to the Society of Acclimatation at Paris, that it is possible to raise roosters or hens at pleasure, by studying the method of breeding. To obtain cocks, it is necessary to pair a young rooster with an old hen, and to obtain pullets, just the reverse. Numerous experiments made at the gardens in Paris, appear to confirm the theory of M. Fairfax.

ENTERTAINING COLUMN.

Now, all together! Who ever heard an ear drum?

A Man of No Account.—A bookkeeper out of a situation.

A run on a snow-bank does not portend a financial crisis.

An alarm clock in a house generally wakes up the wrong sleeper.

How would you measure your lover's sincerity? By his sighs.

A play is said to "run" when it stays a long time at one theatre.

The man who is always as "cool as a cucumber," is generally as green.

In the times of Noah the floods ruled the earth. It was reign water then.

When the moon is full, is the man supposed to be up there in the same condition?

The Princess Louise carries a little cane, because she is becoming a little Cane-adian.

Ill-temper and smoke are about equal in their ability to drive a man out of the house.

Why should you not rely on stuttering people? Because they are always breaking their word.

A boy who is brought up right is apt to be an upright man, though downright in many respects.

"Why is the sun masculine?" "'Cos sons allus is." "And the moon feminine?" "'Cos it is so changin'."

A tailor who was asked if the close of the year made him melancholy, said, "Yes, until they are settled for."

"To get the sack," is from the French; but a young man does not care where it is from, as long as it is not from his girl.

"What do you think of me?" asked an old bachelor of a witty girl. "I think you are a single-r being," was the reply.

"Breddren," said a darkey in a prayer-meeting, "I feel 's if I could talk more good in five minutes dan I could do in a year."

Serenader: "Home, sweet home! Dar am no place like home" *Colored lady* (at the window): "Well, you jes better git along home, or I'll frow somefin."

They say that truth lies at the bottom of a well; but it is, of course, absurd to say that truth lies anywhere. That's about all that proverb amounts to.

It is because he has heard that close attention to *little* things makes a successful business man, that the young drapery clerk pays such close attention to his mustache.

An ill-natured man being seen to blush, it was asked what the cause was. "Oh," said a witty lady, "the cross old creature happened to smile, and feels ashamed of it!"

The man who was carried away by his feelings has returned safe.

When did Casabianca deliver his celebrated speech? Probably on deck-oration day.

A man entered a church during service in a country village not long ago, and used a rattan on a deacon sitting in his pew. He must have been a descendant of the pew-rattans.

A depositor in a country bank says, "If the bank officers would look at burglars as scowlingly as they do at their poor customers, the burglars would give the bank a wide berth."

A lovely young lady from a neighboring town suddenly disappeared from society, and a shudder ran through fashionable circles when it was learned that she had gone home to dye.

An ugly young lady is always anxious to marry, and young gentlemen are seldom anxious to marry her. This is a resultant of two mechanical powers—the *inclined plain*, and *leave her*.

To beat carpets: Use matting; for coolness, it beats carpets. To make a window blind: Fill it up with bricks and mortar. To obtain sleep: Have nothing but "nodding" acquaintances.

It makes a young man feel very much as if some things in the world were all in vain to sing "Come to my bosom, come, love," under a window, and then happen to see a sign "To Let" on the door.

Custom compels an Icelander to kiss every woman he meets. This accounts for the absence of well-traveled roads in that country, and the existence of trails and "short cuts" through the woods.

Every once in a while we hear of a California woman killing a bear. This is all right. But we challenge the world to ransack the pages of history and show us where a woman has ever settled a mouse.

When a woman goes visiting, she wants shoes fully two sizes too small; but it's astounding what a deal of comfort the same woman can extract from a pair of slippers three sizes too large in her own house.

An old lady seeing a sign over the door of an umbrella shop, "Umbrellas Re-covered," went in and told the shopman that she would like to have him recover the one that was stolen from her the week previous.

An unsuccessful vocalist went to a country poorhouse, and delighted the inmates with his singing. He said it was a natural thing for him to do, as he'd been singing to poor houses ever since he began his career.

A wag got a company of savants to discussing the question, "What is the half of the moon most like?" As they couldn't agree, he finally closed the debate by suggesting that it was probably most like the other half.

"Have you any boned turkey?" asked a hungry customer in a Nevada restaurant. The proprietor laid his hand on his revolver and cried, "No insinivations here, young man! We're honest here, and don't bone nothin'!"

"Don't stand there loafing," said the master of a grammar-school to three students standing where they shouldn't. "We're not loafing," said one of them; "there are only three of us, and it takes 'leven to make a loaf."

"Why do you prefer lager beer?" asked a Yankee of a German. "Because," replied the Teuton, as he held up his foaming glass—"because I loves my faderland, and dis, you see, always makes me tink of foam" (of home).

"What sort of an offense would you call pulling a man's hair out till his head was bald?" asked a young lady of an old judge. "I can't exactly say," replied the cautious old jurist; "but it seems to me to squint toward wigamy!"

She wore a Dolly Varden the night when first we met; her chip hat, like a garden, with posies gay was set. A thumping, big blonde bunch of hair, when next we met, she wore; her skirts spread out from wall to wall, and dusted off the floor.

A man whose industry was very intermittent, being accused of laziness, said, "Excuse me; I'm not lazy; I'm only practising magic." "How is that?" queried his accuser; to which the lazy man replied, "Why, don't you see, I work by *spells!*"

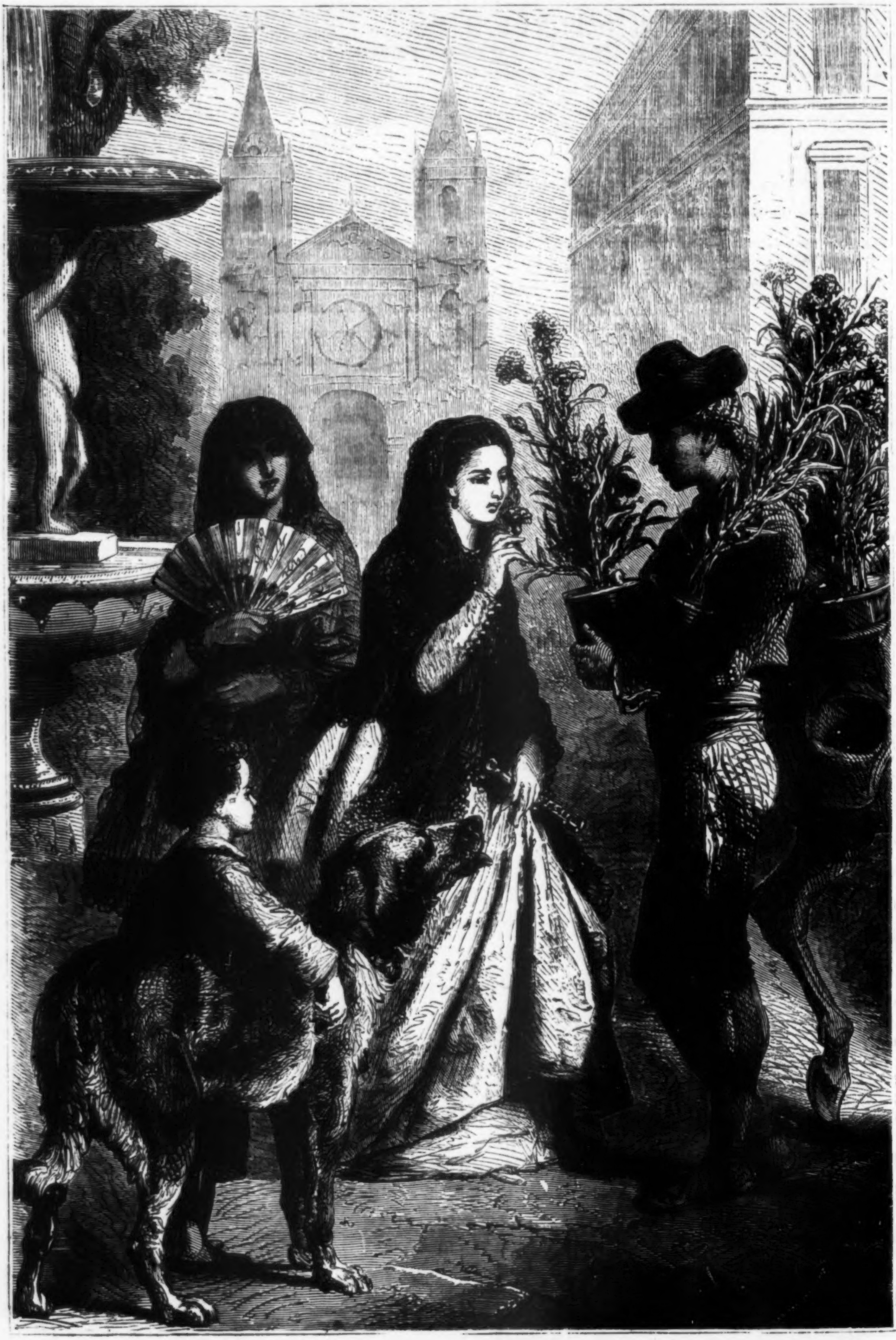
As a fop was riding a very fine horse in the park, a young and pretty lady was evidently admiring the animal, when he stopped and impudently asked, "Are you admiring me, miss?" "No," was the ready reply; "I was admiring the horse, not the donkey!"

Some of the historical critics are trying to make out that there never was any such man as William Tell. Others say that if there was such a man, he didn't amount to much, as, according to the most favorable accounts of him, he was an arrow-minded fellow.

A PROMISING FIRM.

Momentous Mush-head has found his mate;
Adventurous Foolhardy, just his gait;
They are partners now—a likely firm—
Dealers in cod-liver, whale and sperm.
One does the selling—"rattle-ty bang!"
T'other's collector—"pay or gee-lang!"

XUM



BUYING FLOWERS IN SEVILLE, SPAIN.

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